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McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1897.

IMMANENCE.

A vagrant child stood at a palace gate
And gazed with trembling wonder through the bars—
  Delight new-born with dumb amazement wars;
  He fears to stay, yet, fearing, still doth wait,
Enchanted lingering. Now the hour grows late—
When with a glittering pageant nothing mars,
  Herald and body-guard bedecked with stars,
  The soul of all, the prince, comes home in state.

I, wonder-lost, one matchless Autumn day
Gazed on the glory of the earth and sky—
  The splendor meaningless that round me lay—
  "A Kingless palace, nothing more"; I cry—
Christ's white-haired seneschal bespoke me then—
"*Ta panta en Christo sunesteken.*"*

B. W. N. Grigg.

Montreal.

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*Motto of McMaster University: "In Christ all things hold together."

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CLASS OF '97.

The student of men and their manners must always find the life and development of a university class a very interesting detail. While a comparatively small class does not afford so great a variety of different characters, the possible greater intimacy of the internal relations brings out other elements of greater interest.

There are classes and classes. A class may be an organized body with definite common aims, or it may be a loosely connected number of students with nothing in common but the study which claims them from hour to hour. The class that exercises an influence on the life of the university is the class that, with definite purpose, draws together in close organization, and acts for the greatest good of all its members, and of the university of which it forms a part. Such a class the class of '97 strove to be. Coming to McMaster primarily for the intellectual culture which it affords, the men and women of '97 made use too of the social and religious advantages offered them. And with the broadening of their own lives they sought to assist their fellow students and others with whom they came in contact. And everywhere, and at all times, they endeavored so to extend the attraction of their Alma Mater that others might be drawn to seek her nurture.

Throughout the summer of 1893 there was a silent preparation for the event of the year. Letters flew to and from the Chancellor, the possibilities of the profit of a university course were carefully conned, resources were consulted and ways and means were devised. Some had examinations to pass, some had a long summer's work to put in, and all who expected to belong to '97 were busy in some way, for no drone of life's hive ever sheltered in class '97, McMaster.

At last! The long summer's silence of the Hall was broken. There came a rattle of drays, a thump of fallen trunks, a slamming of doors, a tramping on the stairs and in the halls, a sound of talking and laughter, and a general hubbub everywhere. And amidst it all, here with lordly stride, there with demure step, with conciliatory smile or self-assertive tone, a rustle of girls'

W J PADY
A G CAMPBELL
J T MARSHALL
P G MODE
J J PATTERSON
T N RITCHIE
M D EBY
J T MANTHORNE
E M McDERMID
J A TILLER
F T TAPSCOTT.
W R TELFORD.
M E BURNETTE.
J H CAMERON
F W BROWN
J F V CHERT
H N MACKECHNIE
J G MATTHEWS
G H MURDOCH
E P CHURCHILL.
A M OVERHOLT.
M F WOOLVERTON
R D GEORGE

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gowns and a shuffle of boys' feet, suddenly, mysteriously, but not unexpectedly, there was the class of '97.

What class '97 thought of itself in those first days I do not know. But after-acquaintance with the class justifies the view that its estimate was not too low. The sophomores and juniors said it was the 'cheekiest' freshman class they had ever seen. But it must be remembered that the juniors had had only one previous experience, and the sophomores were naturally somewhat prejudiced in their own favor. The seniors assumed a dignified demeanor and welcomed the class meditatively. Its advent reminded them that they had come a long way since their freshman days, and that their course was nearly run. The thought could not but be saddening. What the professors thought will no doubt appear when their memoirs are published. In the meantime we must be content with a hint dropped at the last collation, when one of the professors said that each class, on entering, seems more backward and hopeless than its predecessor.

Class '97 set to work with great seriousness. As the largest class which had yet entered the university, responsibility weighed heavily on them. Not only did they have to preserve the dignity of the university, and to honor its traditions, but they had to strike out in new directions to prove their own worth. Moreover the unusually large proportion of women in the class put every man on his mettle.

Within a week or two after their entrance on college life, the class, following the example of '95 and '96, organized under an efficient staff of officers, Mr. J. H. Cameron being chosen as first president. The first work of the executive was preparation for a class rally. This innovation in the history of McMaster was made for the purpose of bringing the members of the class into more intimate contact than mere meetings as a class permitted. Dr. and Mrs. Newman most hospitably lent their home for the occasion. The rally was so decid l a success that its annual recurrence was a foregone conclusion. Other classes followed the precedent so established, and class rallies are now part of the routine procedure of the college year.

'97's next effort was directed to the formation of a junior literary society wherein the members of first and second years might be free to make their first plunges into oratory, music,

debate, etc. After some opposition from the General Literary Society, '97, with the aid of 96, launched the Tennysonian. Although almost overwhelmed in the storm that soon arose it is still in active service.

The question of gowns or no gowns occasioned serious and prolonged debate at McMaster. Some modestly inclined to the opinion that the Arch-Enemy invented them, and to wear them was to assume the mark of the beast. The controversy was finally decided by decision of the authorities that students should wear gowns if they wished. '97 took very kindly to the gown. We recommend it as graceful, comfortable and econonomical. Its friendly folds have helped cover more than one moment of embarrassment; and given comfort in cold classrooms in winter.

Rumors are still afloat of the literary exploits of class '97 during this first year. I have been told of great conquests made by means of that classical weapon, the crib. More than one of the class got a fall in the wrestle with mathematics. And in the guerilla warfare of Old Testament English the strange questions which agitated the theologically-inclined members of the class, occasioned frequent hot skirmishes. Everywhere the impetuosity of the freshman manifested itself and carried him gaily forward toward the sophomore stage

As the college year drew to a close, the class found that there had been a new season added to the usual four, a strange period known as "cram and exam. time." Manfully they faced its dark uncertainty. Paper after paper was left behind, until all were passed. After every trial comes a respite, and peace settled down on all hearts after the results were known. All that still remained to do was to see that the closing exercises were properly conducted, and to assist McMaster's first arts class to graduate suitably.

Having duly performed all its duties, Class '97 separated and scattered far and wide over Canada for the summer. Two circular letters kept the various members in touch, and served as a bridge between the two sessions.

The return of October re-opened McMaster's doors to welcome back her children. Most numerous of the host came class '97. A half-dozen of its members could not return to the joyous

company, but three or four new ones joined its standard. The lost were sincerely regretted, while the new were cordially welcomed.

As sophomores '97 had a new rôle to play. They speedily arrived at perfection in the part. They took a condescending interest in the new freshman class, subjected their conduct to a friendly surveillance, and gave them advice on any and every occasion. By virtue of greater numbers they patronized the juniors whose precedents they often refused to follow. And they even calmly contemplated the day when, as seniors, the lustre of their achievements should put '95 into the shade. Sophomores will be sophomores, you know. The class met at an early date for the annual election of officers. Mr. W. J. Pady was chosen president for the session. A new precedent was established by the election of a member of the faculty, Dr. Newman, as honorary president. It had formerly been the custom to elect a lady member of the class to that office. Other classes have followed the example of '97 in this matter, and the custom is now general.

One of the earliest events of the term, and one which will never wholly fade from the remembrance of the students, was the address on "Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism," delivered at the opening exercises of the University. It will be interesting to follow the development of the theological opinions of the members of the class in order to trace the influence of the higher criticism on each as the years pass away.

Lessons did not lie so heavy on '97's heart as they did the year before. The result of the spring examinations had inspired a greater degree of self-confidence. Latin was a joyous sport, for practice had given the manly mind skill in the use of—well, dictionaries and other helps. Even the introduction of the Roman pronunciation did not affright. Psychology caused many sleepy nights and hungry noons, but what of that? Mathematics gave *energy* and *force* to character; and, without doubt, the study of English as prescribed by the calendar, formed the basis of the marked emotional development of members of the class. The poetic faculty, in several instances, sprouted quite visibly.

Many functions required the attention and attendance of Class '97. The anniversary of the first rally was celebrated by

holding another equally successful. Then came "At Homes," where '97 forgot logic in gossip, of course dignified and instructive gossip And now and again a celebrated lecturer exercised an irresistible attraction over sophomores as well as others.

As the year drew to its close, the cephalo-meglia, which had at one time threatened to become chronic, rapidly disappeared. Examinations removed all except the ineffaceable brain trace. Closing exercises and a class picnic ended a busy year, a happy year.

The session of '95-'96 ushered in juniorhood. During the intervening months change had been at work in McMaster. The Chancellor and two professors had responded to the call of other fields of activity. A new chancellor, a professor and two fellows appeared on the scene as the curtain rose on the new term. Change had affected '97 too. Five of its first members withdrew from its friendly circle, which closed to embrace a new comer.

The class reorganized under Mr. H. N. McKechnie as president. Professor McKay was the unanimous choice for honorary president. Under such patronage the class was assured of a successful year. In the junior year paths begin to diverge somewhat as special studies demand more attention, but together the class of '97 penetrated the fog of the controversy over Hamlet's sanity, braved the broad sea of constitutional history, wandered through the labyrinth of philosophy where lay many a snare even for wary feet, and together made a pilgrimage through New Testament history. The social side of life was not neglected. The rally, various receptions, a sleigh-ride, and other social meetings served to vary the somewhat monotonous round of study, and sent the class back to grapple, with fresh vigor, with the problems presented to them.

This year brought strange and unprecedented events to pass in the University, and in them all '97 played their part. A conversazione at McMaster had been regarded as a most improbable occurrence because we had no large place of assembly ; but Founder's Night, 1895, found McMaster decked in undreamed-of gala attire, and a conversazione—yes, and with promenades—was no dream but a fact, as can be proven by many witnesses.

Graduation dinners were not unknown in the annals of McMaster University. Nominally given by the students, no

woman student had ever been present on such an occasion. This year, largely owing to the efforts of the men of '97, veracious history chronicles the presence of the women students at that feast. This fact is the more remarkable when we remember that it was during this year that a reverend and venerable gentleman who came to lecture before the University, refused to have the girls present, alleging that it would distract attention from his remarks.

A final innovation was the postponement of examinations to two weeks later than ever before. Perhaps that had something to do with the excellent standing of the members of '97.

Quickly fled the summer days. Whether graduating essays hastened or retarded them, I cannot decide. Their heavy shadow must have had some influence. When October regathered the scattered members of '97, the tally showed only one man missing. Twenty-five strong, Class '97 took upon them the duties and privileges of seniorhood.

In addition to their various specials, weighty subjects demanded the attention of the class this year. Flood after flood of theistic argument poured over us. We sputtered and floundered, and down came another flood. Then metaphysics took us up and knocked over every idea of reality we had ever ventured to entertain. Then came Spencer in friendly guise and informed us that these hard knocks were Nature's love-pats to keep us from dangers that might seriously harm. And ever and anon the threatening spectres of graduating essays stalked grimly before us. Sometimes '97 got reckless. This was especially noticeable in the football season. The football fever seized us. We were after pins. '98, '99 '00 and Theology were after them too. Umbrellas waved and fog horns blew for the victory of '97 over all their competitors.

The rally this year took the form of a dinner and reception. It was held in the Hall in order that the class might have the pleasure of entertaining the friends who had so kindly opened their homes for the rally during the former years. The function was honored by the presence of the Chancellor, and our honorary president, Dr. TenBroeke, and their wives. Under the able management of President Tiller the evening passed only too swiftly. The final rally of Class '97 as undergraduates had

become history. Founder's day came and passed. The last term! Weeks seemed but hours, so fast they sped. St. Valentine's day, St. Patrick's day, Easter, examinations! ! Ah!

The closing exercises assumed more importance than they had ever seemed to possess before, because in a sense they belonged to us. Graduation dinner formed the prelude. The Alumni meeting might be styled an interlude in a minor key. And then came the pompous theme which ended in a graduation march. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

Now that the class is scattered the chronicler may say a a few words about various points not yet mentioned. As a class we had neither pin nor color, nor badge, nor motto of any kind It was decided early in our course that we would be sufficiently distinguished without any such assistant.

Our men and women gave no small assistance to the numerous societies of the University. They worked faithfully in the interest of the various literary societies. The Mathematical Society was cherished by some, the Philosophical Society drew the care of others. The Natural Science Club and the Camelot Club were devotedly tended by the same ones or others. Every society felt the influence of members of '97 in a greater or less degree, more especially because of the youth of most of the societies, and the comparative smallness of the classes of preceding years. But all that the class did for the societies was bountifully repaid by the benefit derived from them. And by no means least among the societies was the monthly Fyfe meeting. Whether we attended or whether we did not, the day was always welcome, and utilized. During our last year, as occupying the highest offices in the various societies, the class was especially active in their working.

This chronicle would not be complete without mention of the various talents exhibited by the class. There were those who were gifted with fluency of speech. Their participation has on more than one occasion proven effective in debating contests. The Monthly bears witness to the good quality of the essayists of the class. The Glee Club gladly received the musical contingent. And the excellent work of the societies testifies to the executive ability of many.

How much we owe to our University and its Faculty we cannot now reckon. We do know that it is much, and earnestly we thank them for their efforts on our behalf, which time alone can teach us properly to estimate. Their example has given lessons which we shall not forget.

Sadly it must be recorded that, though most of the class stood the four years' strain fairly well, two class-mates, Mr. Tiller and Mr. Murdoch,* had their health so seriously impaired that they had to leave several months before the term closed. Their work, however, had been such that the Senate saw fit to grant them diplomas and they are still of '97.

Three songs have been used by the class at various periods of its existence. The third and last will be heard again when the class holds its first reunion. On scientific theory somewhere in space may still be heard by properly attuned ears, the song sung at the collation.

"Hark! the sound of joyful voices,
Blending now in sounding chorus,
Telling of the earnest forces
Joined in union long.
'Tis the Class of Ninety-Seven,
Sturdy men and noble women,
Eager, in the work that waits them,
Now to do their part.

Loose the folds asunder!
Flag we conquer under!
Our Alma Mater! Greater and greater!
Ever be thy fame!
Ninety-seven, faithful ever,
Faint and faltering never, never!
Death alone our hearts shall sever,
Ninety-seven for aye!

In thy halls, O Alma Mater,
Gladly have we sought thy favor,
Thou hast given of thy treasure
Ever true and pure.
In the years of life and labor
May we strive with strong endeavor,
And our work and honor ever
Grow from more to more."

This song is our history and our aspiration.

MINNIE D. EBY,
Chronicler.

* Since the above was written Mr. Murdoch has died. A reference to this sad event will be found on another page.—ED.

THE THEOLOGICAL CLASS OF 1897.

On the eleventh day of May eighteen nine-seven, McMaster University sent out seven men to preach the Gospel. For periods varying in length from three to six years, these men had drunk of the fountains which her life supplies and had formed tastes and ambitions more or less in accord with the ideal of their Alma Mater. What may this mean in reflex influence to the College? What directly to the Baptist denomination? What to Canada? What to the Kingdom of God? The work of a few men widely scattered over a great country may not count for much, as men by their narrow vision estimate things, but if these men are truly working, pouring a flood of light and life into the great maelstrom of human sin and darkness, it will tell in time, yea in eternity for "the day shall declare it."

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Why? "For it is God that worketh in you." Every man who is wrought upon by the Divine Spirit stands as an example of what the grace of God can do. There is much need therefore for fear and trembling lest the inner workings of the Holy One be marred. Even so, men who graduate from the halls of McMaster stand forth as exponents of her thought. In a very real sense they represent what McMaster can do in the development of thinking power and the formation of character.

McMaster has her ideal; it is nobly expressed in the Pauline apothegm: "In Christ all things stand together." McMaster stands for the expression of a life, noble, exalted, divine. No elaborated code of principles and precepts could express this, it can only be known by living and loving contact. Those who are here set for the moulding of men are themselves moulded clay in the hands of the Divine Potter, and both teachers and taught live in daily communication with Him.

A University stands for the impartation of Truth; whatever is most worthy of being known may properly find place in a University curriculum. Truth, however, consists of that which is discovered and that which is revealed, and the emphasis of a university may lie wholly upon one side of truth. McMaster lays her emphasis upon the greater truths, viz: those which

have been revealed by God to men. She stands as the exponent and advocate of the message from Jehovah delivered both at Sinai and Calvary. This does not mean that the physical sciences must be less effectively taught or less fearlessly investigated; truth has nothing to fear from the study of complementary truth, light only enhances light, and true light cannot be misleading. That university which teaches only the scientific discoveries of men may do a great work for the mental development of its students, but can never reach the highest point of culture while the moral and spiritual faculties are neglected. The revealed truth from God fills its most important place. Geology, zoology, astronomy may make men strong in intellect, may teach men to think with rapidity and precision, but unaided they will never lead men to love one another and in lowliness of mind each to esteem other better than himself.

Those who have gone out to represent this thought, that all knowledge must be acquired in the light of the divine revelation, have a message that will contrast strangely with the general trend of humanity's thinking. They are to represent Jesus Christ as the divine Life Giver, the great World Physician to heal the woes of the human heart and to remove the burden from the weary. In proportion as they possess this life themselves will their message be received, for men are still ready to say, "Physician heal thyself." It becomes of consequence then to enquire, are these men faithfully representing Him whose life alone can uplift this world and make it live anew? It is too soon to write their history; the next ten or twelve years will be their day of opportunity. If they all feel the measureless significance of living for Him their toil will not be in vain, and the record will be surely kept.

We have penetrated into the deep dark woods of philosophy, and have blazed a pathway through to the clearing beyond. We wound a weary way through long labyrinths of metaphysical speculation till no words seemed so appropriate as those of Solomon, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." We tugged away at Greek and Hebrew till the divine life of the Sacred Book throbbed up against our hearts with the quick pulsation of the very words in which the message was penned by the sages of old—all this in varying moods of temper and spirit, and yet

how little it all seems! The more is known the less one's estimation of his own acquisitions. Who knows anything? Who can know? And to know Him is the divinest study, and this is still before us.

If one may voice the feeling of the others the keenest regret is that the college days are over. There are no strong, mighty thinkers now at our elbow to solve the perplexing problems, they must be faced alone, and yet not alone, for He is ever near. Perhaps this is the one great disadvantage of college life, one learns to lean upon the strong and finding them so strong and true he grows, like ivy, clinging to the sturdy oaks about him. But this is over, and one must turn his face to Him alone and with courage born of fellowship with Him address himself to his life problem in hope.

O. G. Langford.

MRS. BROWNING AND HER IDEAL.

"The artists also are idealists."—*Aurora Leigh.*

Without her impassioned faith in God, it is hard to see how Elizabeth Barrett Browning could have lived and worked. We take cognizance of it, and in so doing put our finger on the very pulse of the machine. For in her inevitable consciousness of high poetic power was interwoven an equal sense of responsibility for the use of it. Her steadfast intention to use the gift nobly for the praise of the great Giver and the uplifting of her fellow-creatures, never failed.

Shelley, in his "Julian and Maddalo," says that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." But suffering must be experienced by a nature capable of being refined and exalted thereby. It will then bring it into closer sympathy and relationship with the world of causes, the creative world, the spiritual world. True poetry is an expression of this sympathy and relationship. Mrs. Browning's history was that of a bird in a cage, not only from the physical fact that she was for many years of her life an invalid, but mentally and morally also she was caged by imaginary social fictions, by certain ingrained

habits of thought. Yet she saw with painful persistence and in horrible contrast the infinite possibilities of human nature and the limitations of low realities. She was a passionate idealist.

The fact that the poem "Aurora Leigh" is to a great extent designedly autobiographical gives us an opportunity of finding in this romance her ideals. It is her own heart that beats in her verse. Rarely does she succeed in embodying a conception from which she stands apart. In this poem, especially, the poetess herself displays an abounding vitality. Aurora, through whom Mrs. Browning speaks, was a half English, half Italian girl, born in Italy. Her father was an "austere Englishman," her mother a Florentine, who died when her daughter was scarcely more than two years old. When thirteen, Aurora's father died. She was taken to foggy England, consigned to the guardianship of a prim maiden aunt, who educated the child in a most harsh way, which excited the profoundest disgust in Aurora. Life was dreary. She found relief by poring over her father's books in the garret. She tells us,

> "At last, because the time was ripe,
> I chanced upon the poets."

Then she knew her vocation; she would reform the world with art. The story henceforth is one of the doubts, hopes and fears of a poet aspirant. Was Aurora a true poet, or was she one of those feebler, more delicate poetic natures that have not real poetic power? Was she able to "support the intolerable strain and stress of the Universal?" Every potential poet must pass through suffering, must be prepared for the divine apostleship. Listen to her experience,

> "With some struggle, indeed,
> Among the breakers, some hard swimming through
> The deeps, I lost breath in my soul sometimes,
> And cried, 'God save me, if there's any God!'
> But, even so, God saved me; and being dashed
> From error on to error, every turn
> Still brought me nearer to the central truth."

Aurora strove to keep her aim sublime. But into her life came the influence of an opposite thinker, a socialist, a philanthropist, a cousin, a lover, who was convinced that the one desire of life should be to regenerate mankind, to improve the

condition of the working classes. Aurora maintained that her power to uplift and to purify was exercised through the imaginations and affections. He cared for bodily good, she for the soul's good; he loved his social theory, she loved art for art's sake. She counted her mission higher than his, and yet, after ten years of trial, full confession made by both reveals complete failure for the socialist and only partial success for the poetess.

He failed because he tried all other ways to uplift men, to care for them, to strengthen their morals, "except just God's way." The great, glorious truth is:

> "Not even Christ Himself
> Can save man else than as He holds man's *soul*."

Then, on the other hand, Aurora only failed in not recognizing the subtle impulse of good, in not being inflated by that divine breath, Love, necessary to a poet whose longing and desire is to alleviate the sorrows, wrongs and oppressions of humanity.

> "Art is much, but love is more,
> Art symbolizes Heaven, but love is God,
> And makes Heaven."

Again, we know Mrs. Browning's ideal poet to have not only the glorious mission of doing good to individual souls, but also the purpose of representing the "living, throbbing age."

> "This is living art,
> Which thus presents and thus records true life."

No, we say. In poetry things are not depicted as they really are. The process of refining and purifying is necessary to purge out the grosser matter, which is abhorrent to art and revolting to the taste. It is rather in prose that we look for the faithful picture of a poet's own time, for the truthful account of the "living, throbbing age."

But looking at this question from an individual standpoint, Mrs. Browning was right. In the true poet there is an earnest, sympathetic spirit revealed. In his or her mind lies that vague yet general conception of true manhood and womanhood, which makes for him or her the ideal which always floats, if it is a true one, ever before, ever changes, ever allures the poet

imitator. A poet seeks to point to others his or her ideals in life.

> "The artist's part is both to be and do,
> Transfixing with a special central power
> The flat experience of the common man,
> And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
> Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
> He feels the inmost,—never felt the less
> Because he sings it."

It is one of the gifts of a lyrical poet to present fragmentary visions, half the beauty of which lies in that vagueness which enables us to fit them into our own life or any life.

Another wondrous truth is proclaimed in this poem. Aurora on returning to the land of her birth says:

> "I could hear my own soul speak,
> . . . . for Nature comes sometimes
> And says, 'I am ambassador for God.'"

The same thought is conspicuous in the poem "A Musical Instrument." "The great god Pan," as the name imports, represents the All of Things or Nature in the fullest sense. What a beautiful thought it is too! How much it meant for Wordsworth whose high mission as a poet was, to reveal the absolute relations of Nature to the human spirit, as they had never before been revealed. Just so firm were the convictions of this poetess who declares:

> "The artist must
> Hold firmly by the natural to reach
> The spiritual beyond it, to pierce through
> To the ideal."

Leaving her most lengthy work, we find in her smaller poems Mrs. Browning's greatest success as an artist. Her strength did not lie in sustained effort, in philosophical construction, or in patriotic fervor, unbounded as it seemed. It was in the true lyrical gift, in her shorter poems, those bursts of irrepressible feeling. Her womanhood is revealed in the depth of her tenderness and the passion of her sympathy. As long as the weakness of the poor and injured little ones, with their burden of toil and sorrow, appeal for protection, so long will her "Cry of the Children" find a response in the human heart. What could be more pitiful than this moan?

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,——our head, with pulses burning
And the walls turn in their places—

. . . . . .

And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels, breaking out in a mad moaning!
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Because the pleading is in behalf of a particular portion of the race, instead of the entire family, it is unspeakably more affecting. Verily, as one writer has said, the cry of a factory child coming through a woman's has gone to a nation's heart.

Yet Mrs. Browning's fame rests almost entirely on the inspiration due to her own hope and passionate desires, her joys and sorrows. Lyrical poetry is suggestive of personal experience which she artfully veiled in the designation of the "Portuguese Sonnets." Her character harmonized perfectly with her work. Hardly can we read three pages without becoming aware of an air breathing on us from some region higher and fairer than the common world of men. Her intensely real religious feeling was too broadly human to repel even those who did not share her beliefs. She gave glimpses of faith which must remain full of beauty. An apt phrase describes her happy consciousness of the Father's ceaseless care.

"Earth's crammed with Heaven
And every common bush afire with God
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

She brought into her poetry more direct religious utterance than is usual with poets. The poem "De Profundis" especially, reveals the trustfulness which never seemed to fail her even in her saddest moments.

How beautifully she shows the tender love of a mother for her child in the lyric "Isobel's child," the sweet affection of sister for sister in the poem "Bertha in the Lane," the mutual sympathy of poet for poet, humanity for humanity in the sad verses of "Cowper's Grave."

In her humility our Queen of Poets called herself "a poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through the dark, and leaning up a cypress tree." Oh, what beautiful songs she has sung! Inspired by the genius of suffering she found her refuge in the

E. Russell, B.A., B.Th. M. Baghdaserian. W. H. Wallace.

A. B. Reekie. W. S. McAlpine, B A , B.Th. O. G. Langford, B.A., B.Th. D. W. Terry, B.A., B.Th.

clouds. A lyric poet, a woman, will suggest ideals beyond her imagination, or at least give us the inner working of those ideals. This Mrs. Browning does; she speaks to women as no man would have done. She works out her own ideal in touching with a poetic finger lowliest as well as loftiest. The simplest childish experiences are fraught with the profoundest meanings, the sublimest visions of imagination seemed linked with tender interest. She teaches by her own experiences. She brings the tenderness of her own affections into appeals for universal pity and love. Her life experiences had been too sad, her heart was too tender to permit her to stand aloof from passions of the world and paint them passionlessly.

We are told that every poet has his audience. Shakespeare shot at the world and did not miss it, Byron at smarting melancholy souls, Shelley at poets, Wordsworth at the children of nature. These Mrs. Browning surpasses in the quality of suffering transformed into far-sighted compassion. She brings the inspiring light of poetry into the closest closeness of human sympathy, into the utmost tenderness of human pity, into the profoundest depths of human sorrow. She has given to woman a high standard of womanly virtue and a treasury of poetical precept. She has spoken from the ranks of women putting into words their secret longings after high ideals, finding fit expression for all those finer feelings which are apt to float hazily above the common cares and thoughts of life. Elizabeth Barret Browning loved

> "Art for art,
> And good for God Himself, the essential Good."

MARY E. BURNETTE.

THE CRADLE OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY.

A recent pilgrimage of over ten thousand adherents of the Anglican Church to the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, Somersetshire, England, has brought this ancient, historic shrine so prominently before the British public, that the readers of the McMaster Monthly may possibly pardon the repetition of an "oft told story" on this occasion.

The student in English history will search in vain for a more interesting and deeply exciting subject than Glastonbury Abbey and its environs. The earliest historians named it "the first ground of God: the first ground of the saints; the rise and fountain of all religion in Britain: the mother of saints; the burying place of saints; and site of the first Christian church."

It must be remembered however, that its early history fades away into antiquity and is involved in the mists of tradition and superstition. Malmsbury, the historian, who died in 1142, says that in his day there was written evidence of the erection of the first church (said to have been built by Joseph of Arimathea), and that it was composed of osiers matted together all around. Recent excavations in the turfy moorland near Glastonbury, once covered by the sea, have uncovered seventy rude huts supposed to have been erected by the ancient Britons, in the wattle style, as baskets are woven, and plastered inside and out with clay. The huts were burned, but the clay protected the form in the burning: hence the preservation for 2000 years.

Glastonbury at that time was insular, and called the "Isle of Avalon"—the Isle of Apples,—it being noted for the luxuriant growth of that fruit. The Welsh named it Ynis-witzen, meaning the Isle of Glass or blue waters. Certain it is that at the time of Joseph's visit it was an island surrounded with sea water. There is still, in St. Benedict's church, a record of the "breach of the sea flood on the 20th of January, 1606." In November, 1703, in consequence of a tremendous storm, Glastonbury became an island again, and the same occurred, to a large extent, during my last visit there in 1894. It is a well established fact that the sea is receding from the western shores of England, and encroaching on the east. Rich fertile valleys—probably the finest

grazing lands in England, including the noted cheddar cheese pastures—now extend from this former isle of Avalon to Burnham, on the Bristol channel, fourteen miles distant. Rivers and ditches have reclaimed it: and many treasures of ancient curiosities recovered in the digging, are now to be found in museums all over England.

The traditional tale of the journey of Joseph of Arimathea is as follows: His life was in imminent danger from the Jewish priests, on account of his care of the corpse of Jesus, and he, with St. Philip, Lazarus, Mary, Martha, and their servant Marcella, and many others, were placed on a vessel, without rudder, oars or sails, and sent adrift to an almost certain watery grave. However, here the truth of the proverb was exemplified, "Man proposes: God disposes." Driven about with the winds and tides, they safely reached Marseilles, in France. Philip remained preaching the Gospel; but Joseph, being instructed in a dream, sailed on to Britain, taking his son and ten other faithful companions, to convert the pagan inhabitants. They sailed around the coast of Cornwall, and up the Bristol Channel to the Isle of Avalon, landing at the foot of a steep hill; having climbed the steep acclivity to the summit, Joseph planted his walking-staff in the ground, and said: "We are weary—all." From this circumstance the hill has been called Weary-all Hill to the present day. It is further stated that they were soon surrounded by the native Britons and threatened with destruction. The little band of Christians fell upon their knees and prayed, when the staff immediately budded and put forth leaves. This so impressed the natives that they at once began to worship the invaders as gods: thus their lives were spared, and an influence established favorable to evangelization.

The thorn grew into a tree, and continued to thrive and bloom at Christmas, as well as in May, till the year 1750, when a Protestant soldier of Charles I. cut it down, believing it to be simply a relic of Roman superstition. The spot where it grew is now marked by a monumental stone bearing this inscription: J. A. A.D. XXXI. Many off-shoots of this wondrous thorn are still to be found in the neighborhood; one (I remember as early as 1832) grew near my grandmother's residence, five miles from Weary-all Hill, and bloomed at Christmas. Later, when living

near the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, I have seen them in bloom; and on the 26th of December, 1894, I saw the buds of one daily expanding, cold as the weather was. It would be in full blossom at old Christmas day. This rare variety of the hawthorn, with its cross-like branches, has done a great deal in keeping up the traditional mists of Joseph and the first church on the Isle of Avalon; and, largely legendary as it is, will continue to excite and interest lovers of English literature.

The legends referring to the life of Joseph, tell us that visions were vouchsafed to him, and that he was commanded to erect a chapel, in honor of the Virgin Mary, on the spot where in later years the Abbey was built. This he did, constructing a building 26 x 60 in the wattle style of the period, plastering with clay and covering it with rushes. A representation of this church is to be found in the British Museum, copied from a brass plate that had long been religiously preserved, affixed to a pillar in St. Benedict's church. It had three openings for windows on each side and one in the east and the west ends, with a door near the west angle on two sides.

With this as a centre these early disciples branched out in every direction on the main land, preaching the Gospel and establishing mission stations: one of the first being at Wells, five miles north, where, subsequently, a cathedral was erected and a bishopric established.

During the early persecutions the Isle of Avalon escaped, but in the reign of Diocletian the inhabitants thereon were included. An imperial edict had been published, ordering every church to be levelled, all copies of the Holy Scriptures to be burned: every Christian to be outlawed and rendered incapable of filling any public office or post of honor.

The oldest of England's church historians, Gildas, (who died A.D. 512, and was buried near the altar of the Abbey Church), gives an instructive yet mournful account of the sufferings of the believers: "The chosen pastors of God's church were slaughtered, together with their innocent sheep, in order that not a vestige of Christ's religion, if possible, might remain. . . . . What glorious crowns of martyrdom were then won! What raving fury was displayed by the persecutors! What patience on the part of the suffering saints!" It seems like the irony of fate

that in after years, in the same land, the descendants of these persecuted people should become the persecutors and butchers of others, who dared to worship God according to dictates of their own conscience, in a way different from themselves.

During the period of persecutions, and until the departure of the Romans from Britain, and also during the incursions of the Danes, the monastery of Glastonbury remained without any remarkable progressive advantages, even if it did not wane in piety and power; but after this declension of the Christian religion, there was a striking revival of success. An application had been made A.D. 166 by Lucious, a monarch of this western portion of Britain, to the bishop of Rome; who then sent devoted disciples of the cross, and who restored St. Joseph's chapel and again converted, to the true faith, many of the ancient Britons.

On the lofty summit of the Tor they founded another chapel, and dedicated it to St. Michael the Archangel. The hill at that time was wooded to the summit, 600 feet high, and was the home of wolves, so much so that until their extermination in after times, the monks had to go there in bands for protection against the savage and rapacious animals.

That illustrious, far-famed prince, King Arthur, immortalized by writers and poets, bestowed upon the Abbey great favors. After the fatal battle with his cruel nephew Mordred, his corpse it is said, was brought to Glastonbury. He was entombed without memorial, but King Henry, after his return from Ireland, went to Glastonbury and had a search made. When they had dug about six feet a flat stone was discovered, with a broad, leaden cross fixed on the underside. Removing the lead an inscription was found on its inside surface as follows: "Here lies entombed King Arthur in the Avalonian Island." Digging lower, to nine feet, a rude coffin, hewn out of solid oak, was found, and this contained his relics. These were afterwards transferred into the church, covered with a magnificent tomb, and became a shrine, where many a pilgrim brought his gifts and made his vows.

One writer says that in A.D. 433 St. Patrick returning from his unsuccessful mission to Ireland, visited Glastonbury and found twelve hermits living here apart in caves, instructed them to live together in common, appointed himself their Abbot, and

held the position thirty-nine years, and was buried in the church.

History is more clear in regard to the monks in the days of the renowned King Ine, A.D. 688, who not only erected the most beautiful and costly building here, but founded the first church of which there is any history, at Wells He also endowed the Abbey at Glastonbury liberally. He founded a school at Rome for the education of British subjects. He instituted "Peter's pence"—first called "King's alms"—and taxed the people to the utmost of their ability. After a successful reign of thirty-seven years he returned to Rome, A.D. 726, assumed the habit of a monk and died A.D. 728. King Ine's Monastery maintained a great reputation until, with many others, it was ravaged and dispoiled by the Danes in the 9th century.

Edward I, with his consort Eleanora, paid, in the sixth year of his reign a visit to the Abbey and there celebrated, at his own expense, the feast of Easter. This royal visit was highly favorable to the affairs of the monastery. With great skill the Abbot displayed and maintained his supremacy—"the altar above the throne." He would neither allow the king's knights to govern the feast, nor would he allow the king to hold an Assize Court within his jurisdiction, called the "twelve-hides." The monarch, instead of feeling his dignity compromised, continued to manifest especial favors to this haughty Abbot.

One of the most noted of the early Abbots was Dunstan—minister, monk, bishop and archbishop. He largely reformed the habits of the monks, introduced the Benedictine rule, and became the first Abbot of such rule in England. He at once set about the erection of a great plan of buildings on the same site, and of which some of the ruins are still in existence. A fire place is pointed out to visitors where the roar of the fire is still to be heard, as in his day when he heated the tongs with which:

> "St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
> Once pulled the devil by the nose
> With red-hot tongues, which made him roar
> That he was heard three miles or more."

Henry of Blois, brother to King Stephen, presided over the Abbey 45 years, and left a sum of money to the Sacristan's fund

for the maintenance of a wax candle to be burnt before the image of the Virgin Mary in the *vestusta ecclesia* perpetually.

In the year 1184 the whole monastery was destroyed by fire and all the treasures and ornaments therein. King Henry II issued a new charter, asking for aid to rebuild more magnificently than ever; and erected the major ecclesia, 400 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth. This is a part of the ruins now to be seen; beautiful in conception and perfect in architecture it must have been. The most elaborate gem of the whole was St. Joseph's Chapel, built on the site of the original wattle-work building.

In A.D. 1276 a fearful earthquake destroyed a large portion of the Abbey and threw down the Chapel of St. Michael on the Tor Hill, leaving only the tower as it stands to-day.

Abbots Freemont, Chinnock, Beere and Whiting were among the most noted of the sixty abbots who presided over the affairs of this ancient institution, and added greatly to its buildings and wealth. The latter erected the octagonal kitchen, now in good preservation, where they formerly roasted an ox whole, for the numerous retainers of the Abbey.

When Henry VIII. seized the supremacy of the church in his realm, this Abbot boldly withstood the monarch. The oath of supremecy was offered to him at Wells; but he refused to surrender. He was seized and ordered to prepare for death. Supplicating for a day's reprieve to take leave of his brethren, he was refused and ignominiously dragged upon a sledge to the summit of the Tor, where, with the treasurer and sub-treasurer of the Abbey, he was cruelly hanged and quartered. The four quarters were sent to bleach at Wells, Ilchester, Bath and Bridgewater, whilst his head was placed over his own gate.

At the present time this neighborhood abounds in relics of a by-gone age, when the church of Rome was predominant in the land; but this once prevailing religion is now no stronger there than in other country towns. It has a plain chapel, and an organization of sisters, such as are met everywhere. There are two fine old churches—erected before the Reformation. In one, St. Benedict's, the services are as evangelical as any to be found, but the other, St. John's is now presided over by a priest who ought to be in a Romish church; for he practices nearly all the old ritual thereof.

A reference has been made to the martyrdom of the last abbot, Whiting, on Tor Hill. Two years ago a pilgrimage of Roman Catholics from all parts of Britain and the Continent was made to Glastonbury. Whole trains were chartered to carry the votaries to this ancient meeting place of the saints, and the site of the first church, and provision was made for the encampment and feeding of the multitude. Rules were also formulated for the guidance of the pilgrims during the encampment and worship. It was expected, and apparently hoped, that persecution and opposition would be offered, but the town's people merely gazed at it as they would at any other such novel sight. An enormous procession of nearly 10,000, headed by an hundred priests, in garbs such as were used prior to the Reformation, traversed the town to the shrine on Tor Hill, where the hanging of their saint took place, and where the encampment was held. Here, where Whiting was quartered more than three centuries ago, they held high mass, and continued a long time in prayer for a swift return of the ancient power and grandeur of the "True religion," with the Pope as the earthly representative, who, by the way, had granted them special indulgences on this occasion.

That such pilgrimages will be continued we cannot doubt, and every effort will be made to carry out the prayers so openly and fervently uttered upon this mount, for the restoration of their religion in its former glory and power and the recovery of their ancient churches and endowments. The Romanists admit that the ritualists of the Anglican Church are doing a work for them, which they could not themselves do, and their rapid increase, of late years, is largely due to this cause. Under the leadership of Cardinal Vaughan they have now become aggressive, and, as he says: "Our object is to convert the thirty millions of English heretics."

Non-conformists are now awakening to the fact that their liberties, so long enjoyed, are again becoming endangered, and they must be prepared to meet them. What will be the result, time alone will tell; but this we know, that Rome never gives up, even in adversity, and, with such marked progress as she has been making of late, she will persevere till she attains her ends, if at all possible.

On the other hand, we learn by the recent Lambeth conference, that the Anglican Church has taken strong ground for united action and more aggressive work; and, as a counter demonstration, they accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Wells to make a pilgrimage to the "cradle of English Christianity." Of the 200 bishops from all parts of the Empire, 120 were present, 1,000 clergymen, and 200 choristers, all in the various garbs of their respective offices, together with about 9,000 adherents. They met at Glastonbury in the month of August, and formed a procession, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked bare-headed in the burning sun, accompanied by a gorgeous ecclesiastical assemblage, such as was never seen in England before, with appropriate banners, bands and choral music. They paraded the streets of the ancient town, finally meeting in the ruins of the *Ecclesia vestusta*, where photographs were taken of the immense gathering, and religious services rendered, such as probably never before reverberated within the hallowed walls.

This was followed by an address by the Archbishop. During his remarks, he emphasized the fact that the church of England never was a Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation. It was always the *Ecclesia Anglicana, Anglorum Ecclesia.*

The bishop of Stephney was the chief orator of the day. He reviewed the whole history of English Christianity from the days of the apostles. I make a quotation or two from his very lengthy address:

"We meet to-day in fairy land, the fairy land of the earliest Christianity in Britain. In fairy land we know better than to spoil our enjoyment by curious enquiry. Our wisdom is of the heart, not of the head. We glide upon the glassy glades, whispering softly to ourselves, that of all the credulous people on the face of the earth, the most credulous are the sceptics; that it is a more difficult and less worthy effort to disbelieve than to believe. To-day we do neither; we accept and we enjoy. There flits before us the form of one weary with long travel by land and sea leaving at last his storm-tossed boat and planting his feet and his hawthorn staff on dry land once more. And our fairy guide tells us: 'This man went unto

Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.' And if our look betrays our thought, the fairy logic crushes us at once, 'The thorn is blossoming still.' And then we remember that at the Council of Basle, in 1431, the English Church had high precedence among churches as dating from apostolic times, as founded by Joseph of Arimathea. And we remember too that Queen Elizabeth and her Archbishop (Parker) held the same view."

All through his long and eloquent address, he presented dazzling pictures of early Celtic and British Christianity in the days of the kings of Wessex, representing it as entirely distinct from the Romish Church, and attempting to prove the priority of the Anglican church. With this we are not particularly concerned; but it may be said that the pilgrimage and all its ceremonies have served to bring before the minds of English-speaking people the old, old story of the cross, the burial, and the resurrection of the Saviour of mankind.

R. W. Sawtell.

Woodstock, Oct., 1897.

THE TWIN FLOWER.

When a child I saw thee
In the wooded dells,
Saw thy beryl bells
Swinging, swinging to the notes of morning thrush ;
Wonder, wonder filled me
As the night that hovers
In thy fir tree covers
Answered, answered quick with hyaline ablush.

Dreamed and dreamed I often
Of the beryl bells
In the wooded dells
Swinging, swinging to the echo of thy name ;
Felt life's hardness soften
In the light elysian
Of the youthful vision—
Woodsy darkness all ablush for very shame.

Ah, to-day I saw thee
In the wooded dells,
Saw the beryl bells
Glowing, glowing to the thrush's even song,
Singing, singing sweetly ;
And I wonder, wonder
That from thee asunder
Yearful, yearful life has holden me so long.

Dawn and sunset flower
By the firs and fells
In the wooded dells
Twinning, twinning by the glow of vestured flame,
Lights of morn and even hour,
Know the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers,
Rose of Sharon ever blushes with its fame !

THEODORE H. RAND.

THE TWIN FLOWER.

It is through the courtesy of *The Baptist Union*, of Chicago, and particularly of Mr. G. Herbert Clarke, M.A., that THE MONTHLY is able to present to its readers Dr. Rand's beautiful poem "The Twin Flower." Dr. Rand spent the summer at Partridge Island, Nova Scotia, and "The Twin Flower" is one of the fruits of his daily and hourly communion with Nature in his beloved Acadian land. We think we take no risk in predicting that it will prove to be one of Dr. Rand's best-liked poems.

In sending it for publication Dr. Rand wrote a short personal note to Mr. Clarke, and the latter, with an editor's instinct for what would please his readers, published a certain portion of it along with the poem. We count ourselves fortunate in being able to reprint it, and thereby to afford our readers the same pleasure as the readers of *The Baptist Union* enjoyed. For ourselves we hardly know which pleases us most, the poem itself or the "poet's sweet comment," and we shall not be surprised if many who read both may find themselves in the same happy dilemma. Only a person of true poetic sensibility could have written such exquisite prose, and none but one with the "vision and faculty divine" could have produced the happy combination of soft, rippling music, sweet images of fresh woodland beauty, and fine spiritual quality of thought that in the poem makes such an impression of loveliness on the reader. But we shall allow Dr. Rand to speak for himself in both poetry and prose. It is as follows that he expresses himself concerning the flower that inspired his muse to song:

"I do not suppose I have any poem specially suitable for *The Union*, but some of its readers might be pleased with the enclosed "Twin Flower." If you think so, the contribution is cheerfully made. Perhaps a Chicago editor, or shall I say city readers? never heard of the *Linnæa*—the Twin Flower, though it lifts its little bells in mossy woods, all the way from Nova Scotia to Minnesota. Ay me! Blessed are the boys and girls who wake to life in the lap of nature's wonderland—God's wonderland! The Twin Flower, then, is a slender, creeping and

trailing little evergreen, with round-oval leaves, and forked threadlike uprights, each bearing a delicate and nodding flower that trembles to the slightest airs. These flower-bells are pink in color, as pure as that of the pink beryl gem—as that of a windy dawn or sunset at Minas Basin; and it is no poetic license to say that the atmosphere of the dusky woods where the flower grows in matted plots takes the beautiful hue of the flower—"hyaline ablush." It is to me the most graceful and *spirituel* of all wild flowers—so delicate in tint and form and motion; and its tangle of small bells seems ready to break at any moment into heavenly chiming. Its fragrance is not less delicate and charming than are its color and form. It blooms from mid June to mid July. The flower was dedicated to the immortal Linnæus (Carl von Linné), the Swedish botanist, who first scientifically described it, and with whom it was the favorite of all flowers.

"'Tell us the *occasion* of the poem—how you came to write it, etc. That is what interests.' I imagine that is what you are saying, with some impatience. I wonder what the dear flower in its blush of beauty would say, if it heard *that!* *It* reads itself out, the sweetest of poems, without note or comment. Mine pales beside it, but the occasion and meaning are open to the eye of any sympathetic reader: A man whose head is showing silver streaks, and whose life has been consumed of strenuous practical affairs, finds himself in the sweet woods where, as a child, he loved to roam, and where he first came upon the Twin Flower. Here, after so many years, he again sees it in all the glory of its sweet being, and his spirit glows with emotion at the sight. He had never forgotten the first meeting with it—how could he? The morning thrush was singing then; the evening thrush is singing now. It was his life's day-dawn then; it is nearing his life's sunset now. In the pure pink of one of the uplifted bells he sees the dawn, in the pure pink of its twin bell he sees the sunset—"lights of morn and even hour." In the hush of this glowing silence of beauty, he does not fear the night that is to follow the near setting of life's sun. Nay! The joy of his faith takes voice, and he tells the beauteous flower the rosy message of divine love which he cannot stay in his own breast. The Twin Flower blushes

—'the Night that hovers
In the fir tree covers.'

But another Flower, the altogether lovely Rose of Sharon, ever blushes "with its fame,"

—'the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers'

of the grave, and heralds the great dawn."

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.*

The Colleges and Universities of Canada and the United States, almost without exception, report a large attendance this year. I am happy to state that McMaster University, in its several departments, shares the general prosperity. The enrolment in Woodstock and Moulton Colleges is greater than last year, and the enrolment in the University proper is considerably in advance of that of the corresponding date one year ago. This is the more gratifying in view of the fact that the attendance last year was remarkably large. There is good reason to believe that within a few years the extensive accommodations at Woodstock and Moulton Colleges will be taxed to their utmost. Already McMaster Hall is inadequate for the uses of our rapidly growing classes.

Since we met on an occasion like this, one year ago, there has been a remarkable change in the thoughts and aspirations of Canadian people. As a result of circumstances which need not be noted here and now, there has been a rapid and wonderful growth of what may be termed the Canadian national consciousness. The resources of the country are better understood, and the prospects of growth and greatness are more appreciated than ever before. That the next twenty-five years will witness a great incoming of population, and the large development of a national life is assured. All this puts new responsibilities upon the Universities, where the leaders of thought and life are expected to be trained. McMaster University recognizes her share in this new responsibility and welcomes the obligation thereby imposed. Speaking for my colleagues, and for the

*Report of the address delivered by the Chancellor at the opening exercises of the University, October 15th, 1897.

Faculties of our affiliated Colleges and, I dare to believe, for the students also, I would affirm our purpose, with the help of Him whose we are and whom we serve, to avail ourselves conscientiously of the great opportunities for service which the new conditions have made or shall make.

In a new country there are certain dangers in the realm of educational method and ideal which should be carefully avoided. If these dangers are to be avoided they must be first of all recognized. I may be permitted to point out three of these, though the present occasion gives opportunity to mention them only, and not to enlarge upon them. There is a danger that the refinement of a true culture will be despised or lightly regarded. In our country men may be found who have a contempt of learning for learning's sake. The beauty and grace and fragrance of an educated life are deemed of little or no value, and they work only for such learning as will commend itself to them at once on utilitarian grounds. Related to this danger is another which is very real and formidable in this province to-day. I refer to the danger of premature specialization. In the early educational attempts of a new country early specialization may be justifiable, and, even in later years, men who discover their vocation when they are past their youth may be excused if they hurry into special lines of study in preparation for their profession. But any system of education which encourages young men to begin to specialize before they have laid a broad foundation of general culture is that far defective. In our province to-day there exists the anomaly in some educational institutions of advanced graduate work being accepted from undergraduate students as a contribution towards their Bachelor's degree. McMaster University undertakes in her measure and to the full extent of her opportunity to avoid each of the two dangers which have been now mentioned, realizing that He who has filled the world with beauty and melody will approve of that training which has regard to a true refinement as well as to immediate utility. We undertake to do what we are able to awaken in our students an appreciation of culture in its beauty and grace. We insist also that graduates of our University shall have done a reasonable amount of work on those subjects which are recognized universally as belonging to a liberal

education, and that even the specialists, to whom abundant opportunities to acquire proficiency in their particular departments are given, shall have a training which shall make them broad minded men, in fact, men of real education.

Another danger should be avoided, namely, the danger of forgetting Christ, who is the Teacher of teachers, the Leader of leaders, and the Lord of lords. During that period in a young man's life in which his knowledge is broadening, his aspirations rising, and the discovery of his own powers being made, it is of the greatest importance that he should recognize the relation to his powers, aspirations and achievements of the Perfect Man. It is our undertaking in every department of McMaster University to hold before our thought and the thought of the students, whatever his course of study, that he owes it to himself to study this perfect Model, to draw inspiration from this great Teacher, and to be in subjection to this gracious Lord. In the past we have been aided in carrying out our ideals by the sympathy and encouragement of true, wise, unwavering friends of the University, many of whom are in this audience to-night. In behalf of my colleagues and the whole student body I thank them for their devotion to this educational work, and bespeak their continued sympathy and support.

Addressing the students a week ago last Tuesday I referred to several matters relating to the University and to the professors, some of which might be of interest to this audience to-night. Time, however, will not permit me to make mention of these matters, since I wish to give ample time to the lecturer of the evening. Lately we have welcomed two of our professors on their return from distant places. One of these had been encountering hardships and perils within our own province in attempting, successfully, to explore a newly discovered portion of our great mineral treasures. The other had spent a year in the old world, pursuing advanced studies in a department of knowledge which he believes outshines every other, and in which he has already won recognition, and has gained the right to speak with authority. To our Professor of Mathematics we shall have the satisfaction of listening to-night. I have great pleasure in introducing Professor McKay, who will speak to us on "The Story of the Solar System."

Editorial Notes.

In resuming our editorial responsibilities for another year, we take advantage of the occasion to say a few words concerning our magazine and its prospects. The Monthly is now entering upon the seventh year of its existence, and as it does so we desire to assure our readers that all connected with its publication are more than ever determined to make it altogether worthy of McMaster University. We know that it is by no means an ideal magazine; we even freely confess that it is far from being as good as it might be. And yet as we look back at the experience of the past six years and consider the adverse circumstances under which the various editorial and business boards have labored, we venture to say that the wonder is that it has been as good as it has, rather than that it has not attained an ideal degree of excellence. We suspect that few of our candid friends have any indea of the incessant labor and watchful foresight required for the publication of The Monthly. From the editor's standpoint the greatest difficulty is in procuring suitable articles. We have to solicit practically every article we publish. In many cases, indeed, we have not only to persuade our friends to write something for us, but also to suggest subjects upon which to write. Never yet have we enjoyed the delightful sensation of receiving an unsolicited article suitable for publication, though we cherish the fond hope that some day that pleasure may be granted us. We venture to make a prediction, however. The day will surely come come when it will be an honorable privilege to contribute to the columns of the McMaster University Monthly, and then those who now devote time and labor in its behalf will have the satisfaction of knowing that they helped in some small measure, at least, to bring about that happy result.

But *revenons à nos moutons.* The Monthly is primarily a student publication. From the business standpoint it is wholly such. The students have made themselves responsible for its financial obligations, and it is a pleasure to record in this public way our unstinted admiration of the manner in which the various business managers have discharged their responsibilities in this regard. It has been no easy task to make both ends meet, and even yet there is a considerable debt to be written off. It is our earnest hope that by this time next year we may be able to begin with a clean financial sheet.

In addition to assuming the large financial responsibility involved, the students have to supply the reading matter for almost two-thirds of

the magazine. Under any circumstances this would be a difficult undertaking: it is much more difficult when it has to be done amid the stress of lectures, studies, athletics, social functions, and all the other events that go to make up college life. But the student editors never waver in their duty to THE MONTHLY, and to them and the undergraduates and young graduates who contribute articles is due a very large share of whatever success it has achieved in the past. They have been aided by the young ladies at Moulton College and the young men at Woodstock and Grande Ligne, whose representatives have sent interesting monthly notes and have thereby sustained a very valuable department of THE MONTHLY.

As for the future, we hope to make the coming year even more successful than any of the past six. First and foremost we shall endeavor to issue THE MONTHLY regularly about the fifteenth of each month. This may sometimes be impossible, but we are going to do our uttermost to achieve that end We confess we have failed this month, but that was to be expected under the circumstances. We begin this volume with an October, instead of a June, number, as in the past. To a large extent it is the production of the graduating classes of '97, and it will, therefore, be of special interest to all friends of the University. They will welcome the photogravures of the two classes, and will read with interest the accompanying articles.

Every subscriber should receive with this number an indexed "Table of Contents," of the past year. This will be useful to all who keep and bind their MONTHLIES, the number of which persons is, we are glad to observe, large and growing. In this connection we have to express our regret that from time to time copies of THE MONTHLY do not reach their destination. We are unable to say whose fault this is, though we have a shrewd suspicion that the postal authorities are not wholly without blame. We have gone carefully over our subscription list during the past summer, and have rectified various errors therein, and we hope that in future no copies will be delayed or go astray. In case any subscriber should fail to receive his copy before the end of any month, he will confer a favor on the management by reporting the matter at once. Another copy will be gladly sent him, and an explanation will be asked of the post office department. Furthermore, should any subscriber find any of the eight numbers of last year missing through its not having reached him, he may have one gratis by applying to us.

THE Faculty and students unite in welcoming Professor McKay back to their midst. During his prolonged absence in England he was greatly missed in every sphere of our University life, and his return to

the active duties of the professorship has been an occasion of rejoicing to all connected with the University. It is a keen satisfaction to the Faculty to know that, after a year spent at Cambridge, Professor McKay is more profoundly convinced than ever that McMaster's ideals are based on sound educational principles and that in her sphere she is doing work of a high order of usefulness. It fell to the professor's lot to deliver the scholastic address at the opening exercises of the University. It is superfluous to say that he discharged that responsibility with honor to himself and to the University. His subject was "The Story of the Solar System." His address did not aim at being a popular statement of the wonders and beauties of the heavens, but a scholarly account of the development of astronomical theory. And yet it was characterized by such clearness of exposition—a quality, that goes far to explain Professor McKay's success and popularity as a teacher of mathematics—that it was clear as noonday to the large audience present on the occasion. We shall not be able to publish the address in THE MONTHLY, but during the year we hope to give our readers an opportunity to see Cambridge through Professor McKay's spectacles.

THE prospects for Woodstock and Moulton are very bright. Mr. McCrimmon, who was Acting-Principal last year, has accepted the principalship, and will devote himself wholly to advancing our denominational interests at that exceedingly important point of our educational system. Next month we shall publish a photogravure of Principal McCrimmon, and a short sketch of his life and character. Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., who for the past two years has been lecturing at the University, has been appointed Science Master at Woodstock and has already entered upon his work there. This is in every way an excellent appointment.

At Moulton College there have been several changes, due to resignations of members of last year's staff. The department of music has been placed under the directorship of Mr. A. S. Vogt, whose name is the best guarantee of its excellence. With Mr. Vogt as director and a staff of five teachers under him, Moulton College is in a position to offer musical advantages unexcelled by any similar institution in Canada. The vacancies made by the resignations of Miss Wells and Miss Mann have been filled by Miss Thrall and Miss Pickering. Miss Thrall is a graduate of Woodstock College and the Normal College, and Miss Pickering of Smith College, one of the large universities for women in the United States. Miss Lyon, who takes Miss Smart's place as resident teacher of music, has studied in Italy and France as well as at home and comes to her work with the highest recommendations.

THE academic work in connection with our various educational system began promptly and is now in full swing. The attendance at the University is larger than that of any preceding year, and the same satisfactory condition of affairs prevails at both Woodstock and Moulton. The members of the University Faculty have all returned in the best of health, a matter of congratulation to all concerned for the interests of the University. We regret to say that three or four students have been unable to return owing to being stricken with typhoid fever. They are progressing favorably, however, and their recovery is, we trust, only a matter of time.

FOR over three years George H. Murdoch shared in the varied life of McMaster University, winning the good will and affection of us all. A year ago we all regarded him as the embodiment of physical health and vigor, and never suspected that he would be the first of the class of '97 to be called home. But so the All-Wise Father has willed it. On the 24th of September, after about eight months' illness, he passed away at his home in Waterford, Ont. We beg to tender to Dr. and Mrs. Murdoch our sincere sympathy. To see an eldest son, not yet twenty years old, just after college graduation taken from them is no common sorrow. Yet we cannot but be glad and thankful with them that, as he consciously faced the other world, his spirit knew such quiet submissiveness to the will of God and such peace and rest through Christ the Saviour. Surely all of us, teachers and students, may learn afresh the uncertainty of life and the supreme importance of the things that are "unseen and eternal."

Book Reviews.

INTRODUCTORY TO QULITATIVE ANALYSIS.*

In the general plan the authors have departed from the stereotyped methods. The result is, that the greatest error of the old procedure has been successfully avoided. The tendency has been in the past for the student to follow the tables of separation to the disregard of the principles underlying the reactions contained in them, and to a lack of attention paid to the chemical characteristics of the different metals. This difficulty is overcome by doing away with the old style of table, which made the work of a student often little short of a me-

*INTRODUCTION TO QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS. By W. Lash Millar, Ph. D. and F. J. Smale, Ph.D. Toronto :

chanical process, and substituting in its stead a table which makes constant reference to the text a necessity. The advantage of this is at once manifest. By this means the student not only acquires the art of qualitative analysis but also obtains a thorough knowledge of the principles and facts which make such a system possible. Much valuable matter is presented in the text regarding the occurrence, chemical and physical properties, the chemical relations, the compounds and their characteristics of each metal. In the introduction the authors, in a simple explanatory way deal with the principles underlying the process of qualitative analysis in such a way as to make an ordinarily difficulty presentable suhject appear both clear and interesting. The book deserves the heartiest support of those who are interested in the subject. We predict for it a ready demand.

Here and There.

L. Brown, Editor.

Johns-Hopkins has excluded women.

Greek will no longer be required for admission to Columbia University.

The largest university in the world is at Cairo, Egypt. It has 10,000 students.

It is stated that the chapel exercises at Cornell are so interesting, and the attendance is so large, that seats have to be reserved for the students.

Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., of the class of '95, has received an appointment on the staff of Woodstock College. Mr. Russell served with acceptance for one year as fellow in mathematics in his Alma Mater previous to this appointment.

The American Chess Magazine is one of the latest published in the literary world. As its name shows it is devoted to the noble game of chess. The first number contained an account of the recent international chess match between the house of Representatives and the English House of Commons; also an article on 'Chess at the Colleges.'

'Our Young People' has now in publication a very interesting and instructive series of articles on "Glimpses of Early Canada." Mr. Stambury R. Tarr, M.A., a graduate of '95, is the author. The October number contains the second of this series entitled 'Founders of New France.' It gives the history of French colonization from 1597 to 1635.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart ;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  A broken and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !
  Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling, in London Times.*

We print this excellent poem by Rudyard Kipling that it may be preserved to our readers in permanent form for future reference.

Athletics at Harvard are regulated by a committee composed of three members of the faculty, and three graduates, all appointed by the corporation, and three undergraduates elected by a meeting of the presidents of the classes and representatives of the different athletic organizations.—*Exchange.*

Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1826, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the nearest tide-water. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost $50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought-iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.—*Ex.*

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Art weary with life's struggle, friend?
Too faint to more pursue?
The sun which brightens all the world
Makes all the shadows too.
Often from the selfsame fountain
Joys and woes alike descend,
And the strength we gain in struggling
Makes us victors in the end. —*Ex.*

MIDSUMMER.

A slow hawk drifts athwart the azure sky
Lost, almost, in the liquid ether sea;
Within the thicket dryly, ceaselessly,
Strident cicalas their long revels keep
As in the old Greek days; in lang'rous sleep
The far hills swoon; the slow, sweet-thieving bee
Clings to the hedgerow blossom; lazily
Up the lush meadows twin cloud shadows creep.
The gray old world swathes her wan face in peace
And seems to slumber questlessly at ease.
While 'round her brow the dreamful poppy wreathes;
Yet in the brook's low song, without surcease,
And the soft wind, crooning amid the trees,
The elemental, world-old sadness breathes. —*Ex.*

THE lamented death of Rev. Alexander Grant came with a great shock to us all. His widow and children share the deepest sympathy of all the students and professors in our institution.

IT has been estimated that in England one man in 5,000 attends college; in Germany, one in 213; in Scotland, one in 525; and in America, one in 2000.—*Ex.*

MISS ELIZA P. WELLS, B.A., of the class of '97, has resigned her position as teacher of English on the staff of Moulton College. She will teach English in Pellam Manor, a prosperous ladies' seminary near New York city. We wish her success in her work.

THE REPORT of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty ninth Years of the New York Sabbath Committee shows an encouraging tendency toward more observance of Sunday on the Continent. Information from France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Norway points to an increase of legislation to make the Sabbath a day of rest. —*Ex.*

MR. FREDERICK EBY, B.A., of the class of '95, has been appointed a professor in the preparatory department of Chicago University, situated at Morgan Park. During the past year he has been engaged in post-graduate study at Chicago, and has been working in collaboration with Prof. Bulkley of the department of Pedagogy upon a translation of a German educational classic.

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. Whiteside, '98,
S. E. Grigg, '00.

Excited sophomore—(at tea table)—Boys I'm a living example of a man who died of a broken heart

At last we have a government post box in front of our building. Was it in deference to the freshman class that the post was painted green ?

Among our many visitors this month we mention Rev. Ralph Trotter of Victoria, B.C. There will be *more* of Ralph next month.

Class '99 evinced their usual enterprise by being the first to re-organize for the year. The election of officers resulted as follows—Hon. Pres. Chancellor Wallace ; Pres. D. Bovington ; Vice Pres. Miss B. E. Newman ; Sec. B. R. Simpson ; Cor. Sec. C. L. Brown ; Poet, J. T. Jones ; Orator, J. E. Hawkings ; Historian, E. W. Parsons ; Minstrel, A. J. Thompson ; Councillors, Miss R. H. Dubensky, and J. F. Ingram.

At a meeting of class '98 the following officers were elected : Hon. Pres. Dr. Rand ; Pres. W. W. Charters ; Vice-Pres. J. P. Schutt ; Sec. Treas. Miss A. G. Iler ; Reporter, W. B. H. Teakles ; Poet, W. Daniel ; Historian, M. C. McLean ; Orator, A. W. Vining. This year the graduating class is pleased to welcome two new men, W. Daniel and A. S. Farmer.

The regular annual meeting of the student body for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held in the chapel on Tuesday, Oct. 12th. The President, R. Routledge, B.A., occupied the chair, and after an exciting contest the following officers were declared elected—1st. Vice-Pres. A. W. Vining ; 2nd Vice-Pres. W. Daniel ; Sec. Treas. J. A. Ferguson ; other members of the Executive, A. R. Park, D. Brown, M. C. McLean, A. B. Cohoe, E. S. Roy.

This year's Freshman Class were not slow to adopt the custom of other years in forming themselves into a class organization. Henceforth they will be known as Class '01, and for the years '97-'98 they have elected the following officers—Honorary President Prof. McKay ; Pres. F. H. Phipps ; Vice-Pres. Miss O. M. Clemens ; Sec. Treas. Miss McLaurin ; Cor. Sec. R. E. Sayles ; Bard, R. Johnson ; Historian, J. E. Pengelly ; Orator, D. Gazley.

We have yet another report of class re-organization to make. The officers of the Century Class for the year are, Hon. Pres. Prof. Camp-

bell ; Pres. F. E. Brophey ; Sec. Treas. Miss Gaylord ; Cor. Sec. A. C. Newcombe ; Bard, S. E. Grigg ; Orator, E. A. Brownlee ; Historian, G. Sprague.

On Saturday, Oct. 9th, the chess club met for reorganization. Prof. McKay was nominated for the Presidency, and elected by acclamation. E. N. Armstrong was appointed Secretary-Treasurer. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for another tournament this year. The result will be looked for with interest.

We regret the fact that four of our students are sick with typhoid fever. J. H Cameron, '97, and R. G. Blundell, who expected to join the Freshman Class, are both sick in Montreal—Mrs. J. Marshall, '97 is sick in Cobourg, while E. S. Roy, '98, is at the General Hospital, Toronto. At the last report all were doing as well as could be expected, and we hope soon to hear of their complete recovery.

The Library during the past summer has received a number of valuable additions. Among the contributors were Copp, Clark & Co. ; Ontario Government ; L. Woolverton, Esq. ; Education Department, Dominion Government ; Royal Society ; G. R. Roberts, Esq. ; Chancellor Wallace ; Hon. John Dryden ; A. Kirkwood, Esq. ; Prof. W. N. Clark ; R Sadler, Esq., and the University of Toronto. Besides these numerous contributions have been made from the university funds.

The Choral and Orchestral Union met for the election of officers on October 7th with the following result—Pres. I. G. Matthews, B.A.; Vice-Pres. M. C. McLean, '98 : Sec. Treas E. A. Brownlee, '00 ; Pianist, W. B. H. Teakles '98. Mr. Fletcher, organist and choir master of Bloor Street Baptist Church, was chosen as Musical Director, and under his able management our Glee Club hopes to do efficient work. The members of this organization solicit the hearty support of both students and professors

The Ladies' Literary League re-organized on Oct. 13th, and are happy to be able to report a larger list of members than ever before. The appointment of officers resulted as follows :—President, Miss A. G. Iler, '98 ; Vice-President, Miss J. E Dryden, 00 ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. A. Bailey, '98 ; Critic, Miss M. N. Newman, '99 ; Pianist, Miss B. E. McLay, '00. The first meeting of the League was appointed for the second Friday in November, under Misses Newman and Cohoon as Programme Committee The League realized most sadly how essential '97 had made itself to the general prosperity of the society. With '97 has gone out our dignified and devoted president, Miss Burnette ; our impartial and faithful critic, Miss Eby ; our debater Mrs. Marshall ; Miss Woolverton, with her musical resources, and Miss McDiarmid, whose loyalty could always be depended upon. In our bereft condition there is this consolation that seeing we are as strong numerically, necessity may be the means of bringing out talent that would have otherwise lain dormant.

After reading our notices for this month we are led to make a query, Why is it that our graduates hold in such light esteem the rights and privileges conferred upon them in their *bachelor's* degree? Remember if you are anticipating such a surrender that it takes a long time to get it; but results show that it takes only a short time to give it away.

A Very interesting event occurred in August of the past summer, when Miss Ethel Botterill was married to J. J. Patterson, B.A. Miss Botterill graduated from Moulton with class '95, and last year attended English lectures at the University, where she was well-known through her clever sketches and poems that appeared from time to time in The Monthly. Mr. Patterson who graduated last year with class '97, has by his generous and manly character won the respect of his fellow students, while his success in his studies lead us to anticipate for him a useful future. The Monthly joins with others in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Patterson every happiness for the future.

Athletic Association—Athletics this year are booming at McMaster. In former years the sports have been under the control of enthusiasts in the different departments. This year, however, an innovation has been made, by the organization of an Amateur Athletic Association which has for its object the physical development of the students under the control of an efficient executive committee. The advantages of such an association are evident, since the various departments of athletics, namely, football, baseball, hockey and other field sports are under the control of one central and competent committee. At a meeting of the association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year,—Hon. President, Chancellor Wallace; President, Chas. H. Schutt, B.A.; Vice Pres. E. J. Reid, '99; Sec.-Treas. A. G. Baker, B.A. Councillors, A. Imrie, B.A, (theology), W. Daniel, '98, A. Torrie, '80, F. H. Phipps, '01.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dryden to Mr. J. C. Sycamore, Sept. 2nd, 1897, was one that occasioned great interest in McMaster circles Belonging to Class '96, Miss Dryden and Mr. Sycamore are not so long graduated but that they are well known to many of the students. Miss Dryden was the first Moulton graduate to take the Arts Course in McMaster. An enthusiastic and brilliant student, an affectionate friend, a sincere and humble Christian, Miss Dryden in her college life has left behind her an example of a true gentlewoman that is worthy to be the ideal of the McMaster women, who, year by year, follow her. Mr. Sycamore has one of those peculiarly happy dispositions that make their possessors universally popular wherever they may be. In his course through Woodstock and McMaster, Mr. Sycamore has proved himself a genial classmate and generous friend, and now in his life work is an earnest and successful pastor. The Monthly extends to Mr. and Mrs. Sycamore its best wishes, and trusts that in this new, broader life upon which they have entered, they may realize such noble ends as were fore-shadowed when they were students among us.

THE idea is abroad that McMaster students do not '*haze*' their freshmen. We cannot understand this, since it would be difficult for us to depart from so time-honored a custom, if indeed we wished to. On the evening of Thursday, Oct. 14th, seniors, juniors, as well as sophomores, put the freshmen through their ordeal, which took the form of a dinner. After all had done ample justice to the repast prepared, the chairman, R. Routledge, B.A., called upon A. J. Saunders, on behalf of the theologs, and W. Daniel, '98, on behalf of the Arts men, to welcome the freshmen in Arts and Theology. These gentlemen in a pleasing way performed their task, not only welcoming the in-coming men, but also stepping from their lofty positions as seniors to offer them sage advice. In reply Mr. King spoke for the theologs, while Mr. Phipps represented the freshmen in Arts. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' closed a very pleasant and happy evening. To any suspicious Freshman we would say that we have done our worst; while we would justify our method in the eye of the critical stranger by saying that it is both original and successful.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 14th, a large number of the students and professors gathered in the chapel to listen to a few words from one of our missionaries, Rev. Mr. Davis, who with his wife is now on the way to India. In a few happy remarks Dr. Rand introduced Mr. Davis to the audience not as a stranger but as an old McMaster student. Mr. Davis then, in a brief address, presented a picture of the dark and difficult side of missionary work in India In his remarks he referred to the open hostility that the missionaries have to encounter; the awful degradation and gross immorality of the people; the difficulty of work because of the caste system; while the greatest obstacle of all was the fact that the people have no conception of sin. But although the people of India were so degraded still the gospel was doing its work in gradually lifting them to a higher life. He closed his address by an earnest appeal for good men for India and a desire that we should not forget those that were already there. As we said goodbye to Mr. Davis and his wife we realized that God had blessed and would continue to bless their work in India.

FOOTBALL —At present football is occupying our attention. That we are ambitious to win honors in this department is evident from the fact that we have entered a team in both the senior and intermediate series of the Inter-College League. The first team, with E. J. Reid as captain, has been practising faithfully for the past week, and gives promise of doing good work. With the departure of last year's graduating class we lost some of our strong players, and as a consequence we deemed our prospects this year to be somewhat gloomy, but are pleased to say that with the addition of new men, we expect to place as strong, if not stronger, combination in the field as in previous years. Faulkner as full back is sure, steady, and a "stayer," while Pengelly as centre half-back is maintaining the reputation which he made at Woodstock. On Tuesday, Oct. 19th, the senior team play their first match of the series with the Varsity eleven. The second team, under the

management of "Fergie," is hard at work, preparing for the work they have before them. The old players from Woodstock College contribute largely to this team, and, if one may judge by the work done by them in the team practice, we may be justified in expecting them to carry off their share of the honors from the coming contests. We must make mention of another departure on the part of the Executive Committee. In former years we have had no day set apart for competition in field sports among our own students. This year, however, such an opportunity will be offered, and although at present the day has not been announced, yet we find that the men are taking a lively interest in the proposed contests, and we may expect to see some efficient work. Every loyal student of McMaster will join in making this department a success, while all appreciate the enthusiastic support of the Honorary Pressdent of the Association, Chancellor Wallace, to whom the Association owes its origin.

Bloor St. Baptist Church was filled with a large audience of students and their friends on the evening of Friday, Oct. 15th, the occasion being the opening of the University. After the audience had been led in prayer by the pastor of the church, Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, M.A., Chancellor Wallace spoke briefly concerning the University's work and prospects. He referred to the fact, which must be gratifying to every friend of the University, that the attendance is larger, and the prospects in every department brighter than ever before. He spoke of the present day tendency to specialization in educational work, and pointed out that McMaster lays emphasis upon the necessity of a broad and liberal culture before specialization is entered upon, and arranges its course with that end in view. Its keeps before it also a spiritual as well as an intellectual ideal, and aims at the development of cultured, patriotic and spiritual manhood and womanhood. He referred briefly to Professor Wilmott's absence and work in Michipicoten, and then introduced Professor McKay, who has been absent in England for over a year, to deliver a lecture on "The Story of our Solar System." Professor McKay was received with great enthusiasm. After speaking of the importance of astronomy and astronomical discovery, he outlined and criticized the Ptolemaic and Copernican theories of the solar system. Then stating as his essentials for successful scientific work, observation, imagination, deduction and prediction, he came to the Newtonian theory, and showed how these elements had worked together in arriving at such a result. He paid a high tribute to the patient and laborious work of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, whose efforts largely prepared the way for Newton's complete development of the theory. The Professor then recited several triumphs which the theory has secured and which prove its soundness. Much interest was added to his lecture by a series of splendid views, which were thrown upon the screen by Mr. F. B. Whittemore. The lecture was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and the hearty applause at its conclusion testified to the thorough enjoyment and appreciation on the part of the audience.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

GRACE BROPHEY, MARGARET NICHOLAS, EDITORS.

THE editors appointed for the Moulton column of the MCMASTER MONTHLY are Miss McKay, Miss Brophey, Miss Margaret Nicholas.

"OLD GIRL"—(after having imparted all state secrets to a supposed "new girl"—What course do you intend to take?" Supposed new girl—"*I* am a teacher."

OFFICERS in the society of Young Woman's Christian Association have been appointed for this term as follows: President, Miss Kerr; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Dewitt. A Prayer-Meeting Committee was appointed as follows:—Miss Pickering, Miss Brophey, Miss Dewitt.

A NUMBER of teachers and students attended the concert given by the Kneisel Quartette of Boston on the 7th inst. The various numbers on the programme were rendered most artistically and afforded a great musical treat.

THE recreation club was organized by the resident students at the re-opening. Money was raised to furnish tennis net, croquet, and several parlor games. During this fine weather the tennis and croquet are receiving due attention; but when the gloomy winter days arrive no doubt the parlor games will be quite as well appreciated.

AT the opening business meeting of the Heliconian, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Brophey; Vice President, Miss Cox; Treasurer, Miss Stenhouse; Secretary, Miss Hoffman. The Executive Committee was appointed as follows: Miss Thrall, Miss Eckhardt, Miss Edwards.

THE third Friday evening in September the "Old Girls" of Moulton entertained the new ones in the spacious reception rooms of the college. A very enjoyable time was spent, although the confectioner forgot to send the refreshments ordered. The result of the omission was that the freshmen had another "party" the next Friday night when the ice-cream appeared.

MUCH enthusiasm is being shown this year in all departments of the school, and class meetings have become quite the order of the day. The seniors are asserting themselves very vigorously, and have won the envy of the other classes in a number of ways, but especially so by one of their many privileges, namely, that of having birthday parties. The other evening while the remaining students were poring over their books, they were having a lively time (judging from the sweet strains caused by piano and *dishes*).

THE Course of Lectures for '97-8 promises to be one of special interest. The first of the series was given on Friday, Oct. 8th, by Prof.

Clark, D.C.L., of Trinity College. His subject was 'What and How to Read.' The lecturer was greeted with much enthusiasm as he entered the well filled chapel. Dr. Welton, of McMaster, occupied the chair in his usual happy manner. Prof. Clark is too well known in this city to make it necessary for us to dwell upon his excellent qualities as a lecturer. Suffice it to say that on this evening he fully sustained his high reputation. The lecture proved to be one of unusual interest, and was much enjoyed by all present.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., D. Alexander, Editors.

The football match between McMaster and Woodstock will call forth considerable excitement. The College expects to put up a good team, and the boys are already dreaming of doing great things.

On September 18th the Rev. R. R. McKay preached the annual sermon to the students. His remarks were based on Heb. xi.: 38. "Of whom this world was not worthy." The address, which was much appreciated, was a most impressive and instructive one.

A most delightful evening was spent in formally welcoming the new boys, when bright and humorous speeches were delivered by the old and in-coming students. A pleasant feature of this meeting was the welcome extended to our new master, Mr. J. W. Russell, B.A., who received a most hearty reception.

The College once again presents a scene of activity. Though many familiar faces are missing, there has been the influx of fresh life. The new boys are now feeling at home, having overcome that quiet reserve peculiar to strangers, so that all are now participating to the full in the work and pleasures of college life. Altogether the coming year promises to be one of worthy succession.

The annual athletic games of the College where held on the Campus on Friday, Oct. 1st. The events were viewed by a large number of on-lookers, including many ladies, whose fair presence doubtless added much to the lively efforts of the contestants. W. A. Karn made a most efficient starter, while Principal McCrimmon, and H. L. McNeill, B A., acted as time-keeper and clerk of the course respectively. The judges were Chancellor Wallace of McMaster University, J. R. Huggart, D. W. Karn, Rev. R. R. McKay, and N. S. McKechnie, B.A. Those acting as umpires in the tennis tournament were, Principal McCrimmon, J. W. Russell, B.A., and S. R. Tarr, M.A. Among others present upon the grounds were Hiram Calvin, M.P., of Kingston, Rev. W. M. Walker of London, Rev. W. H. Cline and T. A.

Howell of Paris, Rev. J. P. McEwen of Toronto, Rev. J. T. Dowling, Dr. A. McLay, Rev. Mr. Pickering, J. G. Karn, Dr. Odlum, L. Brown, B.A., of Grimsby, and J. J. McNeil, B.A., of Tilsonburg.

The championship cup remains in the keeping of E. E. Howell after a worthy contest with able rivals. The junior championship medal was won by G. Challies.

The presentation of badges, prizes, cup and medals took place immediately after the games in the college chapel. Chancellor Wallace acted as chairman for the occasion, while Mesdames Booker and McCrimmon decorated the victors with their ribbon trophies. The following is a list of events and winners :

Tennis Tournament—C. Russel, A. N. Wolverton. Bicycle Races —Half mile, G. Challies, J. B. McArthur ; one mile, Huggart, Howell ; two mile handicap, Howell, Bagshaw. Standing Broad Jump—Howell, Lang. Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Standing Hop, Step and Jump—Huggart, Howell. Standing Hop Step and Jump (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Running Broad Jump—Wolverton, Lang. Running Broad Jump (Junior)—Treharne, Challies. Running Hop, Step and Jump—Wolverton, Lang. Running Hop, Step and Jump (Junior)—Treharne, Davis. Throwing the Baseball—Lang, Howell. Kicking the Football—Dryden, Wolverton. Kicking the Football (Junior)—McArthur, Challies. Dribbling the Football—Dryden, Lailey. Dribbling the Football (Junior)—Davis, W. O'Grady. Putting the Shot—Huggart, Howell. Hurdle Race—Huggart, Howell. Hurdle Race (Junior)—Challies, Davis. Pole Vault—Wolverton, Lang. 100 Yard Dash—Howell, Huggart. 100 Yard Dash (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. Obstacle Race—Howell, Lang. Running High Jump—Wolverton, Howell. Half Mile Race—Re-lay—Fourth year. Running High Jump (Junior)—Davis, Challies. 440 Yard Race—Huggart, Howell. ⅛ Mile Ex-pupil's Race—Matthews, Sayles. Potato Race—S. McArthur, Huggart. 440 Yard Race (Junior)—Treharne, Challies. Three-Legged Race—Dryden and Lang, Bagshaw and McKee. 100 Yard Race (Teachers and Ex-Teachers)—H. L. McNeill, J. Weir. 220 Yard Race (Junior)—Challies, Treharne. 220 Yard Race (Open to all Schools)—Huggart, Howell. Tug-of-War (Final Tugs)—Second year, Fourth year.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

We have been pleased to have visits from our old students, Jacob and Philip Nicol, and Ernest Roy, in the past few days, as they were returning to their work in McMaster and Laval Universities.

The staff of teachers has suffered no change since last year. Though for some time we had fears of losing Miss Permelia Bullock, who was stricken down with a severe illness during the summer, she has now completely regained her health, and has resumed her work as usual.

We have long been wishing that extensive improvements in equipment and in the manner of working the Mission Farm here could be made. Some of these improvements take a long while in coming. However, Dr. Rainville has persevered until he has succeeded in making a beginning. Among other things he has taken to raising poultry. After procuring an incubator and a lot of select eggs, and giving much time and attention to them, he is now possessed of a fine large flock of choice chickens. A good house with a larger yard adjoining it has been built for them at the back of the Gymnasium. We hope, for the good of the students and resident teachers, that he may have an abundant supply of good fresh eggs next winter.

The boys that have been here in previous years will, no doubt, be pleased to see the better opportunities for sport now afforded them. For several years we have been trying to provide a good, serviceable and convenient campus. We have one at last. It has been well drained and nicely graded and smoothed, so that now it lacks only a thicker covering of grass, to be in good condition for football and other games. Since school opened several of our more enthusiastic sportsmen have been engaged with spade, shovel, and roller, in levelling and hardening a strip around the edge of the campus, evidently with the intention of making a good track for foot-races. We hope they will make it serviceable for bicycles as well.

Tuesday, October 5th, being the opening day of school at Feller Institute, was marked this year by more than usual promptness on the part of many students in returning to their studies. Already our accommodation in the building is just about exhausted, and before another week is over we shall have very little, if any room left. So far we have about forty-one girls and seventy boys in the building. In addition there are at present seventeen day students, making in all one hundred and twenty-eight. A number of others are expected in a few days. In appearance the students are bright and cheerful, and seemingly prepared for work. For several years back the boys have held the highest place in class. This year we think they will have to strive hard for their laurels, or surrender them to their sister competitors.

Yours truly
A. K. McClintock

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1897.

A. L. McCRIMMON.

Another name has been added to the lengthening list of principals of Woodstock College. But few institutions have been favored with a succession of such men as have directed the work of this school from the early C. L. I. days to the present time. They were all of them men of God; called of God, devoted to God; used of God. Their names burn before our eyes to-day; the memory of their worth is a sweet aroma; the strength and gentleness of their characters, the earnestness and self-sacrifice of their lives are an inspiration to us still. We think of them and give God thanks, and pray that their like may never be wholly lacking among us.

And our prayer is being answered. We write the new name on the list with perfect confidence that, in its time, it will have its own splendor, undimmed by its lustrous associates.

Mr. McCrimmon's connection with Woodstock College dates from February 1892. When Principal Huston fell in the midst of a year's work, the services of an additional teacher were needed for the remainder of the year. Acting-Principal Bates called upon Mr. McCrimmon to come to his assistance. He did so at once, and has continued until now, exerting a constantly growing influence upon all the college life, and held in highest esteem by both colleagues and students.

Few men enter upon their career at such an early age as did the subject of this sketch, for he was but sixteen years of age when he began teaching in his native county of Norfolk under the authority of a special permit. Even then his unusual aptitude for managing a school was apparent, and his excellent skill in discipline remarked upon by those who watched his work.

After further preparatory work in Simcoe High School he entered the University of Toronto in 1886, pursuing the course in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Logic, and adding to that work some subjects in other courses. A full share of honors fell to him during all the years of his university work. A glance at the class and prize lists of those years shows that, in his second year he won first place and the scholarship and prize in Philosophy and Logic: in his third year he divided the prize in Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity with a competitor; and in his final year won first place easily, and should have been the medalist in his department, but was debarred by the unexpected enforcement of a regulation which had long been inoperative, making attendance upon college lectures a condition which one must comply with in order to carry off the coveted honor. It was surely a sufficient tribute to Mr. McCrimmon's ability, keenness of mind, and grasp of the subjects, that, without the aid of a teacher, he succeeded in surpassing men who had sat daily at the professor's feet. These were busy years in other ways also. During three years he acted as Secretary to Chancellor McVicar of McMaster University, carrying on the work of a busy office. Two of the summers were spent in preaching, at Dacre and Harriston. It is evident that he brings to the work the profits of a varied and extended experience.

Many of our people saw Mr. McCrimmon for the first time at the London Convention in May last. His presence and address gave great satisfaction. His genuine modesty, noble bearing, elevated thought and manifest conviction of the sacredness of his new trust impressed all.

The success of his administration is beyond peradventure. He has large sympathy with young life; his boys feel that he is their friend. He knows their temptations, and his acquaintance with their needs is broad and practical. Entering freely into all

the sport upon the campus because of a deep love for athletics, watching closely over the spiritual side of all their lives, he is continually bringing the weight of his strong personality to bear upon the students under his care. Converted while still in his teens he knows the joy and value of a life early yielded up to God. In manner quiet, patient, dignified, his strength expresses itself in most gentle ways, giving one the feeling that there are large untouched resources, and that the power within him is well under control. A cultured man, a careful workman, a devoted servant of God—such Principal McCrimmon seems to me, his pastor.

Coming to the work of his new position with the vigor and enthusiasm of young manhood—he is but thirty-two years of age—accepting it as a trust from God, controlled in all the work by a deep desire to place Christ squarely before his students, we confidently predict for him a career of marked success. May the blessing of God make it so.

R. R. McKay.

OUR EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS.*

For more than fifty years the Baptist denomination within the territory now occupied by Ontario and Quebec has been doing certain distinctive work in connection with advanced education. The Baptist College, Montreal, and the projected McLay College, Toronto, were theological schools. The college at Montreal did excellent service, but events showed that it was projected on too limited a basis permanently to accomplish in a satisfactory manner even the special aim of preparing men to preach the Gospel. It relied upon schools having no connection or sympathy with it for the chief literary training of those who would become its students, if, indeed, they were to have a liberal education at all. The college was unable to survive the peculiar trials and struggles incident to its existence. It is interesting to note in this connection that the late Dr. Cramp left the College at Montreal, and afterwards became President of Acadia College,

*Address by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., Chairman of the Faculty of Arts, on the inauguration of the Arts Department of McMaster University, October, 1890.

an institution whose work was planned in a broader spirit, and in whose development the academic and arts departments were made central from the beginning. Acadia College commands to-day the largest attendance of any College in the Atlantic Provinces. When the McLay College, Toronto, was projected, its promoters were at special pains to repudiate the idea of any collegiate institution controlled by Baptists having anything to do with classical or scientific education. This college was never actually opened for the reception of students.

On a distinctly different basis did Dr. Fyfe propose "the starting at some central and accessible point in the West a good academy for the young men and young women belonging to our denomination." He was sure this could be done "if our people would cultivate a little more largeness of soul, a little more forbearance with one another." The school was not to be theological, but he affirmed that it would obviously be a very good preparatory school for a college, while it would furnish to all a means of social and intellectual culture. It is clear from this proposal, says his biographer, that Dr. Fyfe had a strong conviction that a Christian people, as such, may do large service in providing facilities for literary training, and that education under religious influences is the best training for other spheres in life as well as for the pulpit. This proposal resulted in the founding of the Literary Institute at Woodstock, with its literary and theological departments, which at certain times in its history carried its literary courses as far as the close of the second year of the arts course.

It is manifest from this backward glance that the nature and character of the work undertaken at Woodstock was distinctly broader than that previously attempted or proposed, and touched the life of the student, and through it the activities of society and the churches, not merely in a special and somewhat professional manner, but in ways which ministered to the varied and higher functions of human society and life. This is a far more fruitful conception of the work than those which preceded it. There are life and sustaining energy in it, and as experience of its results is had it strikes its roots deeper into the minds of thoughtful men. It does not die. I state what is well known and freely acknowledged, that much of the best educational

work in connection with our own institutions, whether we regard its results on students pursuing courses of general study, or on students having the ministry in view, has been done under conditions which lent hourly emphasis to the importance of broad mental training as distinguished from limited or special subjects of study.

Nor will a careful and impartial consideration of the work done since the founding of Toronto Baptist College as a theological school modify in any important degree this vital fact of our educational experience and history. Indeed, were it necessary to do so, it would not be difficult to show that the experience of the past nine years lends itself in powerful confirmation of that of previous years. I have reason to know that it was this conviction which inspired Senator McMaster, in the latter years of his life, with the earnest desire that our Colleges at Woodstock and Toronto should be brought into harmony of aim and united in work.

The aims and purposes embodied in McMaster University are the outcome of our educational experiences. We are not proposing to try some new and strange experiment, but to make earnest and straightforward use of the knowledge gained from the efforts of the past fifty years. We have learned something of the transcendent value in the formation of character, and the development of life, whatever the calling in view, of courses of liberal study pursued under the stimulus and discipline of qualified Christian teachers, so conditioned that they may bring to bear as an educative force the truths of the Divine Word, illumined by the perfect example of the man Christ Jesus. We have learned at the same time how invaluable such an education is to those who are to be preachers of the Gospel at home and abroad, and that we shall never secure highly trained men in sufficient numbers for this special service until we completely equip and vigorously sustain our academic and arts departments as central in our educational work.

Our aim is to educate men and women. We employ the term in a very serious sense, and wish to put large meaning into it. To educate means to evolve faculty or power, and a liberal education means the evolving, not of one faculty, but of all faculties: in general, the faculty of right reason, which latter

faculty assumes a healthy and disciplined interaction of the functions of intellect and emotion. A liberal education recognizes all faculties essentially human, developing them by exercise, and co-ordinating them in exercise. An integral education involves, therefore, the associated development of the faculties and the co-ordination of their functions. Its ultimate aim is to establish in the individual such a relation between his various faculties or powers as shall result in the consciousness of wholeness and unity, and to bring into co-operative activity, at will, all his energies as the free movement of a living and consciously harmonious organism. Until something approaching this consciousness of unity and power is attained by the individual, it is certain that, though his powers may be severally developed he himself is largely undisciplined, untrained, unorganized, uneducated. Power, efficient life, is the end sought. Organized energy is power, is life: and he who would obtain it can do so only by undergoing a discipline which both develops the individual faculties, and co-ordinates them in harmonious action.

Viewed in its essentials, Christian education as a conscious process means the development of a life; the turning of possibilities into powers, and the effort to control these powers by a conscience enlightened by the Word and Spirit of the Divine Master and Teacher. It means the cultivation of true and pure tastes, the choice and pursuit of worthy ideals, and the effort to establish a unity and balance of all the forces of one's nature. It means self-discipline, self-training, self-organization, the getting the use of one's self. So far as this process is actually perfected in any individual, there results not knowledge only or chiefly, but mastership. There is not only insight into the laws of one's being, but spontaneous obedience to their requirements. There is not only a consciousness of existence, but of selfhood, a willing, executing, responsible personality, while character assumes a place superior to scholarship, and culture becomes auxiliary to service. In the struggle after completeness of character, and in the surrender to service for God and men, man finds his true place, his true life.

In pursuance of these high aims the charter of this University requires that the Bible shall be a text-book in all its departments, and that all the professors, masters, and teachers shall be

members in good standing of Evangelical Churches. There is assumed not only the existence of God, but that He was manifest in the flesh in the man Christ Jesus, who is the prophet, priest and king of men; and that, therefore, the ethical interpretation of man's nature, responsibilities, and relations, as being under Divine rule, demands sovereign recognition. "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," is at once the most unique and the most important fact which can come to the minds and hearts of those who would beget in others the Christlike qualities of character, and kindle the Christlike spirit of service. I would here note how fully the freedom enjoyed in McMaster University conditions professors and teachers to minister with warm and tender sympathy to those students—and their number is perhaps greater to-day than ever before — who are brought into deep mental perplexity and trial as they pursue subjects of advanced study. It is a day of special trial for many a spirit attempered to fine issues. The very atmosphere of his life seems at such a time charged with strange import, and his spirit is unnerved:

> What a murmur and motion I hear! . . .
> And the air undersings
> The light stroke of their wings—
> And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

The face of eternity peers upon him through the thin veil of time. Life is a deeper and more wonderful thing than he had dreamed. His relations to God become clouded, and he finds himself obliged to seek sure footing in a rational faith instead of the traditional one which he had hitherto found sufficient. In such a crisis nothing can help or harm him so much as the atmosphere of the college life in which he moves, and nothing can count for more than sympathy wisely given by those to whom such experiences are not strange.

As to the courses of study, the Arts Department offers to its students a well-balanced general course of four years, only those students being permitted to do honor work who are able to reach and maintain, without undue effort, a standing of seventy-five per cent. in the general course. This arrangement places the honor work within reach of only well-qualified and strong students. We conceive that the development of the man, as I have already stated, should be the aim of an arts course,

rather than the making of an incipient doctor, or minister, or lawyer. It is said that no one thinks of rearing the ideal horse, but horses for the saddle, carriage or dray: that no cultivator concerns himself with symmetrical growth when he can readily supply the demand for the particular part of a vegetable, as the root, the flower, or the seed, by a special process to this end. By such analogies it is sought to justify a practice which seriously threatens the substitution of specialization for liberal culture. The very fact that by the constitution of society all men are fore-ordained to special callings and forms of service, is of itself a weighty presumption that such ordination should not involve the sacrifice of anything essential to the completion of the largest and noblest manhood. What does it matter that we have clever specialists, if they are only specialists? The need of our time, and of all times, is men first and men last. A graduate in arts should enter upon the special duties of life with resisting power sufficient to preserve his personality in its wholeness and fulness against the narrowing encroachments of his profession. By superiority of faculty and life, the product of liberal studies, he should be in possession of the power of keeping himself above the mere functions of a special calling. The antagonisms between liberal culture and the exigencies of life are not irreconcilable; but such a proportion and balance are possible as shall secure the enrichment and ennoblement of professional life by the overflowing energies and powers of a perfected manhood, and give to society that nourishment and unimpaired impulse for its best development which cannot adequately be communicated from any other source. The presence of mere specialists in the higher departments means a necessary loss and incompleteness, since we know in advance that a mastery of one subject presupposes an acquaintance with the elements of many. It is not, however, so much the variety of knowledge attained as the fact of many-sided development that confers signal advantage. There comes to the student who pursues sound courses of liberal studies a wide development of faculty, and the variety of thinking power and feeling power which such a student is thus enabled to carry with him into his special occupation provides the conditions of mastership. And so we judge we shall do the best service in the arts department

by aiming to make the student as much a man or woman as possible, and thus perform at once the highest service to the individual life, and condition that life for a hopeful entrance upon whatever special department of work may be chosen.

We hope to carry on our work in harmony with sound educational principles. The mind is a living essence with qualities and processes of its own. There is no teaching except as there is active co-operation on the part of those taught. It is not a one-sided process, but is co-operative and co-active. We expect that the thought of the student will be brought forth freely in the class-room for examination. Direct, earnest, sympathetic contact of student and professor in the presence of the class is indispensable in securing the high results at which we aim.

(To be continued.)

THE INCARNATION.

Wonder of wonders! David's Lord
Becomes his son; and on the Throne
Our Elder Brother reigns, adored,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone.

The Godhead shines in human face,
Heaven's pity weeps through human eyes:
For Mary's fragile arms embrace
The mighty God, who built the skies.

D. M. W.

"WORSHIP THE LORD."

Worship the Lord in the flush of the morning,
  Fresh from our chambers his name let us praise,
While the first day-beams the meads are adorning
  Glorify him who hath kindled the rays.
Through the dim glades of the night-land protected,
  Watched by a power and a presence benign,
Straight from the symbol of death resurrected,
  Lift we our hearts to the Keeper divine.
Worship the Lord in the spirit of lowliness!
"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!"

Worship the Lord in the glow of the noontide:
  Lift up our eyes from the works of our hands:
All our devices time's billows will soon hide—
  E'en as a tale that is traced in the sands.
Not for the glory of self are we living,
  Nor for the good of the creature alone,
Honor and praise and our highest thanksgiving
  He who hath made us requires from his own.
Worship the Lord in the spirit of lowliness!
"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!"

Worship the Lord in the grey of the gloaming,
  When the day's clamour and cark have surcease,
When the slack wings to their windows are homing,
  When the heart pants for the wellsprings of peace.
Worship the Lord, there is rest in devotion,
  Languor will flee at the breath of a psalm:
For the soul sin-sick his word hath a potion:
  Prayer soothes the turbulent spirit like balm.
Worship the Lord in the spirit of lowliness!
"Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!"

M. A. Maitland.

Stratford, Ont.

PRINCIPAL SYSTEMS OF HINDU PHILOSOPHY.

The study of Hindu Philosophy in its progressive development and influence upon the character and life of the people, is one which is commanding ever increasing attention on the part of students of Philosophy and Comparative Religion. The Hindus have been, from time immemorial, an exceedingly religious and thoughtful people. No people ever strove more manfully and earnestly to solve the problems of existence. While the special tendency of the Hebrew or Semitic mind was toward religion, and that of the Greek toward philosophy, the Hindu mind, in the breadth of its scope, embraced both religion and philosophy. Indeed, to the Hindu, theology and philosophy are really phases of the same subject. This failure to distinguish between the province of theology and that of philosophy is a great weakness. The crowning defect, however, of Hindu philosophical speculation, is its diffusiveness and obscurity. This arises from or grows out of the natural structure of the Hindu mind. The Hindu mind is analytical rather than synthetical, penetrating rather than broad, acute rather than logical: hence their philosophical systems, though more elaborate than those of the Greeks, are yet much less comprehensive and well balanced. A tendency towards mysticism and pure abstraction envelops all their systems in an air of unreality.

The vehicle of all Hindu speculative thought is Sanscrit, which, while a very highly developed and expressive language, is yet, because of its ambiguity, very difficult to understand and interpret; hence, a complete comprehension of these various philosophical systems is rendered extremely difficult.

The sacred literature of the Hindus, in which their theology and philosophy are embodied, is divided into two parts: sruti, revelation, and smriti, tradition. By sruti we mean the Vedas, which are divided into Mantras and Brahmanas. The Mantras, written probably between 1000 and 800 B.C., consist of hymns, prayers, etc. The Brahmanas, which are based on the Mantras, are in prose and contain the liturgy of the Hindu religion for the use of the Brahmins. They were probably written from 800 to 600 B.C. Hence the age of the Brahmanas was the age of ritualism.

About 500 B.C. a great intellectual movement, embracing simultaneously the greater portions of Europe and Asia, manifested itself. Contemporaneous with Pythagoras in Greece were Zoroaster in Persia, Confucius in China, and Buddha and others in India. Men began to ask, What am I? Whence came I? Whither go I? What about the world—Who made it? How came it to be? and so on. They sought a reasoned explanation of the mysteries of the universe.

Whatever may have been the case in other countries, it seems evident that these rationalistic tendencies were due, in India, to a reaction against ritualism or sacerdotalism. Winchell, in his "Reconciliation of Science and Religion," propounds the theory that the history of the world presents a series of alternating periods or cycles of *religious* and of *intellectual* activity and progress. He says "the psychical history of our race presents, therefore, a succession of religious and intellectual phases alternating with each other. During the religious phase, faith takes the initiative in action and is in the ascendant, while intellect is in the descendant. During the intellectual phase, thought takes the initiative, and is in the ascendant, while faith is in the descendant. The religious phase supervenes on a revival and is terminated by a reformation, the intellectual supervenes on a reformation and is terminated by a revival. On the completion of a cycle consisting of the two phases, faith and intellect stand in the same relative positions as at first."

This statement of Winchell finds a complete corroboration in the history of the Hindu people. The Mantra period, or the period of simple Hindu religious life, was followed by a period of sacerdotalism. A burdensome ritual grew up embodied in the books known as the Brahmanas, containing elaborate directions for the conduct of religion. Brahminic priests began to exercise a sacerdotal despotism. Reflective minds began to dissent, ritualistic tyranny was opposed, and an intellectual or rationalistic phase set in. Hence arose the third class of Hindu sacred writings, the Upanishads, which are philosophical treatises based on and supplementary to the Mantras and Brahmanas. A summary of the teaching of these Upanishads or philosophical books is as follows:—

1. The eternity of the soul—retrospectively and prospectively. There are two kinds of soul—paramatma and jervatma —or the universal soul and the individual soul. The individual soul or the soul of living beings, just as the universal soul, has existed eternally and will exist eternally.

2. The eternity of matter, or that substance out of which the universe was evolved; or in other words its substantial and material cause. "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*" was a maxim common to all Hindu philosophers.

3. The soul, though itself pure thought, can exercise thought, cognition, sensation or volition only when connected with external and material objects of sensation, invested with some bodily form, and joined to mind, which last is an internal organ of sense, a sort of inlet of thought to the soul, belonging only to the body, only existing with it, and quite as distinct from the soul as any of the external organs of the body. All the systems assign to each person two bodies, an exterior or gross body and an interior or subtle body. The last is necessary as a vehicle of the soul when the gross body is dissolved; accompanying it through all its transmigrations and sojournings in heaven or hell, and never becoming separated from it till its emancipation is effected.

4. This union of body and soul is productive of bondage and misery, for the soul begins to apprehend objects through the senses, receiving impressions painful and pleasurable. It also becomes conscious of personality and individuality. All action leads to bondage because every act produces a consequence, and a man becomes the eternal slave of his own acts. Virtue as well as vice is a source of bondage as it proceeds from a desire for happiness and aversion to pain.

5. In order to accomplish the entire fruition of all its acts the soul must return to the earth and pass through innumerable births according to various shades of merit and demerit.

6. Though this transmigration of souls is the root of all evil, yet, by it alone, all inequalities of fortune can be explained.

The problem therefore of Hindu philosophy is the emancipation of the soul—its liberation from conjunction with and imprisonment in nature. Attempts at a solution of this problem gave rise to the different philosophical systems. The following is an outline of the principal systems:

1. The Sankya philosophical system. It was founded by Kapila, the father of Hindu philosophy. He taught that all souls are increate. They are in bondage owing to contact with matter, which he called prakriti. This contact with and bondage to prakriti is due to ignorance or non-discrimination. How is emancipation to be effected ? Not by worship, not by sacrifices, not by rites and ceremonies, not by virtue even, but by *right knowledge*, which can only be obtained by meditation. Knowledge means salvation. Meditation removes desire. It is perfected by restraint postures and adherence to duty. Meditation when perfected begets right knowledge which dispels ignorance and brings emancipation. In his theology Kapila was atheistic. He made God an impersonal being not a Creator. As to the origin of the world he taught a theory of evolution from prakriti under the influence of "passion." Kapila's whole system we see was materialistic and atheistic.

2. The Yoga Philosophy. The Yoga system followed the Sankya. It was not really a separate system embodying a new theory. It supplemented and completed the Sankya system. Its founder was Patanjali. Seeing the shock which the atheistic tendencies of the Sankya system had caused, he supplemented it by admitting the existence of God. But his God was a magnificent nothing.

The Yoga system taught that the great characteristics of the soul are in marked antithesis to the properties and qualities of matter and its evolutes. The soul is eternal, pure and joyous but we are laboring under the delusion that the soul is impure and miserable, while these qualities belong to matter only. The consequence of this is that we want to see the connection of the pure spirit with impure matter perpetuated. Ignorance begets egoism, by which the seer is identified with the seeing faculty, the enjoyer confounded with the instrument of enjoyment,and the soul declared to be nothing more or less than one of its material organs. From egoism proceeds a longing for pleasure, causing tenacity of life and aversion to dissolution of the connection of the soul with the material organs, on which true emancipation hinges. So the chain of transmigration is lengthened by an instinctive and fatuous desire for happiness.

One of the great maxims of the Yoga philosophy is that

the mind assumes the form of what it perceives, so that it necessarily, not figuratively, becomes a stone, a tree, etc. Hence the countless changes and transfigurations it passes through. How shall the fickleness of mind, this desire for happiness and aversion to pain, which results in countless transfigurations be curbed and extirpated. The Yoga philosophy answers, by concentration. The following must be practiced :—

1. Restraint or renunciation of sin in thought, word, or deed.

2. Cultivation of right dispositions by a study of the Vedas.

3. Bodily exercises, which are put down at 84,000,000.

4. Regulation of the breath which consists of expiration, inspiration, and retention of breath, according to fixed rules.

5. Abstraction of the senses from outward objects.

6. Confinement of the thinking principle in one place.

7. Contemplation.

8. Concentration.

The Yoga philosophers warn the devotee not to be moved from his devotions by the jealousy of the gods, who are sure to see him, and try to distract him from his purpose.

As a reward of a complete conformity to the rules of the Yoga philosophy, not only is emancipation promised but also the exercise of miraculous powers.

3. The Vedantic system. Its founder was Badarayna or Vyas who composed the Mahabarata, one of the most famous of all Hindu books.

Vedantism is really the final form of Hindu philosophy, and in this form, chiefly, it survives to the present day. It is a system of absolute Pantheism. The essense of Vedantism is summed up on the Vedantist's confession of faith "All the universe indeed is Brahma, from him does it proceed, with him it is dissolved, in him it breathes. Let every one adore him calmly."

The following further quotations from the Vedas will reveal all the leading thoughts of Vedantism :—

"As the spider weaves its web out of its own substance so the spirit assumes various shapes."

"Foam, waves, billows, bubbles, are not different from the

sea. There is no difference between the universe and Brahma. The effect is not different from its cause. He is the soul, the soul is he."

> The saint who has attained to full perfection
> Of contemplation, sees the universe
> Existing in himself, and with the eye
> Of Knowledge sees the All as the One Soul.
> When bodily disguises are dissolved,
> The perfect saint becomes completely blended
> With the one Soul, as water blends with water,
> As air unites with air, as fire with fire.
> That gain than which there is no greater gain,
> That joy than which there is no greater joy,
> That love than which there is no greater love
> Is the one Brahma—this is certain truth.
> That which is through, above, below, complete,
> Existence, wisdom, bliss, without a second,
> Endless, eternal, one—Know that as Brahma.
> That which is neither coarse nor yet minute,
> That which is neither short nor long, unborn,
> Imperishable, without form, unbound
> By qualities, without distinctive marks,
> Without a name—Know that indeed as Brahma.
> Nothing exists but Brahma, when aught else
> Appears to be, 'tis, like the mirage, false.

As in the other systems, salvation means emancipation and freedom; but not a freedom from prakriti or matter, merely, but from the delusion of duality which begets self-consciousness. To divest itself of the delusion of duality and of distinct and separate personality, to arise by knowledge and abstraction to the consciousness that the soul itself is divinity and identical with the absolute spirit—"for he who sees and knows God becomes God"—this, to the Vedantist, is the essence of all religion.

Other, though less important, philosophical systems might be discussed, such as (1) the Nogaya or system of philosophical logic; (2) the Varsesheka, which, like Senecippus and Democritus in Greece, elaborated the atomic theory; (3) the Buddhistic with its doctrines of Karma or fate and final annihilation; but the three systems briefly sketched, viz., the Sankya, Yoga and Vedantic systems represent the chief and more comprehensive results of Hindu philosophical speculation.

J. G. Brown.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. Teakles, '98, D. Bovington, '00.
Editors.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

The character of the present is determined by the activities of the past. Conduct is cumulative, and the destiny of the race, like that of the individual, is moulded and fixed by the slower or more rapid process of each life-hour. No event is the child of a day. Hidden in the womb of time, the patient Zeit Geist has awaited its appearing; sometimes in the quiet of a sleeping age, more often amid the birth-throes of centuries. The Renaissance was more than a sudden re-birth of classical culture. The so-called Revival of Learning was but one phase, though a most important one, in a comprehensive movement of the race toward self-emancipation from feudalism, scholasticism, and ecclesiastical serfdom—that greater Renaissance which brought into being the modern world with its new conceptions of religion, knowledge and art, its redirected social forces and altered political systems.

It is manifestly impossible to bound definitely in time, a movement which at the end of the 14th century had reached in Italy nearly the same stage as it attained two hundred years later in England. Rising in Italy the New Learning gradually diffused a common civilization throughout Europe. A century before the fall of Constantinople gave to the west Greek teachers and Hellenic antiquities, the early humanists had awakened free thought for Italy and aroused an original bent of mind almost unknown to mediæval schoolmen. The characteristic spirit of so-called humanism was, as Symonds well defines it, "a just perception of the dignity of man as a rational, volitional, and sentient being, born upon this earth with a right to use it and enjoy it." Its particular form was dependent largely upon contact with the re-discovered genius of the ancient world. Petrarch it was who first introduced the new spirit of study into mediæval Europe. The two-fold discovery of man and nature was involved in his teaching. The genius of Dante had already spurned the

bonds of scholasticism, and infused into the religious pageantry of the Middle Ages a spirit of native freshness. Its early release from feudalism, its commercial activity, and its largely secularzed church predisposed Italy to an early hold upon the new movement. Original and native as was their own work both Petrarch and Boccacio looked to the genius of Greece and Rome for inspiration to their race. They seemed conscious that a higher national culture must precede national participation in literature and art, and that such culture must at first be largely imitative of classic models. Their own vernacular writings they almost contemned in their enthusiasm for ancient art. They seem to have been somewhat in advance of their age, and the classical movement halted for a time when no longer directed by them. However, with the introduction of printing its progress was assured, and by the close of the 15th century the empire of science and true taste was established, though the days of Dante, of Boccacio, and of Petrarch were past.

Before the middle of the century Nicholas V., under whom the church was assuming the rank of a secular principality, had made Rome the centre of the classical reäction, and thus strengthened what afterwards proved to be the true dissolvent of Papal supremacy. This effort had been ardently emulated by the petty rulers of neighboring states. In Florence the Medici, in Milan the Sforzas, became the patrons of every species of classic culture and erudition, anxious to render their self-assumed autocracies more stable by adding to them the lustre of learning. They too, like the Pope and the great rulers of Europe, saw not the momentous outcome of the forces latent in the movement of which the eagerly sought return to pagan culture was but one manifestation. In Florence, under Lorenzo de Medici, we find at once the climax of the aristocratic power in a nominal republic, and the culmination of Italian classicism. Politically, this prince became final arbiter in the peninsula while, as Roscoe declares in his biography, "everything great in science and in art revolved round Lorenzo de Medici, as a common centre." This, too, at a time when every Italian city became another Athens, and state vied with state for pre-eminence by means of the New Learning as much as by characteristic southern diplomacy, and far more than by force of arms. The movement was borne on by the

enthusiasm of the many. To be a gentleman one had first to be, or seem, a scholar. The universities of Bologne, Padua, and Salano were thronged with students, first from Italy, then from the whole of Europe. Until the common employment of printing made books easy of possession, the teaching class in these and other centres of the New Learning was looked upon as of unrivalled importance in society. A sort of aristocracy of letters was founded, to which the humblest might aspire, who possessed the requisite talents and application. The spread of printed books resulted, not in the lessening of the influence of this class, but in a widening both of its ranks and of those who came into touch with its teachings.

For a time acquisition supplanted invention. Poggio, Valla, and Politian, with scores of lesser humanists, contributed little but laboured classical imitations to the literature of Italy. But the 16th century was to bring forth nobler fruits—Lorenzo de Medici himself anticipated these by many Italian poems of rare beauty. It was Ariosto who most notably succeeded in blending the classical spirit with native genius. Beauty and strength, in nature, in humanity, in deity—these are what he found and embodied in his work. The *Orlando Furioso* is intensely human; not eternity, but present reality, circumstances its action. His predecessors had broken away from mediæval bonds; it remained for him to cast aside the restraints of an artificial classicism. Upon sculpture and painting the influence of classical art and mythology was not now pedantic or artificial. The pure art of this age—the painting of Raphael, and Corregio; the sculpture of Donatello and Michael Angelo; the architecture of Bramante and the Lombardi—inspired as it was by the spirit of Hellenism is nevertheless a native product of Italy's renaissant genius released from ecclesiastical restraint. No longer, like poor Fra Lippo Lippi, had her artists to paint only "saints, and saints, and saints again." With the loosening of ecclesiastical bonds went the off-shaking of those of scholasticism. Together with the classic revival there arose a new curiosity for nature, and the study of physical phenomena largely supplanted the barren disputes between realism and nominalism. An analytic mode of thought naturally resulted, though classical humanism had seemed, at first, uncritical. The effects of this scientific

trend were seen in Politian's critical lectures upon Roman law, and Valla's exposure of certain ecclesiastical forgeries. In the realm of politics, the analytic method was applied by Machiavelli, who with the scalpel of a dispassionate theory laid bare every artery and ligament of state and society.

Notwithstanding that Italian society was so permeated with certain elements of the new culture, there were lacking many essentials of national civilization. That ethical healthfulness, without which neither true culture nor true greatness can subsist, was altogether wanting. In the transition from mediæval bondage, with its monastic ideals, to the regulated individualism of modern society, there was a temporary return to a moral irresponsibility as well as to the culture of pagan civilization. Seeking an excuse in the assumption of nature's approval, men allowed free play to the most gross of appetites and passions. Alienated from a corrupt church—itself steeped in pagan learning, and ruled in accordance with pagan ideals—the educated classes, and the masses as well, lost all hold on morality. The Christian virtues were well-nigh ignored, while the ancient ones were seldom employed save as themes for oratory or fine writing. Most vividly have the characteristics of the period been portrayed by George Eliot in her *Romola*. The life-development of Tito the hero (or shall I say villain) mirrors his national environment. It was an existence of brilliant externals, intellectual and temporal wealth, but whose every seeming success depended upon subtle intrigue and the subserviency of all means to a desired end. As at the very core of Tito's career lay the canker of deception, so too this national hypocrisy sought to form, from a society lax in morality, and lacking in true public spirit, a state with a factitious appearance of perfection in government. In reality vice and crime were never more prevalent; the new learning served only externally to adorn them. Truly a curious society is that of Italy at the beginning of the 15th century, as pictured by George Eliot: with "its strange web of belief and unbelief; of epicurean levity and fetichistic dread; of pedantic impossible ethics uttered by rote, and crude passions acted out with childish impulsiveness; of inclination toward a self-indulgent paganism, and inevitable subjection to that human conscience which in the unrest of a new growth was filling the air with strange prophesies and presentiments."

It would be unjust to withhold credit from the names of those few high-minded Italians who during this era paid heed to "that human conscience," and sought to inaugurate much-needed reforms in church and state. Valla by translation of the Scriptures, Caraffa and Contarini by founding the so called Oratory of Divine Love, endeavored somewhat to check the paganizing tendencies of the Medician Pope Leo X. For a time, too, the doctrine of Justification by Faith overspread Italy, but as a theological fad rather than a spiritual reality. A greater influence, but one that opposed rather than employed the New Learning, was the personality of Savonarola. Filled with a horror at the growing corruption about him, and discerning something of a probable foreign interference in the affairs of the peninsula, he called upon his native Florence to accept gladly the scourge of heaven which, in the person of Charles VIII. of France, was to drive from Italy all that polluted her life. But in trying to reach the debased masses, he himself so lowered his ideals, that his religious jugglery vitiated his most strenuous efforts. But the powers of evil overwhelmed him "not because of his sins but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world but because he sought to make it noble."

At best all endeavor towards reform proved but an impotent re-action against the characteristic trend of the nation. The common people remained sunk in a superstition almost heathen in its mechanical forms of devotion; the higher classes became in heart anti-Christian, though formally Catholic from motives of self-interest. The moral effects of the New Learning were at best negative and incredulous; its spirit was mocking and cynical though "pliantly submissive to power." The reasons for this lay, partly in Italy's political relations with the Papacy, but chiefly in the national character itself. Italian religion is emotional and ritualistic rather than ethical. Savonarola and George Eliot's Tito are extremes typical of two characteristic tendencies—the one experiencing visions of pious exaltation, the other giving only formal observance to the "profitable fable of Christ." Those of the latter type, absorbed in the pursuit of the pleasures of culture, luxury and power, only contributed to the nation's moral stagnation; those like the first, visionary and mystical, at most stirred only the surface scum. It was not

merely that an individual reformer was needed. Moral force could come only from a nation with a deeper moral consciousness than that possessed by fallen Italia—then, as in later years

"Of her own past impassioned nympholept."

Thus vitiated the Italian nation, despite its sharpened intellect, was impotent for political action or resistance, as well as incapacitated for moral effort. A precarious equilibrium was maintained among the five interacting powers of the peninsula only by intrigue and the employment of mercenary troops. The degree of helplessness to which the Italian race had been brought by the moral condition of the Renaissance, with its resultant political and social effects, became disastrously evident during the long years when the peninsula was the battle-field of Spanish, French and German forces.

After Charles VIII. had opened Italy to European interference, the torch of learning was handed on to the transalpine nations. It was in this, its second stage, that the Renaissance became creative of moral, social and political growth. Hitherto, although holding within itself the germs of the new growth, its humanistic manifestations had not been ethical in any positive sense. Henceforth, the movement of which the New Learning was as yet the strongest outcome, was to be as essentially religious and Christian as formerly sceptical and pagan. That energy, whose manifestation the Italians had at first cherished only as a thing of beauty, became among their northern neighbors a thing of power. Humanism was assimilated by these other nations, but with them it became a factor in a wider movement. During the century in which Italy had achieved the emancipation of intellect, the Teutonic race was striving, often with half-blind gropings, after the moral truth that alone could free the soul. Up to the beginning of the 16th century, these racial tendencies toward intellectual and religious awakening had pursued more or less independent courses—sometimes converging, but again diverging still more widely. During that century the two main streams of progress, each having its origin in the struggle of the human spirit after its own emancipation, were brought into vital union. Two forces there had been of the same spirit of racial progress. In Italy the one evolved

literature and art; in Germany the other, as yet comparatively feeble, had awakened a spirit of social discontent and religious aspiration. Henceforth each was to become a component in a new composition of forces, whose combined effects were destined to be far beyond those involved in its separate elements. Its more immediate result was that most important phase of Europe's "re-birth"—the Protestant Reformation. This revolution may well be considered the Teutonic Renaissance, brought about, as it was, by the union of Germany's moral and Italy's intellectual strivings. First the emancipation of intellect by the classics, then the freeing of conscience by the Bible—upon this twofold foundation rest the superstructures of modern liberty, religion and civilization. The mind which sees in truth the only limitation to reason, and looks to God alone as the soul's authority, will soon question the right of all earthly despotism. The most momentous changes in the political and social development of the race have been the results of a process of evolution throughout which the intellectual and religious factors have ever been the most explicit. In itself the new learning of the Italian Renaissance was impotent to achieve the reconstruction of society; so, too, judged narrowly by its theological and sectarian development, the Teutonic Renaissance may justly be considered a partial failure; but in its essential connection with that Renaissance which extends through all centuries and among all nations—the historic evolution of God's ethnic plan—the former, with the latter, stands as a mighty step toward the final liberation and uplifting of the race.

Stambury R. Tarr, '95.

IMPRESSIONS OF VISITING SCIENTISTS.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science is the name of a society which exists for the purpose of advancing scientific research. The meeting of the society is held in a different centre every year and extends over a period of about eight days. This Association differs from other scientific societies, such as the Royal Society, in that no test is required for membership; any one given to the study of science may become a member. At each session distinguished scientists read papers relating to the most recent scientific discoveries. As most of you are aware, the Association convened this year in Toronto. A large number of the delegates were the guests of our University. Among these were representatives from Cambridge University; London, England; McGill, New Brunswick; Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Ann Arbor universities. They took possession of our dormitories, and entered heartily into the different features of dormitory life. All responded to the calls of the gong at meal times as promptly as do the students. Our clean and spacious dormitories elicited much praise from all.

To an undergraduate the appearance and manners of these distinguished men formed an interesting study. All appeared to be possessed of very quiet and retiring dispositions. There was nothing about their bearing which would betray one into thinking that they were learned men. One could only learn this from their conversation. A peculiar bond of sympathy seemed to exist among them. It was very interesting to watch them as they gathered in small groups in the corridors and grew enthusiastic and eloquent over some apparently obscure branch of science. Each appeared to be very devoted to his particular branch of study.

Many interesting conversations took place in the corridors and over the dinner tables. My duties in the Hall permitted my being a party to many of these. Both the English and American delegates held very erroneous ideas regarding Canada. The English delegates were poorly informed of the size and commercial progress of our country. The views which many of the Americans held regarding our mode of Government were startling. I shall deal first with the remarks of the English delegates.

I need scarcely say that all were agreeably surprised with Canada. Previous to their coming here they had formed no adequate conception of the size, beauty or natural wealth of our country. Some had thought that Canada was but a sparsely settled country, with here and there a town or city to relieve the monotony of the scene. The trip from Montreal to Toronto disabused their minds of this idea. On all sides one would hear the expression, " What a future lies before this great country."

Our railway systems pleased them very much. Some had journeyed for the first time in a sleeping car. It was very amusing to hear them relate the experiences attending their first trip in a sleeper. They thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of going to bed on the train.

The trolley system of street cars was highly praised. They regarded it as a great improvement on the coach and omnibus mode of transit. Some of the unique advertisements displayed in the cars caused many a hearty laugh among these Englishmen, who by common report are very slow in seeing a joke.

Their criticism of our church services surprised me very much. I had always thought that our forms of service were very simple and devoid of all formality. They thought that for non-conformist churches our services were very formal, and that too much was made of choir singing, and not enough attention paid to Bible teaching.

The thought of all was that Canada for years to come should give herself over entirely to agriculture. They said that Canada and not Russia should supply the wheat markets of Britain. All argued that England was the natural and most profitable market for Canadian produce.

Many warm discussions took place between the English and American delegates regarding Free Trade. The English delegates stoutly maintained that a country could not grow, in the true sense of the word, as long as it maintained a restrictive tariff. They argued that a country should not endeavor to produce every required commodity, but only those commodities for which it was peculiarly adapted by its physical character. Hence, if this policy were pursued, extensive trade relations must of a necessity spring up with other countries. The Americans argued that as a matter of safety in the event of war, a

country ought to endeavor to produce every commodity required by the home market, and that protection was the only way in which this could be brought about. The Englishmen answered this by saying, that Free Trade was the greatest possible agent for universal peace; mutual trade interests would compel all countries to maintain peace.

Many of the American delegates were visiting Canada for the first time. They had expected to find a people who differed much from them in language and customs. However, after being here a few hours they all acknowledged that they had considerable difficulty in realizing the fact that they were on foreign soil. This was their great argument for annexation; they could not understand how two countries, which resembled each other so closely in manners and customs, could be separated by a boundary line.

They examined our various educational institutions very minutely, and appreciated many features of our systems, but thought that we Canadians spent too much money on the exterior of our school buildings. Their conclusion was that this was done at the expense of the equipment.

Many of the Americans held very amusing views regarding our political connection with England. They thought that we were an oppressed people, burdened with unjust taxation. Great was their astonishment when told, that we Canadians did not pay any direct tax for the maintenance of the Royal Family, or for the protection derived from Great Britain. As they learned of all the benefits which we receive from Great Britain free of cost, they advised us never to think of annexation. We heartily agree with them in this.

All will be glad to learn that this meeting was one of the most successful in the history of the Association. Over fourteen hundred delegates were present, about eight hundred of whom came from across the Atlantic. The visitors appeared to be men of broad and liberal views. They were very considerate of one another's comfort, and appreciated any kindness shown them. All agreed that their visit here had been both pleasant and profitable, and they departed home with enlarged views regarding Canada and her position among the nations.

W. E. Robertson, '00.

VICTORIA DEI GRATIA REGINA.

JUNE 22ND, 1897.

All hail! Victoria! our gracious Queen,
Pride of the British nation and the world:
All hail! upon the grandest Jubilee,
That ever gladdened heart or flag unfurled.
Let tread of legions from the nation vast,
Which rally 'round her throne to homage pay;
Move all the world to reverent awe and love,
Prompt every heart to own her sovereign sway.
Victoria, the noble name inflames,
The pride of nation slumb'ring in the breast:
And every subject of her righteous rule,
Hails it with rev'rence, loyalty, and zest.
Victoria, the noblest of the Queens,
Peerless of Monarchs of a mighty race;
Still sways her sceptre with a steady hand,
And rules the nation with commanding grace.
They come, they come, from all the Kingdom vast,
From every nation of the wide, wide, world:
With hearts aflame and jubilant with joy
'Mid cannons' roar, and banners all unfurled.
They haste, they haste, the noble and the brave,
With acclamations loud, and homage pay
Victoria, our noble gracious Queen,
On this her Jubilee, her gala-day.
Before the crown of England was bestowed
Upon her youthful brow, her faith in God
Assured the nation's rule in righteousness;
The Throne's protection from invader's sword.
Love, liberty, and happiness abound
Where'er her benign name and sway pervade,

Progress, prosperity, and peace of home
Attend her reign; no foes her realm invade.
"The golden age," at her ascension dawned,
And through the years of all her reign sublime,
A mighty race effulgent rays have blessed,
Which, zenith high, vie with the march of Time.
The sun ne'er sets upon her vast domain,
Her Kingdom belts the globe, and spreading far,
With each succeeding year shall federate
The nations of the world for Heaven's reign.
Queen, mother, woman, of the noblest name,
She lives and reigns revered by all mankind:
Her service to the world we gladly own,
For not to England's bounds is it confined.
Let glory rest upon her honoured head,
And all the world be glad and shout for joy;
Let legates of all nations, tribes, and tongues,
In Jubilee their praise and powers employ.
Ne'er may the glory of her reign be dimmed,
E'en when the earthly sceptre is laid down;
When life's relinquished for the claims of Death,
Let Heaven crown her with immortal crown.

J. Harry King.

GEORGE HAYWARD MURDOCH.

George Haywood Murdoch, B.A., the second son of Rev. Dr. Murdoch, of Waterford, was born Nov. 15th, 1877, and died Sept. 23rd, 1897.

In all his early school courses he manifested ability of a high order, and after a thorough collegiate course he matriculated at the age of fifteen, and entered McMaster University soon after. During his university course, and especially in his last year, he showed himself possessed of talents for study and intellectual grasp not common to students of his age. Such was the confidence of the Faculty in his powers and the high estimate of the work he had accomplished, that when his health failed just before the final examination, they recommended the Senate to grant him his degree.

More than once the Chancellor and others of the Faculty had spoken of the purposeful energy and enlarged view of life with which he undertook the work of his final year. With new and clear vision he was penetrating the veil of unreality, through which in younger manhood we look upon the problems of life. The transition from light-hearted boyhood to strong, true-hearted manhood was in rapid progress, and day by day he gave the fairest promises of large future usefulness with the emphasis of action rather than the emptiness of word. An unusually vigorous physical development and a free, whole-hearted disposition made him enthusiastic in all kinds of athletics; and his characteristic love of fair-play and true sportsmanlike bearing made him a recognized leader. During his four years at College he was a member of the first eleven in foot-ball, and so helped to win whatever victories McMaster achieved in this fie'd of sport. In cycling he held a place of prominence among amateurs, having won the Donly trophy and many valuable prizes, among which was a beautiful silver water-pitcher.

No one could associate with him and not know his ardent love of home and kindred. To him home was the dearest place on earth, and he often spoke in loving appreciation of parents and brothers and sisters.

From childhood his trust was in the Lord Jesus, and many

of his companions can testify to the earnest words with which he sought to win them to Christ. An intimate friend of his, now in Victoria University, said recently: "I really believe his life and action as a Christian, had more influence than any other outside my home in leading my steps to Christ Jesus as a Saviour." He took an active, earnest part in the Young People's Union of his home church, where he showed a high degree of Christian development.

Early in his last school year, disease, the willing servant of Death, laid her icy finger upon his fine physical form and claimed the *whole* man for her master. But her rage is blind. Sure of a soul, she gained but the lifeless clay once beautiful as the habitation of the soul. Sure of victory, she suffered utter defeat. The corruptible put on incorruption and the mortal put on immortality and then was brought to pass the saying that is written "Death is swallowed up in victory! O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth *us* the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." To those who visited him during his illness and to those who lovingly ministered. it became more and more evident by his sweet patience and triumphant hope in his Saviour that victory —victory through the Captain of his salvation must be the end of his struggle with the last enemy; and now he wears a victor's crown.

We are sad! But our very sadness carries our thought beyond the grave and then Faith bids us rejoice.

R. D. G.

Editorial Notes.

It is fitting that The Monthly should present its readers with a photogravure of Principal McCrimmon and with a sketch of his character and early life. By writing the article Pastor R. R. McKay, of Woodstock, has done a service to our constituency and to all interested in our educational institutions. Apart from those closely connected with our educational work, only a few have had, or may ever have, the opportunity of seeing Principal McCrimmon and hearing him speak with regard to that work, and still fewer may have the privilege of knowing him intimately, and thereby of learning the many qualifications he possesses for the discharge of his responsibilities. It is our good fortune to have known him during his student days as an undergraduate of the University of Toronto, and to have been for some years in close touch with his work at Woodstock. We, therefore, speak only what we know to be true when we say that he is eminently fitted to be a successor to the long line of noble men who have filled the honorable position of Principal of Woodstock College. A perusal of Pastor McKay's article in this number will help our readers to understand the confidence the Senate and Board of Governors have in Mr. McCrimmon's ability and fitness for the high office to which they have called him. Indeed it would appear that he had been designated for the position by a higher power than man, and that his early life had been ordered in such a way as to give him the very training and experience requisite to make him a power for good with young men. We verily believe it, and that is why we are so confident of his success as Principal. An old student of the College, upon being asked his opinion of Mr. McCrimmon, replied, "He always seemed to me to have come to the class-room straight from his knees." The teacher of whom that can be honestly said by a student is one worthy of being a successor to the sainted Dr. Fyfe, than which no higher commendation will be required by Canadian Baptists. We trust that he may long be spared for service, and confidently predict for the College under his guidance a future of usefulness worthy of its noble past.

We often hear it said that McMaster University has certain definite ideals that distinguish it more or less from other universities. The word "ideals" is a popular word in these days; it slips glibly off the tongue of many who perhaps have little or no idea of what it really means. It may even be that many who talk fluently of

McMaster's ideals would be hard put to it to define with any degree of accuracy and fulness what these ideals really are. There are some, too, who earnestly desire to know what these ideals are, but who have no means of finding out. Each new generation of undergraduates must be helped to a clear conception of what McMaster stands for. To be sure the students have the best opportunity of learning this, for they may see something of her ideals in the inner life of the university and its academic departments. And yet they, too, require something more, for we are glad to say her ideals are too high to have been realized within the few short years of her existence. Finally, there are those who once had very vivid conceptions of what McMaster should be, but in whom those conceptions have been dimmed through lapse of time. Of ideals it may be said, as the poet has said of precious jewels,

"Oft sight of these doth color-sense renew."

Now it is because of all these considerations—because there are those who have only hazy ideas of what McMaster University represents, because there are those who desire to know her ideals, and because there are those who need to have their "color-sense" renewed—that we publish in this issue of THE MONTHLY a portion of the address delivered by Dr. Rand at the opening of the Arts Department of McMaster University. This address has never been printed in a form suitable for permanent reference, and should be published in THE MONTHLY if for no other reason than to supply that lack. Of those who have a real grasp of the principles of Christian education upon which McMaster University is founded, and of the ideals she is giving her best endeavors to attain, none have given more lucid expression to those principles and ideals than Dr. Rand. Of this the address we print this month is abundant evidence. Exigencies of space have made it necessary to omit several portions of it, notably the appreciative references to Principals Castle, McVicar and McGregor, but nothing essential to its present usefulness has been omitted. A careful reading of the article will recall to us all the high resolves we once made, and the noble ends for which we strive; it will reveal to others less acquainted with our work the motives that impel us to action and the purposes we seek to achieve; it will strengthen us in the conviction that McMaster's presence means something, and nerve us to greater zeal in attaining our goal. We heartily commend it to all, but more particularly to every student.

IT is always a pleasure to note in these columns any recognition of the work and scholarship of the various members of our profes-

soriate, but there have been lately so many instances of this that we may be pardoned if we are somewhat belated in our references to each and every one. Chancellor Wallace has received signal honor in being made the recipient of the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater, Acadia University, and of that of LL.D. from Mercer University, Macon, Georgia. We congratulate him heartily. We feel sure that these institutions are no less honored in conferring these degrees than he is in being asked to accept them. During the past summer also, Professor Willmott, of our science department, was commissioned by the Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario to examine and report upon the newly discovered gold fields of Michipicoton. He spent about a month examining the rocks and minerals of that new field for mining operations, and is now busily engaged in preparing his report for the government. This will contain a large amount of information of geological and economic importance. In the meantime he has presented an interim report dealing in a general way with the geography, geology and mineral resources of the district. Professor Willmott is in every way qualified for performing this important service, and will discharge his duty with satisfaction to the government and with honor to himself and McMaster University. In this connection we refer to his new book, "The Mineral Wealth of Canada," and direct our readers to the review of the same which Archibald Blue, Esq., Director of the Bureau of Mines, has been so good as to write for THE MONTHLY.

WE have all heard with exceeding regret of the disastrous fire that destroyed the historic town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, and our sincerest sympathy goes out to all who suffered so heavily. We rejoice, however, with the people of Windsor in general and with our Episcopalian brethren there in particular, that King's College was spared. This honored institution is the oldest of the kind in Canada. It performs its functions under warrant of a Royal Charter, granted by George III in the year 1802, and since that very early date its history as an institution of culture has been one of which it has every right to be proud. The annals of Canada contain few names more illustrious than those of some of the distinguished sons of King's College. We extend to our sister college our congratulations upon its escape from the disaster that fell upon Windsor, and express our sincere wish that the future of King's may be even more prosperous than its glorious past.

REV. DR. HOVEY, President of the Newton Theological Seminary, has consented to act as general editor of a Commentary on the Old

Testament, to be issued by the American Baptist Publication Society. He has arranged with a number of scholars in England and America to undertake the work, and the different books of the Old Testament have been distributed among them. Dr. Welton, of McMaster University, has been asked to take the books of Genesis and Judges, and has consented to do so. He hopes to have the commentary on the first ready for publication in a year from the present date.

It is gratifying to the University, as it must be to Dr. Rand, to know that "At Minas Basin and Other Poems" is attracting increased and most favorable attention. The volume has been placed by the Education Department of Ontario on its list recommended for libraries, and recent application has been made to the author for permission to include "The Dragonfly" in a volume of select readings, now in course of preparation for use in schools in this Province. Permission has also been sought to print in a separate form, "May's Fairy Tale,' for use in the model schools of Nova Scotia; and Acadia University has introduced Dr. Rand's volume of poems as one of its texts in English literature.

Book Reviews.

MINERAL WEALTH OF CANADA.*

Professor Willmott's book on the Mineral Wealth of Canada is mainly what its sub-title implies, viz., a guide for students of economic geology. It is, we believe, the first attempt made to deal systematically with the minerals of our country in one handy volume, for although much information has been gathered and published on the subject, it is only in the form of materials out of which books may be made. The labors of the Geological Survey of Canada have extended over half a century, and for almost every year of that period an annual report has been prepared and published. Many of these reports are now out of print, and full sets are only to be found in the best libraries; and some are so bulky as to deter the heart of any but a specialist or reviewer. Professor Willmott has judiciously

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* The Mineral Wealth of Canada. A Guide for the Students of Economic Geology. By Arthur B. Willmott, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Natural Science, McMaster University. Toronto: William Briggs.

kept his volume within the limits of 200 pages. In that space he has presented, after an introductory geological sketch, a description in some detail of the minerals yielding metals, of minerals yielding non-metallic products, and of rocks and their products. The character, the general occurrence, the distribution and the uses of each metal, mineral and rock are dealt with ; and besides some account of processes of treatment, the latest statisticts of production are given. The plan of the book falls naturally under three principal heads, embracing minerals yielding metals, minerals yielding non-metallic products, and rocks and their products. Under the first of these the author, after classifying and describing the various forms of ore deposits, treats of iron, manganese and chromium, nickel and cobalt, copper and sulphur, gold and platinum, silver, lead and zinc, arsenic, antimony, tin, aluminium and mercury. Under the second he includes salt, gypsum and barite, aptite and mica, asbestos, actinolite and talc, peat, coal and graphite, and the hydrocarbons. Under the third he deals with the qualities and uses of granite and sandstone, clay and slate, and limestone. The closing chapter is a very interesting account of soils and fertilizers, and an appendix gives the latest statistics of the quantity and value of Canada's mineral production, and its relative standing with other countries in the production of some of the important minerals. In asbestos and nickel we hold the first place, and in the case of other minerals and metals there is a chance of higher niches being reached before the century is out. A country so bountifully endowed by Nature needs only enterprise, capital and skill to attain a foremost rank in the world's producers of minerals ; and the schools and schoolmasters have their opportunity in supplying the men of trained intellect to direct the forces of capital and enterprise.

Professor Willmott's book is practical and scientific, and will be found as useful to prospectors in the field as to students in the classroom ; while to those who would pursue the subjects further suitable works are cited in the literature at the end of each chapter.

A. Blue.

Bureau of Mines.

EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY.*

Specialization is characteristic of our age but it is at the same time recognized by our best educators that broad and deep foundations must first be laid. This is evidenced by the enlarging of the curricula

* Experimental Chemistry by Wallace P. Cohoe, B.A.

in many of our technical colleges. Not long ago a dental student was not required to know anything of chemistry—a subject of which he intended to make daily application in his business. Even yet the instruction in nearly all American colleges is confined to a short lecture course. Two years ago the Board of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario decided that chemistry should be taught practically and it accordingly provided ample accommodation in its new building, the most complete on the continent. To Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, B.A., was intrusted the laboratory instruction. As there was only one small and unsatisfactory text on the market for laboratory guidance in dental chemistry, Mr. Cohoe was obliged to prepare a new one. This volume of 80 pages contains numerous experiments, suitable for dental students, clearly described and adequately explained. It is in no sense a theoretical chemistry. Section I. deals with the preparation and properties of twenty elements and simple compounds. Sections II. III. and IV. deal with the ordinary processes of wet and dry qualitative analysis of both metals and acids. In sections V. and VII special tables are given for the separation of alloys of gold, silver, etc , and for testing cements, water, teeth and saliva. Section VI. deals with the preparation and properties of a number of organic compounds used in dentistry, as chloroform, ether and alcohol. The work is well printed and will undoubtedly prove of great service to those for whom it is written.

A. B. W.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

The town of New Haven, Conn., will, it is said, sue Yale College for $460,000 unpaid taxes.—*Ex.*

A university for women at Tokio, Japan, is said to be assured. The Emperor and Empress have contributed toward its endowment, and are using their influence in its behalf.—*Ex.*

Mr. H. H. Newman, B.A., entered upon his work on Oct. 1st as Professor of Latin and Biology in Des Moines College, Iona. Hacket is enjoying good health in the midst of heavy work. He expects to spend part of his summer's vacation in the study of biology in Chicago University with which Des Moines College is in affiliation. His numerous college friends wish him every success and predict for him a brilliant future.

The inaugural number of the West Virginia *Athenæum* for October is especially fine. Among the addresses given on the inauguration of Dr. Jerome H. Raymond, those by President Harper, of Chicago University, on "Some University Ideals," and President Andrews, of Brown, on "Forward Steps in Education," are well worthy of careful reading.

THEIR EDUCATION.

These college men are very slow,
  They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
  They do so by degrees.—*Ex.*

What is it that the world wishes to know about us when we leave college? Not so much what college we came from, as "what we are good for," and this question can only be answered by the life we have lived in college. As a rule, what a man is in college, that man will be in after life.—*Ex.*

On October 20th a very interesting event took place in the historic town of Amherst, Nova Scotia, when Myra Jean Black, daughter of Thomas Black, Esq., was united in marriage to Rev. R. W. Trotter, B.Th., pastor of the first Baptist Church of Victoria, B.C. Ralph is an old Woodstock College boy, and also a graduate in Theology of McMaster University. His genial nature has drawn about him many friends who unite in wishing him a prosperous and happy life.

VICTORIA THE GOOD.

The dew was on the summer lawn,
  The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came, as fresh as dawn,
  A Maiden, with majestic mien.
They girt a crown about her brow,
  They placed a sceptre in her hand,
And loud rang out a Nation's vow,
  "God guard the Lady of the Land!"

And now the cuckoo calls once more,
  And once again June's roses blow,
And round her Throne her people pour,
  Recalling sixty years ago;
And all the goodly days between,
  Glory and sorrow, love and pain,
The wifely Mother, widowed Queen,
  The loftiest as the longest Reign.

She shared her subjects' bane and bliss,
  Welcomed the wise, the base withstood,
And taught by her clear life it is
  The greatest greatness to be good.
Yet while for Peace she wrought and prayed,
  She bore the trident, wore the helm,
And, Mistress of the Main, she made
  An Empire of her Island Realm.

So gathering now, from near, from far,
  From Rule whereon ne'er sets the day,
From Southern Cross and Northern Star,
  Her People lift their hearts, and pray:
Longer and longer may she reign
  And, through a summer night serene,
Whence day doth never wholly wane,
  God spare and bless our Empress Queen!

—Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, in *The Independent.*

The Institute is a bright little monthly published by the students of Strathroy Collegiate Institute. It is edited by Mr. J. F. Howard, B.A., a member of the Collegiate staff and an old friend of several members of our McMaster professoriate. *The Institute* is an honor to its editor and the school it represents. Several of its articles would do credit to much more pretentious publications.

Francis Turner Palgrave, poet, essayist and professor of poetry at Oxford University, died on October 24th, aged 73 years. His best known works are: *The Golden Treasury*, a collection of the best lyrics in the English language; *Essays on Art; Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and *Lyrical Poems.*

College Topics is a new venture in Canadian college journalism. It represents no one college, but endeavors to give a weekly summary of the events occurring in the various colleges in Toronto. Its editorial staff is composed of one representative from each college in the

city, Mr. F. E. Brophy, '00, acting for McMaster. Such a paper as *College Topics* hopes to be has an opportunity to perform an important service in connection with college life. We gladly welcome it and wish it every success. We hope, too, that its editors will not forget that, as a college paper, it should be an example of good English. The first number erred conspicuously in this respect. The use of the word "Denticales," as the heading of a column of news notes from the Dental college, is inexcusable in a college paper. Since writing the above the word has been changed to "Denticles," which, though less egregious an error, is in our opinion hardly any more commendable in a paper edited by a college man.

HER BOUNDLESS FIELD.

You talk about
"A woman's sphere,"
As though it had
A limit.
There's not a place
In earth
Or Heaven,
There's not a task
To mankind
Given,
There's not a blessing
Or a woe,
There's not a whisper
Yes or no,
There's not a home
So we are told,
That's worth a feather's weight
Of gold,
Without a woman in it.—*Ex.*

THE attention of scientists is just now directed to the possibility of telegraphing without wires An Italian named Marconi, at present in England, claims to have solved this difficult problem. Should the invention be a success the benefits to be derived therefrom, will certainly be of great importance. Communication could be held between armies with apparently little difficulty, and since the currents can also be made to pass through water, telegraping between ships at sea could be accomplished.—*Ex.*

STUDENT self-government is branded as a failure at the Northwestern University. The system of student advisers, student courts, and student councils has been found wanting and is to be abandoned. President Rogers says that the university stands as another witness to the fact that students left to govern themselves are not governed at all. For seven years a students' council, organized by the students, of the students, has been granted the privilege of advising with the faculty before any action was taken touching student interests or affecting their personal freedom. The faculty has done all it could to elicit the co-operation of the students, but has met with no encouragement. Hereafter faculty rule is to be the custom, and the boys and girls will be expected to say nothing.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. Whiteside, '98,
S. E. Grigg, '00.

Prof.—(at roll call — sympathetically) :—"Is Mr. S—— badly hurt?"

Student :—"Quite badly."

Prof.—(insinuatingly) :—"Football——I suppose?"

Student—(triumphantly) :—"N-o; ——er, it was another man's head."

Professor (to student who has persisted in translating masculine nouns by feminine pronouns) "Mr. M——, you seem to have a great attraction toward feminine forms."

The Tennysonian Society has prepared for another term's work, by the election of the following staff of officers: Pres., E. E. Wood, '00; Vice-Pres., Miss Armstrong, '01; Sec.-Treas., D. W. Gunn, '00; Councellors, R. E. Sayles, '01, and A. Torrie, '00; Editors of the Argosy, Miss Dryden, '00 and F. E. Brophey, '00. We congratulate the members of the Tennysonian upon their choice of officers, and wish them a successful term's work.

Several of the young ladies of McMaster attended a musicale given by Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, in her cosy little studio in the Yonge St. Arcade. The programme, which was delightful, consisted of piano solos by Mr. Wark and vocal solos by Mr. Rundle and Miss Smart. Miss Smart is to be congratulated on the success of her first musicale of the season.

One of the pleasing events of the past month was the reception given the Baptist students of the city by the Jarvis Street Church, on the evening of Friday, the 5th inst. Although the weather was somewhat disagreeable, yet a large number of students were in attendance, and spent a most enjoyable evening. If the purpose of the reception was to vary the monotony of college life by a pleasant evening, it accomplished its end; while if it had the further aim of welcoming students to the church, it was in no less a degree a success.

Foot ball.—At the beginning of a term it is the candid opinion of all foot-ball players and enthusiasts that the particular team in which they are interested can defeat all others in the field. The human mind, however, is subject to changes, and particularly in its thought concerning foot-ball teams. However, this year we have not been called upon to change our opinion of our foot-ball team very mater-

ially. We hardly expected that our first team would defeat Varsity I, and consequently, when they met them on the 19th ult., we were not surprised when after a hard fought match they were defeated by 2 to 0. So far they have played but one match of the series, and since they have been doing good work in practice, we anticipate that their future events will be more encouraging. The second team has done excellent work throughout. On the 28th ult., they played Varsity II, and succeeded in playing a tie, each team scoring one goal. On Saturday, 6th inst., they played Pharmacy, and won by 1 to 0. Altogether the playing of the second team has been excellent, and they are to be congratulated upon their record for this year.

Our celebration on the evening of Oct. 30th, seems to have been of so inspiring a nature that one of our number has attempted to record it in rhyme. We print the result :

With cymbals clashing, horns and pans,
Behold the gathering of the clans,
With shout that lifted gathers tone,
From more to more the din has grown.
The windows dance, the ceilings reel,
Inebriate too the rafters feel ;
Like earthquake's rumbling, down the stair
The motley throng goes surging there.
Oh clarion shrill ! Oh twanging horn!
In thy acclaim is joyance born.
Oh devotees of Hallowe'en,
Such constancy ne'er yet was seen !
Resounding chorus ! We shall hear
Reverberating through the year.

On Thursday, Oct. 21st, Class '98 Theology met and re-organized for the year. The following officers were elected : Hon. Pres., Dr. Welton ; Pres., C. H. Schutt ; Vice-Pres., R. Routledge ; Sec., J. R. Webb ; Treas., Geo. Menge ; Minstrel, A. R. Park ; Orator, D. Brown ; Prophet, L. Brown.

The Camelot Club met on the 20th ult. for the election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result : Pres., M. C. McLean, '98 ; Sec.-Treas., R. E. Smith, '00 ; Councillors, Miss Iler, '98, Miss McLay, '00, E. J. Reid, '99. This society meets for the study of English poets and their writings, and a pleasant as well as profitable time is anticipated during the coming year.

The officers of the Literary and Scientific Society for the ensuing term are as follows : Pres., W. W. Charters, '98 ; 1st Vice-Pres., J. A. Ferguson, '98 ; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Newman, '99 ; Rec.-Sec., E. J. Reid, '99 ; Cor.-Sec., W. B H. Teakles, '98 ; Councillors, Miss McLay, '00, F. J. Scott, '99, F. E. Brophey, '00, J. A. Faulkner, '00, E. E. Wood, '00, and W. J. Pady (Theo.) ; Editors of *Student*, C. L. Brown, '99 ; S. E. Grigg, '00 and W. Daniel, '98.

The Theological Society, after due consideration of the advisability of such a course, have re-organized and, we understand, intend to "boom" things. The officers for the year are as follows : Pres., W. J. Pady ; Vice-Pres., J. Chapman ; Sec.-Treas., J. Pollock ; Councillors, J. G. Brown and O. C. Elliot.

THE opening meeting of the Tennysonian Society was held Friday evening, Nov. 12th. The principal feature of the evening was a debate, "Resolved that Americans should be kept out of the Klondike." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Robertson, '00 and Phipps, '01, while Messrs. Sprague, '00 and McNeil, '01 presented the arguments for the negative. In a neat address, R. D. George, B.A., summed up the arguments advanced, and gave the decision in favor of the negative. The violin solo by P. Baker, '00, and the piano solo by W. S. Fox, '00, were both heartily applauded. Notwithstanding unfavorable prophecies the Tennysonian seems to be "booming"

WHEN the sedate Theolog., along with his "sporty" comrade in Arts, deserts the dreary halls for the open campus, one may be justified in supposing that something of unusual interest is attracting their attention. Such is the case, for since the posting of the schedule for the Inter-year foot-ball matches, not even a succession of rainy days has been sufficient to dampen the ardour of the athletes in training. Of course, each year is confident of winning, but certainly during the next week there will be some year disappointed.

THE first meeting of the Philosophical Club took place in the Chapel, Thursday evening, Oct. 28th, with an unusually large number present. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Prof. TenBroeke; Vice-Pres., C. H. Schutt, B.A.; Sec.-Treas., L. Brown, B.A. Prof. TenBroeke made a few introductory remarks regarding the study of Philosophy, and pointed out the true spirit in which it should be pursued. He stated that one aim of the club was to make its members acquainted with the great problems in Philosophy; that was the first step, and then to seek their fuller solution. He stated that from time to time these questions would be discussed by papers and addresses, and that he looked forward to a pleasant winter in the club. Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., then delivered an address on "Some Outlines of the Principal Systems of Hindu Philosophy." His clear, forceful and practical treatment of the theme in hand made his address one of the best we have yet had in the club. Discussion followed which proved both interesting and helpful.

OWING to the absence of the three senior officers, the "Lit." was somewhat late in re-organizing this term, and it was feared that studies would have usurped the interest due to the Society. But all such fears were scattered when President Charters took the chair at the opening meeting on the evening of Oct. 29th. Something of the enthusiasm with which the new committee set to work seemed to have seized the whole society, for some of the most inveterate "pluggers" were enticed from their dens to see what was going on. The programme opened with an instrumental duet by Misses Bailey and Gile. Miss Newman then gave a recitation from "The Window in Thrums," thus introducing the main feature of the evening, which was a lecture by Mr. McLay, on the life and works of J. M. Barrie. Mr. McLay first gave a short account of Barrie's early life, then by frequent

reference to the author's work, he illustrated some of the peculiarities of style which have enabled Barrie to make his beloved Thrums almost as familiar and real to his readers as are their own homes. If Mr. McLay is at all dubious about the interest taken in his address, he may be re-assured by the fact that since then one or more of the famous author's books have found their way into most of the rooms of those who heard the address. The vocal solo by Mr. Newcombe, and the guitar duet by Messrs. Brownlee and Phipps were very much appreciated. If the opening meeting is a foretaste of what is to come, we may expect most interesting meetings during the remainder of the term.

NOVEMBER 5TH was a memorable day in the history of athletics in McMaster University. So healthy an interest has been taken in athletic sports by both students and faculty that it was deemed advisable to form the McMaster Amateur Athletic Association, which should have charge of what was formerly left to various clubs to look after. Arrangements were made and perfected by the Executive Committee of this Association for holding a field day on the McMaster grounds. Doubtless this will be an annual fixture. Our athletes had something worth while competing for, as a handsome silver cup has been presented to the Association by W. K. McKnaught, Esq., upon which will be inscribed, each year, the name of the student of McMaster, or her affiliated Colleges, who makes the greatest number of points. In addition to this, Chancellor Wallace presented a gold medal, to be contested for by students of the University alone. Two silver medals were offered by the Association to those taking second and third places, and badges to all who get first, second or third places in any event. Among the spectators were President Loudon of Toronto University, Revs. Elmore Harris, W. W. Weeks, J. A. Keay, C. A. Eaton, and a large representation of the members of the faculty and their wives. The ladies of Moulton College, chaperoned by Miss Dicklow and other members of the faculty, turned out 'en masse' and enlivened the proceedings very materially by their presence and by the keen interest they showed in every contest. They did not 'make the welkin ring,' but a little song, 'What shall the harvest be?' burst upon the sensitive ear of the committeeman who handled the rake. Every event, from the monotonous kicking the football to the mirth-provoking fatigue race, was well contested. The 100 yd. and 220 yd. dashes were beautiful races, while Ed. Reid won the half-mile and mile runs handily.

While the records of this year show a chance for improvement, yet the excellent work done by many of the contestants justifies us in anticipating for future field days some interesting contests. This year the laurels go to Matthews, Sprague and Reid, who proved themselves to be good all-round athletes. On account of rain some of the events were run off on Saturday morning. Following are the events, with the names of the winners:

Kicking the football—Daniel, 148 feet 7 in., won ; Gunn, 2nd ; J. P. Schutt, 3rd. Putting the shot—McNeil, 28 feet 10 in., won ; Daniel, 2nd ; J. P. Schutt, 3rd. 100 yards (final)—Sprague, 11 seconds, won ; Matthews, 2nd ; Cornish, 3rd. High jump—Matthews, won ; Schutt and Brown, equal. 220 yards run—Matthews, 25 3-5, won ; Sprague, 2nd ; Cornish, 3rd. Throwing the heavy weight—Fairchild, won ; Marston, 2nd. Half-mile run—Reid, 2.17 3-5, won ; Sprague, 2nd ; Matthews, 3rd. Running hop, step and jump—Cohoe, 38 feet 3 in., won ; Sprague, 2nd ; Reid, 3rd. Pole vault—Matthews, won ; Torrie and Sayles, equal. Running broad jump—Cohoe, 17 feet 9 in., won ; Sprague 2nd ; C. L. Brown, 3rd. 440 yards run—Sprague, 1.51, won ; Reid, 2nd ; Matthews, 3rd. Half-mile walk—Reid, 3.41, won ; Shaw, 2nd ; Gobles, 3rd. Fatigue race—McNeil and Mann, won ; Vichert and Mode, 2nd. Following are the officials :—Starter—Mr. W. S. W. McLay. Time-keepers—G. H. Grant and W. Daniel. Judges—Prof. McKay, Prof. Willmott and R. D. George, B.A. Clerk of the course—A. G. Baker, B A. Announcer—P. C. McGregor. Measurers—W. P. Cohoe, B.A., F. H. Phipps, L. Brown, B.A., and W. Findlay, B.A. Referee—H. N. MacKechnie, B.A. Committee—C. H. Schutt, B.A., E. J. Reid, A, G. Baker, B.A., A Imrie, B.A., W. Daniel, A. W. Torrie, F. H. Phipps and J. A. Ferguson.

Fyfe Missionary Society —It was not till the students had assembled in the University chapel for the October meetings of the Fyfe Missionary Society, that the boys really began to feel at home in their University life. It was with keen and hearty appreciation that students and professors joined voices in prayer and praise in the devotional meeting led by the President, Dr. Goodspeed. The election of officers resulted as follows : President, Dr. Goodspeed, re-elected ; Vice-President, C. H. Schutt, B.A. ; Treasurer, Dr. Welton, re-elected ; Recording Secretary, J. G. Matthews. B.A. ; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Pady, B.A., re-elected ; Members of Executive—from the Faculty : Prof. Farmer, Dr. Tenbroeke ; from the Students : Messrs. Simmons, Vichert, McLean, Brown, and Park.

The reading of the Treasurer's report showed a very satisfactory state of affairs, and Dr. Welton received the hearty thanks of the Society for his painstaking work. After the report of the Committee on Voluntary Work, showing how the various city missions had been provided for during the summer, and how they had prospered, the customary reports from summer fields were given Mr. G. Simmons, B.A , told of his experiences at Bloomsburg and Tyrrell. He had endeavored to supply the main need—pastoral work, and had been gratified to notice a steady increase of spirituality. Several had been converted, and many who had not been church-going people had been induced to attend the services. Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., told of his thrilling experiences as a Grande Ligne missionary. He had been sent to New Brunswick to try the success of an effort among the French, with the English work as a basis. He had used all means, and gained many. He had sold and given away Bibles ; held childen's meetings in school-

houses ; by means of tact and sympathy had been enabled to do a great deal of personal work. He thought the experiment a success.

In the afternoon Chancellor Wallace introduced Miss Armstrong, of Rangoon, Burmah, one of McMaster's lady students. Miss Armstrong gave a very interesting account of the work done by her parents and herself. They had been making the most of their opportunities among the Telugus and Tamils. She had introduced kindergarten work into her father's school. Starting with children two to five years old she had met with many difficulties, but after four years' patient work her class numbered sixty five. She gave them lessons in the life of Christ, the Old Testament stories, and the journeyings of the Israelites. Sand-tables were used to picture the tabernacle, tents, etc., and to make the lesson vivid. The children took the messages and many practical results followed.

Mr. A. Imrie, B.A., told of his work among young men on the Aurora and King fields. Baseball, barley threshing, etc., afforded opportunities, prayerfully and successfully used, for personal work. As a result, a large number had accepted Christ.

One good suggestion made, received hearty endorsation, namely, that our College professors, and others, prepare extracts setting forth the errors in the many false doctrines so widely promulgated. Earnest prayer by Rev. S. S. Bates brought a spiritual feast of good things to a close.

The Ladies' Literary League gave its first programme Friday afternoon, Nov. 12th, in the chapel. The main feature of the programme was a talk on Burmah by Miss Armstrong. Besides being so perfectly at home with the subject Miss Armstrong is an interesting and pleasing speaker. It was rather a pity that some of the special scientists could not have been present to hear Miss Armstrong's description of insect life, for "Burmah," as she tersely expressed it, is "the heaven of the naturalist." Miss Gile '00 gave a bright and humorous recitation. The instrumental by Miss McLay '00 was much appreciated, as was also Miss Welton's vocal selection. Miss Newman '99 entered upon her duties of Critic in a very kindly spirit. If programme committees that follow meet the same success of the one that has just acted we may hope to keep that leniency in our Critic. The meeting closed with "The Maple Leaf."

MOULTON COLLEGE

Grace Brophey, Margaret Nicholas, Editors.

It was with much pleasure that we greeted the invitation to the McMaster games on Friday, November 4th. The exhibition of that afternoon convinced us that the McMaster boys have remembered the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All the games showed an amount of skill which could only be obtained by long practice. In the midst of the programme a sudden clapping

heralded the arrival of an esteemed member of our faculty. We had no sooner quieted down, and were enthusiastically awaiting what promised to be an exciting race, when our expectations were rather dampened by a sudden shower which sent the Moultonites scurrying home, leaving in their wake only a cloud of dust. We are sorry that we were not permitted to view the ending of the games on Saturday morning.

Hallowe'en Celebration. It has been the custom of the Moulton girls to hold a masquerade the last Friday in October. This year in place of the old-time entertainment there was a Hallowe'en tea-party for day pupils as well as boarders. At six o'clock the girls gathered in the library, and headed by the class of '98 a long procession wended its way towards the dining-room. Here a bright scene met our eyes, the room being decked with red, white and blue bunting while in the centre was a large bank of palms. Each class had its own table which its members decorated with the class ribbons and flowers.

The Fourth Year had an artistic display of their colors, yellow and green. As their flower, the daffodil, is not in season they decorated with stately yellow chrysanthemums. The Third Year won admiration from all by their dainty white and green trimmings of carnations and smilax. The Second Year formed a contrast to the class of '99 in having orange and black pansies and ribbon. What can compare with roses, red and white—except of course the First Year—who selected these most queenly blossoms for their class flowers? The Specials had a very effective table trimmed with red and white chrysanthemums and smilax. The Preparatory's table looked "sweet" in its pink and white dress. The Faculty had a table prettily decorated with maiden hair ferns.

After tea the toast-mistress, Miss Florence Davis of class '98, announced the following toasts:—1 "The Queen," National Anthem; 2 "Miss Dicklow," Mrs. Dignam; 3 "Moulton College," Miss Grace Wallace '98; 4 "Our Graduates," Miss Ethel Thomson '99: 5 "The British Empire," Miss G. MacGregor '00; 6 "Canada," Miss Mary Graig '01; 7 "Master Sefton," Miss Geldart; 8 "Miss Harper," Miss Marion Taylor.

After the toasts all repaired to the reception room where a short progamme was given followed by Hallowe'en games. By the happy faces it may be inferred that the Moulton festivities were a decided success. Every class has reason to be proud of its representatives as they fulfilled every expectation in the able way in which they made their speeches.

The fame of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union work is now world-wide, but we feel that we must add a word to show our appreciation of the meeting which we where privileged to attend during the recent convention held in this city. Their beloved president, Miss Willard, awakened in most of our girls a high aspiration to be noble, useful women. It seemed just "the charm of her presence," for her words were few and unassuming.

An evening with Schumann was very pleasantly spent a few weeks ago. Miss Lyon read a very interesting paper on his life and works, and also sang several songs of his composition in a most artistic manner.

We wish to thank the McMaster boys for remembering us on Hallowe'en night. They are to be congratulated upon the good order and quiet demeanor always maintained in their ranks. Later on the same evening, we were given a very vigorous serenade by the students from Varsity and Osgoode Hall, who kept the policeman very busy. We heard that it was even necessary for them to use their clubs.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. Tarr, M.A., D. Alexander, Editors.

Due preparations are being made for the reception of the McMaster football team, and a well-contested game is anticipated.

A few more new-comers have been welcomed to the school, and at present the roll registers considerably more than during the Fall term of last year.

We were pleased to have a flying visit from the Chancellor, and delighted with his practical talk to us at morning chapel. We only wish that his visits and talks were more frequent.

The lecture delivered by Professor Farmer on "Cuba's Problem, and its Solution," was highly appreciated. The students and townspeople filled the chapel comfortably. The lecturer touched the political side of Cuba's difficulty, but confined himself chiefly to its religious phase. Although many interesting facts about Cuba itself were given, the main feature of the lecture was a sketch of the life and work of Alberto Diaz, who has become the apostle of religious freedom for Cuba.

During the past month the inter-year football matches have been the order of the day. The 1st and 2nd years played first. Both teams showed up well, but the 2nd year came out ahead, the scores being 4 goals to 1. Then the 1st and 4th years contested, the game resulting in a tie, each team scoring 3 goals. The 3rd and 1st years followed, and at the close the score stood 2 goals to 0 in favor of the former. But *the* match of the series was that between the 2nd and 3rd years. From beginning to end it was a strenuous contest, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Towards the close, however, the 3rd year managed to put in one goal, and this decided the game, the score standing 1 to 0. The 3rd year hopes to win the inter-year championship, and will strongly fight for the coveted honor.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

Feller Institute is this year to have the pleasure of hearing the melodious voices of a Glee Club resounding through its halls. Mrs. A. E. Massé has consented to give the necessary instruction and drill. It is understood that nearly all the teachers and their wives and possibly several of the more musically inclined students are to be members of the club. No doubt the "touches of sweet harmony" will have their effect upon the spirits of the teachers, "since there is nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but music for the time doth change his nature." Possibly also, they may consider those of us who are not so "moved with concord of sweet sounds," as being "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." We shall await developments.

Since the opening of school we have had the pleasure of visits from Mr. N. A. Parent, Vice-President of the "Laurier Mining Co." of British Columbia, Rev. Thomas Lafleur, Grande Ligne Secretary, and Rev. E. Bosworth, our Field Secretary. Mr. Parent of course was full of Slocan silver mines, Mr. Lafleur as usual gave us two good sermons; and Mr. Bosworth gave us some good cheer. Mr. Bosworth was on his way to England to collect funds. We hope he received some encouragement while here, in seeing our school packed to overflowing with bright, happy pupils. We wish him a pleasant trip, and much success in the sometimes not most pleasant task of soliciting money for the mission.

Temperance Society—The first meeting of the Temperance Society, in connection with Feller Institute, was held on Friday, Oct. 29th. The young people were enthusiastic, in both the execution and the reception of the programme. After the opening exercises, the officers for the next meeting were elected. In our association, a new president, vice-president, secretary, and programme committee, are chosen each month. This gives to quite a number the opportunity of presiding at, or in some way assisting in, the meetings, and it is to be hoped that the experience will prove useful to them in their future work. After the business was transacted there were recitations in French and in English; one, a temperance poem, composed by Mr. Willie Cotton, a former student at Grande Ligne; a solo by Mrs. A. E. Massé, a trio by little girls, a French and an English chorus, and two dialogues. One of the latter, "Forming a New Colony," was very creditably rendered by ten boys. One of the most pleasing events was "The Sunflower Chorus," sung by six young girls, whose bright faces peeped out from the centres of huge, painted sunflowers, while a smaller girl carefully watered some real plants, which helped in the decoration. To the great gratification of the juveniles, an encore was allowed, and when the curtain was drawn, instead of the pretty girlish faces, there were the rolling eyes and broad grins of temporary negroes. The meeting closed with a lively French hymn.

William Duck

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1897.

WILLIAM BUCK.

The Baptist churches of Brantford have been highly favored in having among their membership men of great moral worth and financial strength. In confirmation of this statement I need only mention the names of Alanson Harris, John Harris, T. S. Shenston, and William Buck. These, and other brethren, who for many years gave liberally of their means, and worked hard for the advancement of the Master's cause, are no more. "They rest from their labors." While with us they planned so wisely, gave so largely, and wrought so faithfully that, now they are gone, they are missed. We remember them because of what they were, and what they did.

The last of the above named brethren to leave us was Mr. Wm. Buck. Death came to him suddenly on the evening of July 15th of this year. Without the slightest intimation the pendulum of life stood still; for him life was at its end. Till within a minute or two of his death he was conversing with his wife and Mayor Elliot, between whom he was sitting at an entertainment in the Fair Ground. At first it was thought he had fainted, but the physician called out of the audience, to the surprise and grief of all attending him, said that life was gone. On Lord's Day afternoon, July 18th, the funeral took place from the home, and in the evening of the same day a memorial sermon

was preached by Pastor D. Hutchinson in the Park Baptist church, before a large and sympathizing audience.

Mr. Buck was born in the village of Ancaster, August 22nd, 1828. He was the son of Peter Buck and Hannah (Yager) Buck, both of them members of the First Baptist Church since 1836. His mother, as her maiden name, "Yager" would indicate, descended from German parents. His father was the child of U. E. Loyalist parents. He fought in the Rebellion of 1837-38; was wounded at Chippewa, and carried the bullet with him to the grave. Both father and mother lived to be octogenarians. In 1833, or when a child only five years of age, Mr. Buck came with his parents to Brantford, then only a hamlet. Here was spent the rest of his life. He saw Brantford grow from a hamlet into a village, from a village into a town, and from a town into a manufacturing city of 16,000 people. Here, when a boy, he attended school, and here at an early age he began the battle of life. Having learned his trade, and having husbanded his earnings till he had saved a thousand dollars, Mr. Buck, in a modest way, began business for himself. In a pre-eminent degree he possessed all those qualities without which success in business is impossible. He planned wisely, managed carefully, applied himself diligently, and consequently was rewarded with prosperity. In 1856, or about four years after he commenced business for himself, he purchased a small foundry, and began manufacturing stoves and agricultural implements. From that time his business ever increased, till at the time of his death, he was one of the most extensive, and well known manufacturers of stoves and furnaces in the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Buck belonged to that class of men to whom cities are indebted. For many years he was a large employer of labor which to any city means growth, solidity, and wealth. So well known and so highly respected was he by the citizens of Brantford, that thousands of people followed his remains to the grave. His career is a happy illustration of what can be accomplished by diligence in business, wise management, and careful investment. The capital with which he started in business was his own creating; his accumulations the result of energies well applied.

Mr. Buck possessed many noble qualities both of heart and

of mind. Naturally he was retiring, but never shrank from the call of duty. He could be stern even to immovability—but was also gentle. He loved peace, but never hesitated to war against anything that clashed with his sense of right and honor. He hated deception, fraud, and sham wherever found. If we were asked to express in a single word what Mr. Buck was as a man and in business, we would select the word,—"Thorough."

Of course, naturally, he was no more perfect than any of us are. He had his failings as we all have, and I presume made mistakes, as we all do. At the same time, all who were intimately acquainted with him will stand by me in the statement that he would be the last man to wrong or injure anyone. He was most loved and respected by those who knew him best. Those who had business dealings with him always found him frank and honorable in all of his transactions. As a public man, as a man of business integrity and moral worth, as an extensive manufacturer and employer of labor, and as a Christian having the cause of Christ at heart, he will long be missed.

On October 1st, 1856, Mr. Buck, was married to Alice Foster, daughter of the late Francis Foster. She and five children, three sons and two daughters, survive him. The business is now under the management of the sons, upon whom their honored father before his death laid responsibility. Indeed, some time before his end Mr. Buck told the writer of this memoir, that he was no longer essential to the management of the great industry; his sons in his judgment being equal to the task. Let us pray that the same divine hand that directed and upheld their father may guide and uphold them.

But I want now more particularly to speak of Mr. Buck as a Christian. He was converted in the year 1856, and on the 17th day of April of the same year he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Davison, who was then pastor of the First Baptist Church, the only Baptist Church at that time in Brantford. During his membership in the First church Mr. Buck was elected to different offices, which he filled with credit, both to himself and the church. In the year 1870 Mr. Buck, with a number of others, received their letters from the First church for the purpose of organizing a new church. For a time they were without either pastor or place to worship in. However, while worship-

ping in a private house, and until the Rev. John Alexander, then of Montreal, accepted the call extended to him, the little flock was cared for by Mr. George Foster whose services are lovingly remembered to this day.

The newly organized church was formally recognized by the Baptist denomination on April 29th, 1870, the services on the occasion being presided over by the Rev. Dr. Fyfe, of Woodstock. To promote the growth of the new cause Mr. Buck, with his brother-in-law, Mr. George Foster, and others, gave liberally and worked hard. The result has been most cheering. The few members who in 1870 asked for their letters from "the mother church," have grown into a church with a membership of 450. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 350 scholars: and the church edifice which seats over 800 is pronounced by all a model of compactness, neatness, and comfort. Soon after the church was organized Mr. Buck was elected to the office of Sunday School Superintendent. This position he filled with great efficiency for many years. He, however, took a deep interest in every department of church work. He was most faithful in his attendance upon the public means of grace. His pew Lord's Day morning and evening, and his seat in the lecture room on Wednesday evening were never empty from choice. Somewhat retiring in nature, it was not, I imagine, as easy for him to speak and pray in public as for others who were differently constituted; at the same time when called on either to pray or to speak, it was easy to see that what he said came from a heart that sincerely loved Jesus Christ.

When one of the greatest American statesmen died, Rufus Choate said, "Boston will be lonesome without Daniel Webster." The Park Baptist Church, Brantford, is lonesome without William Buck. As a church we miss him. Under God we are greatly indebted to him. Toward the building of our beautiful church home, to the organ, to our Eagle Place Mission, and toward the renovating of our building a year ago, he gave most liberally. His weekly offering for pastoral support was large, and for twenty-five years he paid the whole of the salary of the organist. In addition to what he did for his own church, he was not unmindful of missions; and dozens of our churches in Ontario and Quebec are being heated to-day by stoves and furn-

aces donated by him. Mr. Buck was a denominational man. He was a Baptist from conviction. He had but little use for a man who believed that it did not matter to which denomination one belongs. Christian men of other churches he loved; he accorded to them the same liberty of thought and action which he claimed for himself; but for the namby-pamby type of professor he had no special liking. Nor did he take any stock in the sentimental, principle-sacrificing agitation for "a visible union of the different bodies of Christians." His attitude toward the somewhat popular cry for "organic union" among churches might be expressed in the following sentence: "Until convinced we are in error, we shall have to retain our denominational distinction."

Mr. Buck was a regular attendant at the annual gatherings of our body. Once he was elected to the position of President of the Ontario Convention. For many years he was Treasurer of the Church Edifice Society; and for eight years he was a member of the Board of Governors of McMaster University. His death is a distinct loss not only to the church of which he was a member, but also to the denomination he loved and by which he was honored. Let us pray that his mantle as a Christian, and a loyal supporter of our denomination may fall upon his sons. Personally I wish to bear testimony that I never knew a more loyal man, either to his church or his pastor. By way of advice he has often spoken to me, never by way of dictation. Words of encouragement I have frequently received from him, but never a word of censure or rebuke. However, with hearts truly thankful that he was spared us as a church member for more than a quarter of a century, we bow submissively to the Divine Will saying: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

D. Hutchinson.

ADIEU TO THE OLD YEAR.

Adieu, adieu departing year,
  Thy transient reign is o'er;
And with a soft and noiseless step
  Thou'rt gliding from our shore:
Yet pause one moment in thy flight,
  The shadowy past to greet,
And say what scenes on Earth thou'st marked
  In thy free course and fleet.

Thou'st seen the bright, green leaves come forth
  To deck the forest bough,
And the pale wild-flower lift its cup
  In the cool shades below;
And thou hast seen both leaf and flower
  Droop in the autumnal breeze,—
Would thou hadst marked no sadder change,
  Departing year, than these!

Thou'st passed o'er many a happy home,
  Around whose fireside bright,
Meek, reverent faces humbly bent
  With prayerful words by night;
Yet, over some, thou'st marked a change
  Like blight and mildew fall;—
Ah, woe to Earth, if thou hadst seen
  Such changes visit all!

Thou'st passed along the battle plain
  Where hosts conflicting met,
While booming gun, and flashing sword,
  And deadly bayonet,

Reaped the dire harvest of the day,
And strewed the blood-dyed sod
With beings that were formed to bear
The image of their God!

But have they all been scenes of woe
Which thou'st beheld, Old Year?—
If so, we well may sadly mourn
Our weary tarrying here;—
I asked, and through the still night air,
Where the soft moonbeams shone,
A gentle voice made sweet reply
In mellow answering tone.

"Ah no; not all with sorrow fraught
My transient stay has been,
For many a scene of heartfelt bliss
Undimmed by change, I've seen;
And smiles that hailed my dawning ray,
Still, still are beaming bright;
And shades of care from many a brow
Have fled before my light.

"I've seen the vow of Love fulfilled;
Seen friends long-parted meet;
Heard those for weary years estranged
Forgotten vows repeat;—
Seen hopes that, through long years deferred,
Had made the fond heart sick,
Dawning anew, where Sorrow's shades
Hung heavily and thick.

"I've passed where meek Devotion held
Communion with her God;
I've marked the path which Christian love
In its pure mission trod;

I've seen Heaven's holiest dews descend
On the strong, earnest mind
Whose lofty energies were given,
To elevate mankind.

"Oh, deem not thou this beauteous Earth
Is all one scene of woe!
I tell thee here is many a fount
Whence healing waters flow;
And many a sunny spot is here
Where Hope may lift her eyes
In humble, steadfast trust to Him
Whose glory fills the skies!"

'Twas past: I heard that voice no more,
But, from the grey church-tower,
With iron clang the heavy bell
Tolled out the midnight hour:
And silvery voices on the air
Rang out in accents clear,
Hailing with merry, greeting tone
The joyous, young New Year!

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.

JOEL CHANDLER AND PLANTATION FOLK-LORE.

I.

On one of the pleasant streets of one of Atlanta's pleasant suburbs, in a quaint, roomy, gabled and gambreled dwelling, lives Joel Chandler Harris; and here I had the pleasure of meeting him, not long since. We were ushered into a square, well furnished hall, from which opened the drawing-room—the appointments of which were elegant in every detail—by the most incongruous specimen of a butler; a Negro lad of about fourteen, bare-footed, shirt-sleeved and with long, flapping, ragged trousers. I remember having read in the introduction to one of Mr. Harris's books of Negro tales, that there had been in his household an understanding for a number of years "that preference was to be given in the kitchen to cooks of the old plantation type, though digestion sometimes was sacrificed to sentiment." So I concluded that the other servants in the house were chosen upon the same principle.

There is nothing in Mr. Harris's appearance or manner that would lead one to think him a gifted man. To a stranger he seems shy and unassuming, even diffident in conversation. A native of Georgia, he was born at Eatonton in Putnam County, not far from Atlanta. Here he grew up a quiet youth, spending much time in the queer little town post office, reading the papers, which were in a measure common property, and listening to the political discussions which took place there. His first literary training was had, when about fourteen or fifteen years of age, while acting in the capacity of printer's boy in a small plantation printing office sixty miles from Atlanta and nine miles from the nearest town. The newspaper published there, *The Countryman*, was the only plantation paper ever published, but was, as Mr. Harris says, a success from the first, having a weekly circulation of 2000 copies. It began its career in 1862 and continued until 1864. To the columns of this paper the printer's boy became an occasional and acceptable contributor.

In one of Mr. Harris's books, "On The Plantation," published in 1892, he gives a most interesting account of his life at this time; the hero, Joe Maxwell, being Joel Chandler Harris

I have an emphatic statement from Mr. Harris that this book is a true history of his early days. It is a simple chronicle of the daily life of Joe Maxwell while on the plantation. There is so much of kindly spirit, unpretentious simplicity, innocent boyish pranks and vigorous life in its pages, that the reader is charmed and finds it hard to lay down the book until the tale is told. It is also interesting as a tale of middle Georgia plantation life before the war. The author works in most effectively several of the Negro Folk-Lore Tales; the plantation darkies always add a picturesque element, and his descriptions of 'coon and fox hunts are most vivid and realistic.

The closing pages tell of the war as it affected the plantation. The following incident reveals in the author genuine sympathy with the cause of freedom for the slave. One evening as Joe was returning home, having watched the long line of General Slocum's army as it filed by after the announcement that the slaves were free, he found an old Negro woman in the fence corner not far from the road, moaning and rocking herself back and forth. Near her lay an old Negro man whose shoulders were covered with a piece of shawl.

"Who is that lying there?" asked Joe.

"It my ole man suh."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He dead suh, but bless God he died free."

Old as she was, she and her husband had followed the army many weary miles on the road to freedom. Mr Harris adds—"The old man found it in the fence corner, and a few weeks later the old woman found it in the humble cabin. This occurred just as related."

Mr. Harris is at present, and has been for some time, literary editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the leading Southern daily journals. Readers of the magazines will have noticed his article upon the *Atlanta Constitution*, in the *Review of Reviews* for May 1897, and will doubtless remember his thrilling account of the Sea Island disasters in the *Century* of February and March 1894.

In "Sister Jane," published last year, Mr. Harris has given us his first novel. It is a story which grows upon one and is especially attractive because of a certain quaint simplicity of

narrative. The scene of the story is a middle Georgia town before the war, and the story deals especially with the aristocracy and the lower class of whites. Sister Jane is a strong self-reliant woman, perhaps more like a New England woman of the old days, with a sarcastic tongue and generous heart. The inevitable Colonel and his family, the town gossips, the lawyer brother who tells the story, and the minor characters are all well and faithfully portrayed.

Mr. Harris's last production, "Stories of Georgia," published in the "Stories of American History Series" by the Appleton Co. does not fall behind his other works in interest.

But while Mr. Harris has gained an enviable reputation along other lines, he will be best known and longest remembered by his voluminous and unique collection of Plantation Folk-Lore. These are collections of stories which were told by the "story-tellers" from among the Negro slaves on the plantations during their leisure hours in the evenings, to groups gathered around the cabin fire or doorstep. Sometimes the auditors were the white children from the "big house." These tales are not evolved from the imagination of Mr. Harris; he is but the reporter, and has spared no pains to verify thoroughly each of the many which he has given us. While they are found in various of his books, the main body of them is recorded in the "Uncle Remus Series." The first of this series "Uncle Remus, his Doings and Saying" was published about 1880, followed shortly by "Nights with Uncle Remus," and in 1895 "Uncle Remus and his Friends." Mr. Harris puts the tales into the mouth of Uncle Remus, the trusted old slave of the family, who tells them to the Little Boy, son of "Miss" Sally, the lady of the "big house," upon his nightly visits to the old man's cabin.

In some of these stories ghosts or "hants" appear, a few are fairy tales, but the greater majority are stories of animals personified, Mr. Rabbit being the hero in nearly all of them. The creatures accost each other as Brer (Brother) Rabbit, Brer Fox, Miss Goose and so on, wear clothes, live in houses and act, as Uncle Remus says, "Jes like fokes."

The Negro personifies everything, talks to his dog, his horse, his mule as he would to a "human." A friend was being driven to the railway station in a country place in Georgia by a very

loquacious Negro lad. When they came to a brook the boy drove his mule in to give him a drink. When the animal had drunk what the boy thought enough although it kept on drinking, he sharply pulled up its head saying—"What you doin' dar, you done dronk 'nuff, yo'll git de colic torreckly."

This habit of personification is carried even to the inanimate things. Uncle Remus remarked to the Little Boy one day, in answer to some questions; "In dis worril lots er fokes gotter suffer fur udder fokes' sins. Look like hits mighty unwrong, but hits des dat away. Tribbalashun seems like she's waitin' roun' de cornder fur ter ketch one an' all on us, honey."

The tales are written in dialect. In this lies a great part of their effectiveness, and I realise that I am running some risk in writing about them or quoting from them in English, for they are thus robbed of much of their charm. In preserving these tales and dialect, both of which are dying out, Mr. Harris has done an inestimable service. At first one might think these tales trivial or merely amusing, but the great interest which centres about the folk-lore of a people is not found in the mere entertainment of the moment. It is the only preserved expression of uncivilized peoples. It exists before they have a written language—a literature of any description—and, most important of all, in them are preserved the characteristics of the people.

I have found this remarkably true of the Negro folk-lore. The peculiar traits of the Negro are revealed in the performances of the animals. They act and think just like the old time Negro, who is still the Negro of the rice and sugar plantation and of the dark belts of the South. The negro slave could neither read nor write, except in a few cases where masters held more advanced sentiments, when some of the most intelligent of their slaves were taught the rudiments of education. But, aside from this, the tales were the only means of expression for that peculiarly vivid imagination and that quality of mind which, under other circumstances, would mean a literature.

Mr. Harris had unusual advantages for his special work, having had every opportunity to study Negro character and dialect from his youth up. Some of the tales recorded by Mr. Harris were familiar to him from boyhood, but most of them were secured only after patient and untiring effort. The Negroes

are very shy about telling these stories to a white man; they always declare that they "done furgot em," and too, it is only the old ones who remember them. When I have approached some of the old aunties in the most tactful way I knew, I have been told "O I done furgot em now Miss Sale, I'd jus hafter study 'bout dem long time 'fore I cud member." Or, "O yes honey, de *ole* niggars jus tell lots ob dem stories 'fore de war, but I dis'member dem now." Mr. Harris says:—"In the tumult and confusion incident to their changed condition the younger Negroes have had few opportunities to become acquainted with that wonderful collection of tales which their ancestors told in the kitchens and cabins of the old plantations. The older Negroes are as fond of the legends as ever, but the occasion or the excuse for telling them becomes less frequent year by year."

It has been discovered that these tales did not originate with the plantation slaves; many of them date back hundreds and thousands of years and are traced to Egypt, Siam, Africa and other eastern lands. I asked Mr. Harris if he thought a number of the tales might not have been evolved from the vivid imagination of the Negro himself. He answered with an emphatic negative. They have been changed somewhat to suit the locality; different animals figure as heroes to suit the knowledge of the story-teller, but the same story bearing the same general form is found in places widely separated.

Prof. Hartt and Mr. Herbert Smith, who collected folk-lore tales from the Amazonian Indians, find many which are the same in general character as those told by Uncle Remus. In the May number of Harper's Magazine in Mr. Poulteney Bigelow's article on "White Man's Africa," is found the "Romance of Mr. Rabbit." He says, "The stories were taken word for word from the lips of a native on the African East coast, near the Zambesi river." The incidents in the tale close with the Tar Baby story, which is also told by Uncle Remus. In one instance it is the Tar Baby, in the other a Tar Woman. This story came from India originally; how it drifted to the East African is not definitely known. But by some of the chances of war or slavery, it was, no doubt, carried across land and sea to this country. We have a native in our College who came from Africa a year ago, 17 years of age. From his lips I have taken down in his

broken English, a story which he tells me was told among others to his people as they sat around the fire in the evening. The story bears unmistakable likeness to some of "Brer Rabbit's" exploits.

My research has been too limited to warrant me in expressing an opinion where those who have made a lengthy study of the matter are still somewhat uncertain. But such slight opportunity as I have had points to Africa as the source of many of these tales. How they came there I do not know. Mr. Smith, the Amizonian Folk-lorist, says:—"One thing is certain, the animal stories told by our Negroes in our Southern States and in Brazil, were brought by them from Africa. Whether they originated there or with the Arabs or Egyptians, or with yet more ancient nations must still be an open question."

Clara Goble Sale.

Atlanta Baptist College.

OUR EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS.*

(Concluded.)

In undertaking and carrying forward the work proposed to be done we require entire freedom in the exercise of all the functions of a self-competent body, an organism having an independent life. The professors must be so conditioned as to be leaders and guides in a real sense to their students in their several departments of study. In rendering the service for which they have been chosen they will not be striving for the mere acquisition of facts or curious lore on the part of their students, but for the evoking of their powers and the massing of them in compact and noble character. The conduct of study and discipline for these high ends must of necessity tax the best efforts possible to any body of educators. Unless, therefore, they are conditioned for independent and responsible service, severally and as a body,

*Address by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., Chairman of the Faculty of Arts, on the inauguration of the Arts Department of McMaster University, October, 1890.

their work must lack those sanctions necessary to command the ardor and moral enthusiasm of their students. In this respect McMaster University has nothing to desire. Its autonomy is complete. The University is pledged in advance to maintain the standard of scholarship in Canada and in doing so it will exercise its independent functions with the fullest sense of responsibility. Following this course with prudent care, and yet with all needful courage, we trust we may be able as the years go by to contribute something of value in the field of liberal education.

In all departments of the University it is proposed to bring into operation at once methods of examination which, if not according to teachers, masters and professors their full function in determining the standing of their students, will go far, I am confident, in placing both students and teachers in conditions favorable for the best work. The regulations of the Senate on this subject have been printed and distributed. There can be no doubt that education, and especially the more advanced, is in danger of becoming a mere race for examinations, marks newspaper reports, prizes and honors. It is a very real and a very great danger. Extraneous and mechanical systems of examinations, so largely practised, can but drive further and further away the spirit of true study with its ennobling motives and aims. During my recent stay in England, whence our systems now in vogue are largely derived. I found abundant evidences of a reaction against what many foremost men call the tyranny of examinations. The end of true teaching is not the examination, nor is it the end of true study. Examinations have their place in the educational process, but that place is not that which they have usurped, and from which they rule teachers and students with a rod of iron. Until they are reduced from the position of masters to that of servants in the work of education they must greatly paralyze the efforts of the best men for the advancement of scholarship and formation of high character.

I have already referred to the freedom we are here conditioned to exercise by way of ministering to students in perplexity and doubt concerning the deepest things of life. The fact that this University receives no pecuniary support from the State, but is voluntarily maintained, enables us to exercise a freedom

of teaching otherwise impossible to us in important subjects of study. History is fraught with lessons of human and divine wisdom. The past life of our fellow-men is an inexhaustible fund accumulated for the life of to-day. The philosophy of history which fails to recognize God as one of its factors is condemned in the court of every man's conscience. Such a denial of God discredits the moral nature of man and destroys the ethical value of historical studies. In short, it is not history at all. This great subject will be open to the freest handling in McMaster University, and the principles and forces which are known to have determined the course of human history in all its deeper and graver issues will be exposed with impartiality. It is to be counted, too, a matter of especial moment that the Departments of Ethics, Philosophy, and Natural Science, while receiving the fullest and freest treatment, will be in charge of Christian men, who cannot be unmindful of the needs of their students.

> Necessity doth front the universe
> With an invincible gesture;

yet God reigns, and hears the prayers of men. The reverent pursuit of truth will be the aim of all investigations and discussions. We shall have due freedom also to discuss the principles of civil government in themselves, and in their application in the development of the institutions of our beloved Canada. The principles of civil and religious liberty are in constant danger of being obscured even in the freest countries. The Christian body having ultimate control of this University has testified and taught both in Europe and on this continent that the State is a political corporation only, and cannot rightfully intermeddle with man in his relations with God. These principles should have free discussion in all institutions of learning among us, but until all are free to do this there is special reason why they should find a prominent place in the teaching of McMaster University. Our safety as Canadians rests not, at bottom, in our political institutions, however perfect, but in ourselves; and vigilance has ever been the price of both civil and religious liberty.

The ultimate control of this University is practically vested in the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec. All the departments, except that of theology, are open without religious

tests to students of all places and countries. The religious influences exerted will not be sectarian, but distinctly Christian and evangelical. One of its great purposes is to diffuse the blessings of the higher education far more widely among the young men and the young women of the Baptist denomination than has hitherto been practicable. Our doors are open to all, as I have said, and all are most welcome to share the best that we are able to give; but our great benefactor was undoubtedly influenced by the consideration that he could be the means of bringing the opportunity for the higher education much nearer to the children of Baptist parents. As the Baptist Convention gratefully accepted the trust offered to them, we may with confidence anticipate the loyal and hearty support of ministers and laymen in bringing to the attention of all our people the educational advantages now provided in connection with this University, both at Toronto and at Woodstock. By these and kindred means it will come to pass that in far greater numbers than heretofore the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec will receive the benefits of the higher education, and thus be qualified for a completer and richer service for their fellowmen and for God. Our name is written in large round hand on the page of history as pioneers in the advocacy and maintenance of civil and religious liberty, and in the glorious work of Foreign Missions. Woodstock College and Toronto Baptist College have their noble representatives in the foreign work to-day. We show that we are the inheritors of the principles and spirit of our fathers by availing ourselves with alacrity of all the power and inspiration which a Christian University is adapted to supply, in order that we may hasten at home and abroad the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ. The voluntary maintenance of a University with such high educational aims is calculated to command the sympathy, not only of its more immediate constituency, but of the entire public. In so far as we achieve successfully these aims shall we make the greatest contribution in our power towards the welfare of society at large. We may assume that society about us has advanced sufficiently far beyond the condition of mere provincialism to welcome any well-ordered addition to the facilities for higher education. Variety in our higher schools of learning will save to our society something of that

individuality which characterizes the people of England, and contributes so greatly to their strength. It is not to be forgotten that

> God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The fruit which the tree bears attests its quality before the world. McMaster University asks to be judged by the nobility of its aims and the quality of its work—the quality and equipment of the lives which shall go out from its schools.

I could wish that our revered but departed brother, Senator McMaster, had been spared to witness the organization of the University which bears his honored name. Among the many tokens of solid advancement which would arrest his attention, I can well believe that none would fill him with greater pleasure than the opening of the Arts Department, with its first class of sixteen eager students, to whom any university might be proud to open its doors. It would surely have been a singular gratification to him to have learned that two young ladies are members of this class, for the plan of local examinations for women, the initial step towards their regular admission to University College, was first considered at Mr. McMaster's own residence by a meeting convened by Dr. Fyfe. But while Senator McMaster has not been spared to this occasion, it is a matter of thankfulness that Mrs. McMaster, the founder of Moulton College, which through her generosity carries on its work in the very residence to which I have referred, is permitted to be with us, and to know that due provision is being made in this Hall for a parlor for lady students, especially, we may hope, for the future matriculates of Moulton into the classes of the arts department.

I have, Mr. Chairman, occupied the attention of this audience as long as the occasion permits. It is an inspiration to inherit great enterprises, and to find ourselves responding to the touch of God. A Christian University cannot become obsolete with any conceivable advance in civilization. It carries with it such a momentum and force of purpose as to render it oblivious of the shocks which would seem too heavy for it to survive. Its ideals exhilarate earnest spirits like the breath of God. This University is seized of great thoughts, great purposes, great ideals, and cherishes them: for these alone can make men strong in

labor and successful in achievement. Its legend is:—IN CHRIST ALL THINGS CONSIST. With its several departments at Woodstock and Toronto in reciprocal dependence and indissoluble union, with a generous appreciation of what has already been accomplished in the field of the higher education by the existing institutions of Ontario, with an ardent love for Canada from sea to sea, with painstaking effort for exact and broad scholarship, and for the cultivation of Christian manliness of character and the spirit of true service, and with a sense of dependence upon Him whose name we would honor in all lands, McMaster University bespeaks the sympathies of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec and of the public at large, and the impartial judgment of time.

TRANSCENDENCE.

Glowing in golden glory burns the sun,
Whence light and heat-waves, pulsing from this heart
Exhaustless, widening, laving every part
Of every planet, cherish all and one—
Suffusing all their atmospheres: thereon,
Light-born, a myriad rainbow colors dart
And gleam, while worlds that feel their life-source start
Not from their orbits till their race is run.

The Sun of Righteousness doth centre all—
The Truth, the Light, the Life of human kind:
True Art and Science never from Him fall
Who is their source: and rest unfailing find:
In outer darkness still wild discord wars
And goal-less course night-seeking wandering stars.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

Montreal.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. Teakles, '98, D. Bovington, '00.
Editors.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S 'RECESSIONAL.'

This Jubilee year has naturally been a prophetic and a retrospective one. The nation pauses for a moment in its onward press to view its prospects and its past. England stands first among the nations. She may well be proud of her achievements. Her advance in the arts and sciences, the perfection of her social states, the peace and happiness that has marked the longest and fairest reign in history, her unprecedented progress in general civilization, have inspired numberless songs in her praise. From among these stands out with striking prominence Rudyard Kipling's 'Recessional.'

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battleline—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to Guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen."

In writing on such a subject as the Jubilee there is just the least danger of being tinctured with exaggeration and vainglory. Some of the poems have betrayed that tendency. But no shadow of such blame can fall on Kipling. He is characteristically truthful to bluntness, and exact to the sacrifice of poetic beauty. The great quality of his poetry is its robust strength. One is remarkably impressed with it in reading the 'Recessional.' In its brevity there is a completeness of thought and a perfection of form that give the reader a conception of immense reserve power. And to this intellectual strength is added the ethical spirit without which no writing is truly strong.

It is the ethical spirit of this poem which has singled it out so from others. In the first stanza Kipling looks to the source of all our greatness. From our earliest history we have been a Christian nation. Through God have been our successes and our victories, and through His almighty power we hold our high position with "dominion over palm and pine." Yet, as prosperity has proved itself too often a dangerous blessing, the splendor of the Jubilee celebration, the magnificence of its spectacles, the tribute paid by other nations, the realization of our vast territory, and the sight of our immense military and naval resources, carried us away for the moment. A boastfulness crept in that was utterly foreign to the British character. We seemed to be "drunk with power," and loosed wild tongues, vaunting our powers, and like any heathen nation were ready to trust to "reeking tube and iron shard." But with the fading panorama, the "tumult and shouting" dying away, the "captains and kings" departed to their own countries, the navy once more spread over distant seas, the beacon fires lying in ashes, now that

"All our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

now that the splendor in which we have gloried has melted out of our sight like a dream, and we stand with eyes undazzled, the poet entreats

> "For frantic boast and foolish word,
> Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!"

The burden of the hymn is the need of our realizing our dependence on God. As God has led us, so He keeps us; as He has given us the victory, so He holds us in power. So God *alone* is the glory, and in rebuke to our self-glorification and warning to our pride

> "Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
> An humble and a contrite heart."

Another striking quality in parts of the 'Recessional' is its similarity in thought and expression to the Psalms. With the awe and reverence of the psalmist the poet lifts his voice to Heaven in earnest supplication. Take the verse

> "Who is the King of Glory?
> The Lord strong and mighty;
> The Lord mighty to battle;
> Who is the King of Glory?
> The Lord of Hosts—
> He is the King of Glory—

Again—

> "The Lord will give strength unto His people,"

and once more—

> "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,
> A broken and a contrite heart, O Lord,
> Thou wilt not despise."

Only it now is 'Remember ye that the Lord he is God.' It is the solemn supplication to God for a nation in the zenith of its power.

The cry of Kipling's hymn went up in ages past—

> "Know ye that the Lord He is God.
> It is He that hath made us
> And not we ourselves.
> We are His people,
> And the sheep of His pasture."

England is strong. In peace, as the world now is, she stands serene, benign, magnificent in the midst of her vast

possessions. But there is yet one thing imperatively necessary, and that is, that she realize her mission. Nations have come and gone and played their part in the World's history. Greece gave us a perfect art; Rome gave us perfect law; Israel gave us an ideal of religion. England comes after all these, reaping the benefits, and to her is given the highest, the greatest, the divine mission—to Christianize the world. Can England grasp this? Can she receive it fully? If she will hear in her heart the conviction that

> "Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
> An humble and a contrite heart."

Then may we hope to keep our greatness and end that record of the turnings of Fortune's wheel that history seems to be.

> "Les Nations s'eclipser, tour à tour,
> Comme les astres dans l'espace,
> De mains en mains le sceptre passe,
> Chaque peuple à son siècle, et chaque homme à son jour."

But this Jubilee year in which we have taken occasion to celebrate our greatness and renown is a critical moment. In the tense political situation in which the Armenian question has placed Europe, England is the cynosure of all eyes. But England finds herself in a difficult position. While an account of her action in such matters in past time, the foreign powers look to England to make the first move—they tie her hands, because they doubt the disinterestedness of her motives. England has been balancing, on one side, the championship of liberty, truth and right, on the other the eager desire for territorial advancement. These two forces have come into collision. Inaction is the result, and so long as she does try to balance these two, her hands will remain tied, forced inaction will be the result, and evil can work its will without check. Our political machinery is a thin shelter behind which to entrench ourselves, and to excuse our apathy to that question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And what is of immediate, material importance, this inaction is becoming not merely non-interference, but is calling into question our very position and power.

Surely we believe in the progress of civilization and the advancement of the world. At the time of the Waldensian

massacre, when Milton wrote that immortal sonnet, 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,' a word from the English Government was sufficient to end the persecution. Are we weaker now? Do we trifle in this age with matters of such fearful moment? It is not because no voice has been heard among us. The Great Man of the nineteenth century, Gladstone, has, in his declining years, raised his trumpet voice and denounced the measures of the British government. May I be allowed to quote a part from Mr. Gladstone's impassioned appeal:—

"We are entitled to demand from the Sultan the immediate fulfilment, under his treaty with us, of his engagements and to treat his non-compliance as, under the law of nations, other breaches of treaty are, or may be, dealt with.

We have in the face of the world bound ourselves to secure good government for Armenia and Asiatic Turkey.

We have done this, not in concert with Europe, but with our own sole action, on our own sole responsibility.

However we may desire and strive to obtain the co-operation of others, is it possible for us to lay down this doctrine?

England may give for herself the most solemn pledges, in the most binding shape, but she now claims the right of referring it to some other person or persons, state or states, not consulted or concerned in her act, to determine whether she shall endeavor to the utmost of her ability to fulfil them.

If this doctrine is really to be adopted, I would respectfully propose that the word 'honor' should be effaced from our dictionaries and dropped from our language."

So it is not alone the imperative cry of justice and humanity, but the legal right that summons England to go forward. Surely such words will not go unheeded. Surely England will grasp the nobility of her mission. We are at the critical moment.

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Ernestine R. Whiteside, ('98).

EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.

At the close of the war there were no schools in the South for the colored people. While slaves they had no educational opportunities. By the very necessity of slavery, they were deprived of any educational advantages whatever, except those that came by reason of their intimate association with masters and overseers. Only here and there could be found one who could read. The masses were kept in the grossest ignorance.

The colored people were not able, and the Southern white people were not willing, to establish schools for secondary and higher education. True, the States established public schools of a kind, but there were few or no competent teachers. The Northern friends of the Negro must come to the rescue. As soon as the war was over, the Home Mission Societies of the different denominations entered the South, establishing schools as means and circumstances permitted. The aim of the schools was to make of the colored boys and girls Christian citizens, able to earn an honest living, and make the world better, not worse. They have well fulfilled their mission. Such schools as Shaw University, Hampton Institute, Fisk University, Spelman Seminary, Tuskeegee Institute, are showing the wisdom of their founders, by sending out every year men and women fitted to take places of responsibility and trust.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society was among the first in the field, and is to-day carrying on very extensive educational work in the South. Over thirty schools are aided by the Society. It was my pleasure to be connected with one of these schools, Bishop College, Marshall, Texas. This school originated in the practical benevolence of Nathan Bishop, LL.D., of New York, an ex-secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and a devoted friend of the Negro. It has a special interest for Canadian Baptists in the fact that its Principal is Rev. Newton Wolverton, who for several years was Principal of Woodstock College. Other Canadians, it may be said, occupy important positions on its staff and on those of other such schools in the South. For completeness of equipment Bishop College is hardly surpassed by any school for the colored

people west of the Mississippi. It is situated on a hill, just inside the city. The commodious buildings are beautifully placed among magnolias, red cedars, oaks and pines.

The students are drawn from the better class of the colored people, mechanics or farmers mostly. They are nearly all poor, most of them having to put themselves through school. By far the greater number of the students are fitting themselves to be teachers. In a good many places there is a present need for competent teachers in the public schools of the South. Some can get schools for two or three months of the summer, at salaries from forty to seventy-five dollars a month, others work in the corn or cotton fields. Through the school term the boys and girls earn considerable by working between four and six, as all the work around the school is done by the students, for which they are paid.

There are six departments in the school, modelled to suit the special needs of the South, and of students whose fathers and mothers may not know how to read or write. The College, with a full four years course leading to the degree of A.B. or B.S.; the Normal school, for the practical training of teachers; the Academy, with four years, leading to matriculation or teacher's certificates; the Grammar school, three years between the Primary and the Academy; the Model school, designed to show the best plans of organization and methods in teaching: a Minister's course, which is one year in Theology.

A special feature of the work in Bishop College is the Industrial. From the lowest grade of the Primary to the fourth year of the Academy all students take some kind of industrial or manual training. The girls take sewing, dressmaking, cooking, printing; the boys, scroll sawing, carpentry, printing, wood turning, blacksmithing, and iron machine work. The object of the industrial work is not to teach a trade, not to manufacture articles for sale. It is something more than that. The boy who spends eighty minutes a day, for one year, on lessons with carpenter's tools and then lays them aside to take turning tools in hand, and soon drops these for the blacksmith's tongs and hammer, does not learn any trade. The object is to give a good all-round general education in which the eye and hand as well as the head are trained.

Besides the manual training or industrial work, which is required of all students, a little in the way of trade work, *i.e.*, the teaching of trades, is attempted. In this way a good deal of the building, and all the repair work, is done by the boys. Two years ago a large brick shop was put up by the students. It is three stories high, 34 by 80 feet, with a basement for the storage of lumber. Under the guidance of an experienced bricklayer, the boys in bricklaying put up the walls, the carpenter boys doing their part, the joisting, etc., and finally putting on the trussed roof, laying the floors, and putting in doors and windows. When the building was completed the engine and machinery were set up and put in working order by the students.

Last year we had to make extensive repairs to the boys' building. Because of a poor foundation about one hundred feet of wall, the front and part of the sides of a three story brick building, had to be torn down and rebuilt on a larger and better foundation. Part of the roof was taken off, the floors and partitions supported, the old walls torn down and new ones put up in their place, after which a new roof was put on the whole building.

In the printing office a good deal of very creditable work is turned out. A monthly magazine, is printed; which has just been changed to a weekly paper all the college printing, including the annual catalogue of over sixty pages and considerable job work, such as associational minutes, programmes, etc., is done, the type-setting, proof reading, correction of matter, making up of forms, presswork and binding, all being done by the students.

Thus in every way is Bishop College seeking to *educate* the Negro boys and girls. An evidence of the success and importance of the work is to be seen in the fact that the pulpits of the best colored Baptist churches of Texas are filled by old students of Bishop College, and that many of the principals and teachers of the city schools are old graduates.

F. N. Goble, '00.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, McMASTER UNIVERSITY.,

"In Christ all things cohere" is the motto of McMaster University, A missionary society is one of the logical and natural result of this principle. McMaster believes in putting into life's action her highest ideals and her most sublime principles. In this she stands alone on the continent, if not in the world, that one day of every month the chapel is the only class room, the Bible is the only text book, and spiritual life is the only subject for consideration, for student and professor alike. This day is dedicated to our Fyfe Missionary Society. Long may McMaster continue to uphold this principle of practical religion, and soon, we hope, may the religious educational institutions of our land follow in this example. Christianity does not enervate the muscles nor destroy the mental energy of a man; neither does Christian thought and missionary consecration conflict with the keenest scholarship and the greatest scholastic attainments. Our University has true culture as its end. The logical processes and the philosophic reasoning must be interfused with the warm heart throb of the devotional life if this great end is to be attained.

The atheist may be an acute reasoner and a man of large parts, but he stands like the mountain crags, an object of wonderment to the people, but devoid of the uplifting power which humanity needs. McMaster, through her founder and endowments and faculties, endeavors to give to the world men who by the power of the Spirit may be able to help mankind. This Society is a witness to this fact.

Sometimes societies exist in name only. The Fyfe Missionary Society has "gone to work in the world" for 16 years. The seed of the gospel has been scattered in the by-ways and thorny places, and the Holy Spirit has brooded over it, and gathered fruits have gladdened the hearts of the workers. God has blessed the work done, His was the work, His is the praise.

The Society and its work to-day is more promising possibly than ever before. Its members number about 180. It has 6 missions in full working condition, manned by some 25 student

missionaries. These are in the most needy parts of the city, and are in a very encouraging condition.

Also a great number of the members are actively engaged in missionary efforts during the summer months. The following is an estimate which will give you some idea of the work done.

Students preaching . . .	60
Churches supplied . . .	84
Additions to churches . . .	330
Sermons preached . . .	2,700
Visits made	6,000
New stations opened . . .	5
Evangelistic services . . .	25 weeks.

Dec. 14th, 1897.

Time forbids us to enter into the details regarding any of the particular work, while we praise God that his blessing has been so abundant during the past summer months work. But for a brief moment let me direct your gaze over the wide wide world, and behold the Fyfe Missionary Society fulfilling the great commission, "Go ye into all the word." In the far East we have such men as Brock, Chute, Smith, McLeod, Stillwell, Laflamme and Priest; an heroic band of self-sacrificing men upon whom we look with pride and rejoice that we can call them our sons. Before their consecrated living and inspired preaching the Gibraltar of Paganism must finally fall, and the light of Jesus must permeate those dark places of the earth.

Cast your eyes to the West, and you cannot fail to see the marks of such men as Vining and Vansickle, Trotter and McGregor, upon the rapidly forming life of British Columbia. Scattered amongst the towns and villages of our home land, there are men whose number is legion who are facing the difficulties of life and standing firm in the hard places, who have gone forth from our halls and have enjoyed the inspiration of this society.

And to-night we rejoice that we can bid our sympathizers look to the far South, where as yet the flash-light of the Gospel has never been turned on the human heart, and where the song of the nativity has never been heard by understanding ears. We to-night point you to Bolivia and we rejoice that one

of our members, Brother A. B. Reekie, is very soon to plant the banners of Christ on the citadel of the enemy. We rejoice in his mission, we wish him God-speed. All over the continent are traces of the Fyfe Missionary Society. It has done a noble work, and sent out great and good men. To-day her thought is as it ever has been; her energy is more abounding; her horizon is broader and brighter; and may we not also pray that her harvest will be more abundant?

Hoping that to some worthy degree we have enlisted your sympathy and support for this the noblest enterprise of human endeavor, we beg to submit to you this the Sixteenth Annual Report of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

I. G. Matthews,
Rec. Sec.

Editorial Notes.

The Monthly extends heartiest Christmas greetings and best wishes for a bright and happy New Year to all its subscribers and all friends of the University.

Our University is happy in the possession of friends loyal and true. We could wish their number were greater, but we complain not; we know that time will bring us hosts. Among them, however, there are a few who betray a curious timidity regarding the prospects of a certain class of our graduates. Ask these good brethren if they believe in the ideals of McMaster or if they have confidence in Chancellor and Faculty, and they will hasten to deny the suggestion that they are lacking in either faith or confidence. But for all that they cannot help feeling that graduates of McMaster who desire to enter the teaching profession will have but little chance to obtain positions when they are brought into competition with those of older and larger universities. They have no fear with regard to those of our graduates who propose to enter the ministry, law, medicine, journalism, business, or, indeed, any sphere in which the real merits of a man have an influence upon success; but they are abnormally doubtful about those who wish to teach and who must depend for obtaining positions upon the whims of school trustees. It is of little use to argue with these good, but timid, friends. Tell them

that real merit counts even with school trustees and they will smile at the innocence of the suggestion ; they know the members of the school board in their particular town and do not need to be told the influences that determine their choice. Ask them to consider that all students, whether from large or small universities, are on an equal footing at the Normal College, and that their standing there will have a great deal to do with their prospects ; they will reply that that is all very fine in theory but it does not work out in practice. Be so audacious as boldly to assert that small colleges may afford better training for teachers and that, consequently, in course of time the graduates of these small colleges may be more sought after than those of larger ones, and they will give you a look of pained surprise, as much as to say that your enthusiasm has run away with your judgment. And yet all the time these very same people speak highly of McMaster, and believe that she is doing good work in the cause of Christian education. It is a strange phenomenon. How is one to deal with it? Plainly not by argument. Only by stating facts will it ever be possible to convince them that they are wrong. In the very nature of the case the doubters have the advantage, because of the absence of facts. McMaster is a young university, and has sent out only four graduating classes. Only a few of these had the intention of entering the teaching profession ; and only four all told have attended the School of Pedagogy, now known as the Normal College. The absence of facts is therefore not a matter for surprise. Our contention has always been that time would change all that, and the event has proved the correctness of our position. We proceed to state the facts.

In the first place all of our graduates who have attended the Normal College have passed their examinations at that institution. We doubt if this could be said of any other university sending up candidates. Yet we are not at all surprised at the success of our graduates, for we are of the number who honestly and emphatically believe that the training McMaster gives is particularly adapted to prepare men for the teaching profession. Whether right or wrong in this belief the fact remains that our graduates have all been successful at the Normal College. Furthermore, the number of young men and women who come to McMaster for the training necessary to enter the teaching profession is increasing year by year. The continued success of our graduates at the Normal College will add to that number. In this connection it may be worth stating that McMaster's graduates are received at that institution on exactly the same conditions as those of any other university. Our students can qualify for every examination required at the Normal College.

In the second place several of our graduates have been appointed to positions, the competition for which was open to graduates of any university. A little over a year ago an instructor in chemistry was required at the Dental College in this city. Out of a large list of applicants representing several universities, a graduate of McMaster, Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe, B.A., was chosen for the position. He has, we understand, given entire satisfaction. In pursuance of his duties he has compiled a work on Experimental Chemistry for dental students, a notice of which will be found in our Book Review column for November. Others from among our graduates have been appointed to positions in American colleges. Miss E. P. Wells, B.A., is instructor in English in Pelham College, a large and prosperous seminary for young ladies near the city of New York; Mr. H. H. Newman, B.A., son of Dr. Newman, is professor of Latin and Biology in Des Moines University; and Mr. F. J. Eby, B.A., is a teacher in the academic department of Chicago University, situated at Morgan Park.

Finally, and upon this we set great store, two of our graduates have received signal honor at the great University of Chicago. At that institution a limited number of paid fellowships are annually awarded to the best students in the various departments. The students are drawn from all over the continent and come into the keenest competition for all honors to be awarded. There, at least, men are put to the test of real merit, and are judged by their ability rather than by the age or size of the college from which they have come. At the last distribution of fellowships two were awarded to graduates of McMaster. Mr. Wilson R. Smith, B.A., was appointed Fellow in Botany, and Mr. George Cross, B.D., was named as Fellow in Theology. For these two gentlemen to win this distinction is no less gratifying to their Alma Mater than honorable to themselves. We are sure they are worthy of the honor and that they will reflect credit upon McMaster.

The above facts are significant. He who runs may read what they spell. For the time being we present them to our sceptical friends as an achievement of the present and as an earnest of the future.

The University of Toronto has announced the establishment of a course of studies leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This is a very important step in the educational affairs of our country, and therefore demands thoughtful consideration from all interested in the educational welfare of Canada. In the very nature of the case such a step was inevitable. The time was bound to come when our young graduates should have the opportunity not only of pursuing their post-graduate studies at home but also of receiving the legitimate reward in

the shape of a degree. Hitherto those who have desired to proceed to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy have been obliged to go abroad to attain their object. In many respects this is far from being an unmixed evil; the experience and enlargement of view gained by two years' study at the larger American and German Universities in every way repay the expenditure of time and money. There are many, however, who from various reasons are unable to go abroad, but who are quite as desirous and capable of pursuing their studies as their more fortunate brethren. Nor is there any fundamental necessity for them to do so, any more than for American, English or German students. There will always be a large number who will be able to take advantage of the opportunities for culture afforded by study abroad, but a much larger number will have to rest satisfied with the opportunities offered at home. For these a Past-Graduate School had sometime to be established, and the only question was how, when, where, and by whom was it to be done. This question is no easy one to answer.

A Graduate School may be closely connected with a large undergraduate college, as the Harvard Graduate School, for example, or it may be an institution doing purely graduate work, as, say, Clark University. Were it possible to have here in Toronto such an institution as Clark University, wholly distinct from any of the undergraduate colleges, we should think it a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Among other things the question of confederation would be miles farther on the way to the solution some educationists desire. It seems improbable that we shall have a purely Graduate School, and consequently we shall be glad when we shall have a fully equipped school in connection with some undergraduate college. Of the several Ontario colleges which one ought to offer past-graduate work and degrees? Admittedly the one best supplied with men and money; the one best equipped in respect of libraries and laboratories; the one that is able to give the members of its professoriate proper remuneration and that at the same time is not compelled to overwork them; the one that is doing its undergraduates work in the very best manner possible; and, finally, the one that has so many capable and well-paid professors and lecturers that a good portion of their time can be spared from the mass of undergraduates to the select few pursuing graduate work. This may appear to some to demand too much of a college as a pre-requisite to the establishment of a Graduate School. We do not think so, if any regard be had to the quality of the work that ought to be done by the students of such an institution. But this opens up another question, the consideration of which we shall be obliged to defer until next month.

THE late Mrs. Yule left a considerable number of poems in manuscript to be used as her literary executors saw fit. Many of our readers have read and enjoyed her published poems, and they will be glad to learn that by arrangement with her executors THE MONTHLY will be able to print a series of the best of those hitherto unpublished. We begin this month with one appropriate to the season.

Book Reviews.

THE EPIC OF PAUL.*

This volume is the sequel to the author's "Epic of Saul," a book that has gained enduring rank. Such critical authorities as *The Spectator* (London), *The Independent* (New York), and such writers as Boyesen, Moulton and Genung have awarded to the earlier work unstinted praise. A religious Epic must to a certain extent invite comparison with the productions of Milton, and though less rich in imagery, there are in this poem's stateliness of versification, severely classic grace and Hebraic strength of thought not a few of the elements of power found in the Miltonic Epics. At times, the treatment of the theme, in its subjectivity and psychologic insight, is reminiscent rather of Browning than of Milton. Something, too, of the former's disregard for melody is apparent; but Professor Wilkinson's verse does not lack in metrical harmony, a quality more adapted to his Epic style than a lighter music.

There is evinced on the part of the author a keen insight into the historical environment of Paul's career, its racial, intellectual, and religious conditions. Though the well constructed story embodies many imaginative details, the perspective of the Biblical narrative is never distorted, nor its spirit marred. The same epic skill that in the earlier work elaborated the character of Saul and conceived those of the Satanic Shimei and the noble Gamaliel, now presents the transformed Paul, the inhuman Nero, and Krishna the Buddist. By the introduction of the latter an admirable opportunity is secured for a contrasting of Christian and Oriental character and thought. In this respect we are led to a comparison with the poems of Sir Edwin Arnold. Professor Wilkinson does not give the fully elaborated, if too idealistic, present-

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*"The Epic of Paul," 8vo., 722 pp. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price $2.00

ment of Buddistic teaching contained in "The Light of Asia." Still he presents with dramatic fidelity the character of the Oriental philosopher, and with a judicial calmness lacking in Arnold's over-colored writing. The following lines are from a soliliquy of Krishna after his conversion to Christianity—

> "Nirvana that I erst befooled myself
> To deem desirable, what dreary doom,
> Were it! - - - - - - - -
> - - - To lose this power to think,
> And suffer, and enjoy, to quench in night
> Utter, unending, reason's starry lamps,
> And hope's, and memory's, and be naught at all!
> I shudder backward from the crumbling brink
> Of such annihilation of myself,
> Imagined only, and I eager spring
> Endeavoring upward toward that different good,
> Assured to me, and native now I know,
> The prospect of eternal life with joy."

An Epic with nobler purpose has never been written, and few volumes of distinctively religious verse contain so many of the essentials of literary interest and high poetic value. To speak of the poem as being in the front rank of Christian literature is, we think, only to voice the opinion of every candid critic and thoughtful reader.

S. R. T.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KNOWLEDGE.*

This work, dedicated "to those who by serious and prolonged inquiry, however sceptical, aspire to approach the truth," deals with the "nature, limits and validity" of knowledge. We must sooner or later face the question concerning the nature of knowledge and the power of the mind to know reality. We believe we do know. What are the grounds of this assurance? The author accounts himself a "pioneer" in the attempt to solve the epitemological problem, although one might question whether any writing on this subject at this late date can be really a "pioneer" work.

The first three chapters are occupied with the history of the subject, followed by the psychological view at the present time. There are twenty one chapters, each of which is suggestive and characterized by comprehensive learning. Some of the more valuable chapters are those on: "The Degrees, Limits and Kinds of Knowledge"; "The Impli-

*The Philosophy of Knowledge, by Prof. G. T. Ladd, pp. 614; price $4.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

cates of Knowledge"; "Truth and Error"; "The Teleology of Knowledge": "Ethical and Aesthetical 'Momenta' of Knowledge"; "Knowledge and Reality"; "Dualism and Monism"; "Knowledge and the Absolute." Everyone familiar with Prof. Ladd's previous works will read this latest product of his ripe scholarship with interest. Probably, "The Philosophy of Knowledge" is, so far, his most important work. We could wish, however, for a simpler and less diffuse style.

T.

HISTORY OF RELIGION.*

This book is a most excellent sketch of the religions of the world and appeals strongly to the students of comparative religions. Part I. discusses "The Religions of the Early World," the beginning of religion, the earliest objects of worship, the earliest beliefs, religious practices and the rise of national religion. Part II. presents "Isolated National Religions" as of Babylon and Assyria: of China, including the state religion of ancient China and the doctrines of Confucius; of ancient Egypt, its ancient worship, its gods, and the doctrine of the spirit in the underworld. Part III. deals with the Semitic group of religions. Where was the home of the Semites? What was the difference between the Semitic and the Aryan religions? The student of the Old Testament will find much to assist him in the chapter on the Canaanites and Phœnecians. Israel came into close contact with these peoples, whose customs and religious practices proved a constant source of trial and sin on the part of the Hebrews. A sketch of the religion of Israel follows, in which the relation of the Israelite and Canaanite religion is reviewed. The characteristics of the religion of Israel in contrast with other religions is discussed and the ethical development noted. The great Mohamedan religion is taken up next and a sketch of the founder's life is given: the points of similarity between Judaism and Islamism are noted, and the duties of the Moslem set forth.

Part IV. is occupied with the Aryan religions. Where was the home of the Aryans? What of their civilization and worship so far as known? One of the most interesting chapters is that on the Greek people and their religion, which is traced in art, poetry and philosophy. Roman religion is differentiated from the Greek. It is shown how the Greek and Roman religions became confused and finally fell into decay. The religion of India is quite satisfactorily treated. Then comes the religion of Persia and the life and call of its founder. Part V. presents Christianity as the universal religion. Christianity has received much

*History of Religion, by Allan Menzies, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, N.Y.

from the Jew, the Greek and the Roman. The different religions of Christian nations imply a common i. e. a universal Christianity. In the final chapter it is shown that the course of religion is from the tribal through the national to the individual form. There are periodic advances in religion, a study of which reveals the conditions of religious progress.

The book has the merit of being clear and easily followed. The reader gains an insight into the connection between religions and discovers a unity in them. But Christianity is the culmination, the fruit, of the religious life of the world, having universal significance and destined to be supreme. T.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

President Seth Low of Columbia College, who resigned his position to contest the Mayoralty election in Greater New York, has been asked by the trustees of that institution to withdraw his resignation, and has done so.

At a mass-meeting of the students of Dartmouth College it was voted to adopt the honor system in examinations for a period of three years. The faculty is expected to approve this action, as President Tucker has favored it. With its adoption the members of the college who were expelled last year for cribbing will probably be reinstated.—*New York Evening Post.*

According to the Philadelphia *Ledger* one woman has been awarded a fellowship, and two have been appointed to scholarships in the department of philosophy, University of Pennsylvania, by the trustees of that institution. This is not a new or radical departure, but it is an action that emphasizes the part that women are beginning to take in higher education in this country.

We are in receipt of a very useful little hand-book from Queen's College, Kingston, which is presented to all students of the University by the Arts and Medical Y.M.C.A., and which contains the programme for the year. The different phases of college life are discussed, and all necessary information and advice are given.

A man asked Jones the meaning of the Latin phrase, "Cum grano salis." Jones replied that he was informed by an old salt that it was an expression now much in the mouths of Europeans, and chiefly addressed to this country, and that it meant "Come, sell us grain."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE POET AND HIS SONG.

A song is but a little thing.
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
  And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
  I sing my song and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing.
What matters yon unheeding throng?
  They cannot feel my spirit's spell,
Since life is sweet and love is long
  I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees,
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard and sweat,
  While others dream within the dell:
But even while my brow is wet,
  I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
  Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But life is more than fruit or grain.
  And so I sing and all is well.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

LECTURER (about to call the roll).—"Let me know, gentlemen, if you are absent."—*Ex.*

FRESHIE, on reception night: "Miss ——— will you please go home with me?"—*Ex.*

A NATIONAL University under the government control is to be established in China. The faculty will consist of foreigners, and the first president, it is said will be a former tutor of Li-Hung-Chang.—*Ex.*

Mr. Kipling was criticised by Canadians for speaking of Canada, as, "Our Lady of the Snows." In "Wee Willie Winkee" he refers to the criticism in the following humorous skit:

"There was once a small boy of Quebec,
  Who was buried in snow to the neck.
  When asked: 'Are you friz?'
  He replied: 'Yes, I is,
  But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'"—*Ex.*

THANKSGIVING.

BY G. HERBERT CLARKE.

Our Father on high,
For Thy plenteous blessing
Unto Thee we draw nigh,
Thy bounty confessing.
In the light of Thy love
Let Thy children be living,
Then with angels above
We will render thanksgiving.

Then sing of Thy glory
Ineffably bright,—
Our song is the story
Of the Lord and His might,
The Lord, our strong Tower
This day as of yore,
The Lord, in whose power
We trust evermore.

For the fruits that abound
Let him that rejoices
Give thanks to the sound
Of numberless voices.
In the Lord we are living
Whose love faileth never,
Unto Him be thanksgiving
For ever and ever!

—*The Baptist Union.*

"THE purpose of education is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."—*Plato.*

SENIOR—Can you tell us why our college is such a learned place?
FRESHMAN—Certainly, the freshmen always bring a little learning here, and the Seniors never take any away; hence it accumulates.

The Aylesford *Union* in one of its recent issues has an excellent sketch and photogravure of Rev. Thomas Trotter, D.D., President of Acadia University. We quote from this article the following extract—"The conviction is general and gains ground daily throughout the denomination, that the new president is the right man in the right place." We are delighted to hear of President Trotter's success in his new and difficult field of labor.

THE late Dr. John Ritchie of Edinburgh, a keen total abstinence advocate, was forced by a heavy shower to take shelter in a roadside public house, where he met a number of carters similarly sheltering. He remonstrated with them for drinking, and told them that drink was their worst enemy. Observing the Doctor's clerical garb, one of them replied boorishly that his kind told them to love their enemies. "Yes," replied the Doctor, "but not to swallow them."—*London News.*

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. Whiteside, '98,
S. E. Grigg, '00.

Prof.—(enthusiastically): "Now this will be our last lesson in Greek prose, and I noticed on Sport's Day that the contestants always made a spurt towards the end, so I may give you a big lesson."

Sophomore—(hopefully): "Yes, and after the spurt they took a rest."

Mr. Sleepy at the table Monday morning:—"I wish Monday came on Saturday and Saturday on Monday, so that I could have a rest after Sunday."

Student reviewing the Sunday School:—"Now, how did the Israelites cross over the Jordan? Did they go over the same way as we cross a river?"

Several voices:—"No." One voice:—"Yes."

Student:—"Well, Jessie says 'Yes.' Now, Jessie, in what way did they go over?"

Jessie—(nonchalantly): "Crosswise."

So close were the contests on Field Day that at the close Matthews (theology) and Sprague '00 had an equal number of points to their credit. To settle the difficulty thus arising the Executive Committee arranged that both names should be inscribed on the Championship Cup, and proposed that a 220 yard race should be run for the Chancellor's medal. As a result of the race Sprague is now the possessor of the Gold Medal. In reporting the events of Field Day in last month's news a mistake was made in the time of the 440 yard race which should have been 1.00⅕ instead of 1.15.

Our Literary meetings are all good, but the one on Nov. 19th was especially interesting. After two original and amusing selections by the Quartette and a humorous reading by Mr P. C. McGregor, '99, the debate, the event of the evening, took place. The subject was, Resolved, "That the legalized sale of intoxicating liquor is less defensible than the slavery of the past." Miss Bailey, '98, and Miss Gill, '00 supported the affirmative, while Messrs. L. H. Thomas, '99, and R. E. Smith, '00, vainly attempted to meet their arguments. The speeches were all bright and strong, but, as would be expected, a perfect volley of well directed arguments supported the affirmative. Mrs. Newman, who had kindly consented to act as judge, in a clever manner summed up the arguments, giving, amidst applause, her decision in favor of the affirmative.

The Freshmen were "one in name and design" on Thursday evening, the 2nd inst., at their initiation into the mysteries of class rallies. Dr. and Mrs. Newman had kindly placed their home at the disposal of the class for this important occasion. The President, F. H. Phipps introduced the programme with a short address of welcome, and was followed by the class orator, A. E. Gazley, who in a strong and pleasing address vindicated his right to the position. The production of the class poet, R. M. Johnston, was decidedly up to the mark of college verse. The music was furnished by Misses Boggs, Clemens and McLaurin and Mr. Phipps, and added not a little to the pleasure of the evening. The whole evening was enjoyed greatly, by both the Freshies and their friends, and though Year One has an old fashioned name, it is certainly up-to-date in class enterprise.

Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace entertained the Juniors at their Annual Class Rally on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst. The function was quite informal and thoroughly enjoyed by both the Juniors and their guests. The programme consisted of an address of welcome by the President, D. Bovington, a reply for the representatives of other classes by A. R. Park, Theology, and an oration by the class orator, J. E. Hawkings. Mr. Hawkings, commonly known as the Doctor among his friends, showed great depth of thought and brilliancy of expression in his address. After refreshments were served, the Rally broke up, and everybody went away pleased with themselves and with '99. We all heartily agreed with the Chancellor, when in his remarks in reply to a vote of thanks by the Juniors, he said that one of the pleasantest features of the evening was the fact that Mrs. Wallace was so improved in health as to make possible the entertaining of her University friends.

The Mathematical Society held its first meeting on Monday evening, the 29th ult. Though it was late starting this term, yet indications point to a successful year. Its numbers have been increased by a large contingent of sophomores—the Professors's pride—who in point of numbers, at least, considerably overtop the other years. The programme was introduced with a few remarks by the President, A. W. Vining, '98, who welcomed the sophomores and outlined the general plan of work for the year. Miss Newman, '99, read a carefully prepared and interesting paper on "The History of the Telescope." It consisted of an explanation of lenses and mirrors, and a description of the principles underlying the different telescopes that have been in use since the time of Galileo. Professor McKay followed with a breezy sketch of Babylonish and Arabian mathematics, as two examples of interesting epochs in mathematical history. The Society is glad to welcome the Professor back again, and feel confident that this year Mathematics will boom as never before.

The Theological Society held its first meeting for the year on the evening of Thursday, December 9th. A large number of Arts men were present, and appeared to be quite as much interested as the Theo-

logs themselves. After a selection by the Quartette the President, Mr. W. J. Pady, B.A., called upon the Chancellor, who offered practical suggestions as to ways in which the Society could be of most service to its members. This was followed by a very interesting address by Rev. J. G. Cliff, recently of Lancashire, England, and who is remaining temporarily in the city, as pastor of Ossington Avenue Church. Mr. Cliff, in a very humorous and effective address, described student life in England, with special reference to Rawdon, of which he is a graduate. The address was thoroughly enjoyed, and Mr. Cliff may be sure of a warm welcome whenever he visits the Hall.

THE Tennysonian Society rendered a very interesting programme in the Chapel, Friday evening, December 10th. The programme was as follows :—

Solo, Mr. C. J. Triggerson ; Oration, "Education," Mr. T. Cornish ; instrumental Duett, Messrs. Newman and Watson ; oration. "The Sword," Mr. A. Gazley ; guitar solo, "Plantation Melodies," Mr. F. H. Phipps ; critic's report, Mr. P. C. McGregor. The orations were especially interesting. The Society is in a flourishing condition under President Wood. After Christmas a new organization and name are contemplated. We understand that the aim is to devote more time to debating.

SENIOR (thoughtfully reading Spencer's Essays on Education) 'It is twice blest : it blesses him that trains and him that's trained'—"I say, Mr. X——, do you think that its proper for a man to make a parody like that ?"

Mr. X——, B.A. (emphatically) "No ; ecrtainly not—no person has a right to make a parody on the Bible—"

And oh my, how he tumbled !

The Athletic Association met on the 13th inst., to discuss the report of the Executive Committee regarding the proposed skating rink for the students of McMaster. The chairman of this committee, R.D. George, B.A., reported that the petition forwarded to the Board of Governors for assistance in this matter was granted. After a general discussion by the members of the association regarding expenses, fees, a motion was unanimously carried, authorizing the committee to go forward with the work of the rink. A very pleasant and successful winter is anticipated by the students and their friends.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The regular monthly meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society took place on Friday, 18th ult. The morning was devoted to the far West, P. C. McGregor '99 and Rev. J. H. Best being the speakers ; and in the afternoon Mr. Lewis, travelling Secretary of the Students Volunteer Movement and our missionary J. G. Brown, addressed us on Foreign Missions. Mr. McGregor, who has recently returned from B.C., spoke of the new towns so rapidly springing up all over the province, of the extent of vice throughout the country. In view of the fact that the American Board felt com-

pelled to drop the work altogether there was urgent need of the Canadian Baptists becoming enthusiastic and pushing the work with vigor and determination. Bro. Best, for several years pastor of the Rossland church, after recalling student days, directed attention to the outlook for work. He reviewed the wealth and revenue of the country in fish, timber, agriculture and mining, while he emphasized the fact that all these industries were now upon a permanent basis and promised to result in the steady and rapid growth of the country. What are we to do for Christ? Present investment for God's work there meant large returns in the near future.

In the afternoon Mr. Lewis spoke of the awakening of the universities for the evangelization of the world. In 800 colleges student bands were studying missions—while in five years from the British universities alone 1038 had volunteered. Of these 62 per cent. have entered work on the foreign field or are under appointment. As with Paul, so with us in this work, greater emphasis must be placed on being filled with the Holy Spirit rather than with the scholarly spirit.

Mr. Brown then directed our thoughts to the practical side of a missionary's life. The first year in India was trying, both physically, mentally and spiritually; while the second year was still more trying, in that a missionary must start work, with comparatively little experience with the language and with the natives. The special emphasis was given to the training of native helpers, for in the long run this proved to be the most successful means, both of sowing the seed and reaping the harvest.

THE Monthly meeting of the Philosophical club took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 25th, in the College Chapel, Professor Ten-Broeke in the chair. The programme for the evening consisted in a series of papers on the "Origin of Moral Obligation" as set forth by various authors. These papers were excellent and were read by the following members, H. Proctor '99, J. T. Jones '99, D. Brown '98 (Th.), J. H. Hannah '99, A. S. Cross '99, J. H. King, (Th.), A. J. Thomson '99.

ANNUAL MATCH WITH WOODSTOCK.—Our football team, accompanied by a number of old Woodstock boys, spent Thanksgiving day at Woodstock. We had been looking forward with considerable pleasure to this trip, for some of us had taken a full course there, while others were desirous of visiting the College where so many of the best men in the Baptist ministry of Canada and the United States had received their academic training. The main purpose of the trip was to meet their stalwarts in our annual game of football. We received a royal welcome from the Woodstock boys, and experienced peculiar delight in perambulating their halls, in grasping their masters by the hand and in bringing our molars to bear upon their toothsome turkey. The game itself was fast but not furious, being utterly devoid of rough play. The slippery state of the ground hindered the players from putting up their best game. However, there could not have been more evenly-balanced teams, and as both went in to win, a hotly-contested

game was the result. The game, like last year's, ended in a tie, 1 to 1. Both goals were scored during the second half. Notwithstanding the rain a large number of enthusiastic spectators were present. At 6 o'clock a Thanksgiving dinner was served, after which addresses of welcome were given by Captain Zavitz and Mr. Alexander, and responded to by Mr. C. H. Schutt and Captain Ed. Reid. A very pleasing feature of the visit was the evening spent at the home of Dr. and Mrs. McLay, parents of Mr. McLay, our lecturer in English. Altogether we feel we cannot say too much in praise of the efforts put forth to entertain the McMaster boys. Some of our number returned on Friday, some on Saturday, while others for reasons not at all mercantile remained in Woodstock until Monday. The following team represented McMaster:—Goal, P. Baker; Backs, Reid, Daniel; Halfbacks, C. H. Schutt, Pengelly, Torrie; Forwards, Cornish, Ferguson, Sprague, Thompson and Simpson. The following represented Woodstock:—Gaol, Lailey, Backs, Gunn, McArthur, Halfbacks, Mr. Weir, Howell, Kemp; Forwards, Huggart, Zavitz, Menzie, Lang, and Dryden.

THE Inter-Year Football matches for the year are over, and the Century class are proud of the team that now wear the Championship pin. Throughout the matches were closely contested — so closely indeed, that each year is still confident that their's was the strongest team, but that they simply failed to score. Following we give the schedule, with the results:—

Monday, Nov. 16, '98 v. '00, score 3 to 0, favor 00; Tuesday, Theology v. '01, score 0 to 0; Wednesday, '99 v '00, score 1 to 1; Thursday, '98 v. '99, score 0 to 0; Monday, Nov. 23rd, Theology v. '01, score 2 to 0, favor Theology; Final, Tuesday, Theology v. '00, score 2 to 1, favor '00. The Athletic Association is again indebted to Ryrie Bros. for the handsome pins awarded the winners in the series.

Thanksgiving Day made a short interruption in the term's work. The boys that went to Woodstock report a good time, while those that went home came back happy, and still others who went away but did not go home, came back 'all over smiles.' However, we who remained in McMaster were not such a 'sorry lot' as one might imagine, since Mrs. Pritchard always looks after the boys that remain at home. We had our annual Thanksgiving dinner, which was decidedly up-to-date in every respect.

OPEN MEETING.—The Literary and Scientific Society held its open meeting on the evening of Friday, the 3rd inst. Our inadequate accommodation was again emphasized by the fact that many were obliged to stand in the hall outside the chapel door. The President, W. W. Charters, filled the chair in a pleasing manner, and after the opening selection by the Glee Club, welcomed the visitors to the Hall. The programme, though long, was well rendered, and much appreciated. The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Bradley, of the Jarvis Street Baptist choir, and to Mr. Shaw, of the Conservatory of Music, to whom very much of the success of the evening is due. So

popular was Mr. Bradley's singing that he was compelled on each occasion to respond to the hearty applause from the audience, while Mr. Shaw's readings excited an equal amount of enthusiasm. The piano duett, by Miss Fox and Mr. W. S. Fox, '00, was well rendered.

The athletes came in for a share of honor, and a happy variation was made by the presentation of the medals and pins by the Chancellor. The pins, through Capt. Cornish, were given to the Century Class team, the champions in the hotly contested football matches, while the medals were awarded to Messrs. Sprague, Matthews and Reid, champions of Sport's Day.

The debate was of a strong and interesting character. Mr. M. C. McLean, '98, supported by Mr. A. B. Cohoe, '98, affirmed, "That the British people enjoy a fuller measure of democratic government than do the people of the United States." This was denied by Mr. R. D. George, B.A., and Mr. W. B. Tighe, '99 The clear arguments of Mr. McLean, the terse hits of Mr. Cohoe, the clinching points of Mr. George, and the vigor of Mr. Tighe, held the attention of the audience throughout, although the hour was late.

Professor Mavor, of Toronto University, who had kindly consented to act as a judge, summed up the arguments, and gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. The officers of the "Lit." are to be congratulated on the success of the open meeting.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Grace Brophey, Margaret Nicholas, Editors.

Moulton girl (to McMaster student)—Friday is our reception day, had you forgotten?

McMaster student—He.... .m, h....e.....m....m.

Moulton girl (interrupting)—Nervine is a fine cure for all nervous diseases.

Our regular monthly Missionary meeting was held on Tuesday, December 7th. Miss Thrall gave us a very interesting talk on our duty towards missions. There was a good attendance, and a generous collection was taken up at the close of the meeting.

A very enjoyable meeting of the Heliconian was held on Friday, November 26th. The programme embraced the following numbers: —Instrumental selection, Miss Nicholas; Recitation, Miss Thompson; Song, Miss Lyon; Essay on Tennyson, Miss Edwards; Song, Miss Wrigley; Reading of Heliconian papers, Miss Geldate.

Our new and already popular music teacher, Miss Lyon, has shown her interest in the girls by organizing a Glee Club. Its fame has preceded it, for, although we have had but one practise, we have been invited to sing at the open meeting of The Ladies Literary League of McMaster University. If a larger platform be erected for us and one that is not in the midst of the audience we may accept.

THE first recital since Mr. Vogt has become Musical Director of the college, was given on Friday, December 3rd Judging from the success of this recital, we may hope that they will soon become quite notable in Toronto musical circles. The programme consisted of the following numbers:

1. Sonata for piano and violin, in F. . . . . Greig.
   Miss Eckhardt and Mrs. Adamson.
2. Prelude, ... Stojoroski.
   Miss Brophey.
3. Lieberstraum, No. 3, ... Liszt.
   Miss Nicholas.
4. Schlummerlied, ... Schumann.
   Miss Hume.
5. Ritournelle, ... Helmund.
   Miss Cox.
6. Chant d'Amour, ... Liszt.
   Miss Eckhardt.
7. Scherzo and Humoresque, ... Greig.
   Miss Wrigley.

Of these all are pupils of Mr. Vogt, except Miss Wrigley, who is a pupil of Miss Burke. The programme was varied by the singing of a duet, "The Guardian Angel," Gounod, by Misses Wrigley and Hoffmann, and by the excellent rendering of several well-chosen choruses by the choral class, under Miss Lyons' direction.

A VERY appreciative audience gathered in the chapel, Friday, December 10th, to hear Mr. McEvoy, of the *Mail and Empire*, deliver the last of the series of lectures for this term. The subject, "Book and Magazine Illustration," was a very interesting one, and also proved to be very entertaining, as Mr. McEvoy spoke very fluently and wittily. After the lecture, specimens of the plates used in making the illustrations were shown, which added greatly to the interest of the subject.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

S. R. TARR, M.A., D. ALEXANDER, EDITORS.

FROM Exams. to Xmas holidays—what a transition! To fortify himself against the former, one student is accused of buying his railway ticket nearly two weeks before the day of closing.

THE Literary societies have had a successful term's work, and an open meeting is talked of for soon after New Year's, which will doubtless sustain our creditable record for high-class entertainment.

THE College welcomes the return of Messrs. A. J. and Wm. Welch, who resume work with the Fourth year. This brings our British Columbia quota up to the full half-dozen.

Operations are commencing upon our rink, and it is hoped to have it in skating order soon after the holidays. The prospects for Hockey are good, though Ed. Howell of last year's team is no longer with us. The following are the officers of the Hockey Club: Principal McCrimmon, Hon Pres.; E. J. Zavitz, Pres.; M. S McArthur, Vice-Pres.; D. E. Bagshaw, Sec.-Treas.; J. E. Lang, Capt. The team colors are to be green and white.

Doubtless, another column will contain a full account of our Thanksgiving Day foot-ball match with McMaster. Suffice it to say here that we enjoyed to the full our visit from the University team, and that we were proud of the Woodstock players on both teams. *Occasionally*, since the contest, it has been remarked: "If it hadn't been for that penalty kick ——!" The team is now about to enter upon its final contest for the season. This will be at the photographer's, and there is no doubt but that the boys will get the better of the camera.

Adieux as well as welcomes must find place in College life. We regret that the former have been said to Mr. David Alexander, the student-editor of this department of The Monthly, as he has accepted the charge of a mission field at Hartney, Manitoba. His manly Christian influence will be greatly missed in the school, but we trust that in his new work he may find God-given success.

On Friday, Dec. 3rd, the Rev. W. W. Weeks, of Toronto, delivered his lecture on "Guns and Gunning," to the large audience which crowded the College Chapel. When the title was announced, something with fire and energy was expected; and we were not disappointed, for the lecturer's manner of treatment had in it much of the unexpected. His boyhood days seemed to give him the illustrative material for the occasion, and the material weapons of innocent sport became emblematic of the battle of life. As a speaker, Mr. Weeks is a law unto himself; his style is natural, his language choice, his illustrations unique, and his tongue eloquent. His face is sunny, his humor sparkles, his spirit is buoyant. He lives in the experience of what he teaches. He has read men as well as books, and from beginning to end his address was a commentary upon human lives as he has found them. Various types of people were exemplified by character sketches: the "big gun," the "kicker," the "hang fire," the "repeater," and others. With love as motive force, truth as projectile, and spiritual faith to set the life aflame, the lecturer bade his hearers fight "the good fight." The opportunities for devotion to truth and principle are as many to-day as of yore. The future is pregnant with great issues, and the present calls for men of bright hopes and unselfish hearts.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

It is very seldom indeed that we, in our local isolation, have the opportunity of listening to speakers of any other denomination than our own. This privilege was granted us on Dec. 3rd. Under the auspices of the Grande Ligne Church, and by invitation of our pastor, Rev. Professor Morin of McGill University, and lately pastor of St. John's French Presbyterian Church, Montreal, gave us a very interesting lecture on 'La Langue Française au Canada.' He showed the remarkable strength and purity of the language, in spite of the difficulty it had to contend with. Then came a vivid description of the best French Canadian poetry and fiction, and lastly a glance at the historians, with a special reference to Garneau. Professor Morin is evidently master of his subject, which he dealt with in a very interesting way. After the lecture the ladies of the Church gave a supper, to which the students did full justice.

The past month has had its monotony relieved more than usual by the variety of amusement and entertainment that has fallen to our lot. On the eve of Thanksgiving day the ladies of the school invited the gentlemen to a 'très belle soirée.' This was enjoyed to the full. Thanksgiving day was a holiday and many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting their homes. At our prayer-meeting on the evening of the same day we had the pleasure of having Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Schofield of Richford, Vt., and Rev. Mr. Lafleur and other visitors with us. Profitable words were spoken by both Mr. Lafleur and Mr. Schofield. Nov. 26th, an interesting programme was rendered by the Temperance Society, when Mr. M. Auger gave us a stirring address on Temperance. On the evening of the 26th, the teachers and visitors enjoyed a concert and tea given by the lady teachers. Dec. 1st, was marked by a visit and address from our new President, Rev. Dr. Dadson, of Montreal. Dr. Dadson is planning for a strong forward movement in undertaking new work in the different mission fields. He remained for our prayer-meeting and gave us a very practical and much appreciated address.

Many have been the visitors in the past who have wonderingly gazed upon the old log house, in the garret of which Madame Feller first began her missionary work here. For some years past it has been thought that it would be well to purchase this house, and preserve it as an interesting relic. At the same time the Mission has been in need of a place where sick students could be isolated in case of any dangerous contagious disease, such as we have several times had in the past. Combining the two ideas, we have bought the house, moved it upon the mission property, and repaired it considerably, so that it may be used as a hospital in case of need. Unfortunately the repairs needed were so many that the old logs had to be completely covered over. Thus it has lost its old appearance, and few of us would recognize it as the same house. However, it is now in shape to last quite a number of years, while it will at the same time make quite a serviceable hospital.

FOUNDER'S DAY 1897

[BORN CHRISTMAS EVE 1811.]

It day thy natal eve
Thy earth-day morn!
Man's day, when Christ was born!
(Day that did Heaven bereave!)
Our reverent hearts would count this School again
Among the gifts the Christ received of men.

Our time is big with change—
Lights shift and veer;
Great souls of yesteryear
Are gone—and are we strange?
O Founder bless our 'during love is thine;
We too, would worship Him, the Christ divine.

Theodore H Rand

'00

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1898.

WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR? *

We shall most honor the memory of the founder of our University by earnestly seeking to apprehend, and compass, the end he had in mind in its foundation. Spoken words of appreciation and praise are well in their place, but one who is worthy of being honored is best honored by deeds that find their inspiration in the principles he loved and lived. To take the highest of all examples, Jesus Christ is most honored, not by the voluble iteration of pious praises, but by a life that is the unmistakable expression of His holy teachings.

The founder of this institution was eminently a man of affairs. He found neither time nor inclination for mere theorizing. He loved and honored Jesus Christ, and this was his inspiration in founding this college. He saw in Him, not a mere theorizer, but a practical worker, having in His eye the world's pitiable need, and in his heart the holy ambition to provide for it to the full. In his judgment the most effective use he could make of the large means entrusted to his stewardship was to invest it in this ample provision for the training of young men and women for the service of Jesus Christ. His object was not the provision of means for the acquisition of mental culture and

*Address delivered on the evening of Founder's Day, Dec. 21, 1897

furnishing for their own sake so much as for the sake of the increased service that could thereby be rendered in ministering to the need of the world for which Christ died. This University was not founded for the purpose of multiplying learned theorists and speculators, or cultured ornaments to society, but for the fitting of men and women for larger usefulness in a world whose pitiable need is ever crying out for compassionate, self-denying helpers. This is the thought that determines the trend of my words this evening.

From of old, the great problems, "Whence am I?" and "What is my destiny?" have challenged the profoundest thought of the world's great thinkers. The unaided human answer is found in the limping philosophies and groping religions of the world. One only could say from conviction based on truth, "I know whence I am and whither I go." The more practical question, however, is, *What am I here for?* In no age has this problem engaged the human thought as universally and as satisfactorily as it should have done. One of the deepest questions of life, it is yet one that should in the early years of life receive the most earnest and serious thought the soul can command. The answer to it is to be a determining factor in the shaping of the whole life. It is not enough that this question should have had a distinct and true answer in the minds that conceived the organization of a great educational institution: this true answer should live and move and have its being, day by day, in the mind of every member thereof. Those who have the management and shape the policy of the institution, those who formulate the course of instruction, those who guide and stimulate the mind in the pursuit of that course, and those who receive the instruction,—all alike should have a worthy answer to this question clearly within consciousness as a determinative force of action.

We are in the world, as a part of it, for some purpose. It may be worth our while to inquire in the light of what we are, and of what the world is, what we are in it for. I need scarcely say that in this inquiry I am having in mind those who are real Christians, born again of the Spirit of God, and living a life of faith in the Son of God.

In a sense other, possibly, than that which the apostle had

in mind when he used the expression, "None of us liveth to himself," there is a sense in which the phrase, "the solidarity of the race," expresses a great truth. The phrase signifies, according to Trench, a fellowship in gain and loss, in honor and dishonor, in victory and defeat,—a being, so to speak, all in the same boat. There is a very real relation of interdependence among the members of the human family. You cannot say to your fellow, "I have no need of thee." Absolute independence and isolation is an impossibility. We cannot sever ourselves from any section or condition or class of the human family, saying that we will have no relations with them,—that we will not suffer our lives to come into any touch with theirs, not permit theirs to come into any touch with ours. Our lives are subject to unalterable laws that forbid this. By way of illustration, a gentleman was solicited to co-operate in an effort to improve the sanitary and moral condition of the people of a certain section of the great city in which he lived. He replied that he would have nothing to do with such people. A little later his only daughter was stricken with that dread scourge, smallpox, and in spite of all that could be done, succumbed to the disease. It was subsequently learned that the germs of the disease came in a garment made by one of the inhabitants of that district. Whether we will or not we must have to do with one another. The safety of *one* demands the safety of *all*. To allow infectious disease to run riot in one home imperils every home. The vehicles for the conveyance of disease germs are legion. If we may so speak, spiritual microbes, also, find numberless vehicles for their transport from soul to soul, carrying their infection everywhere, unless the stringent laws of spiritual sanitation and health are everywhere strictly observed. Each individual life is affected by those subtle, interacting, spiritual forces set in motion by the rest of the lives of the community and of the race. So also is each life contributing its quota to the production of those influences that are affecting all other lives.

We are coming to realize that these inalienable relationships have a wider sweep, and their influences a wider reach than ever before, and that their sphere is rapidly widening every day. In no former age did life touch life so widely over the earth. Before the days of the utilization of steam and electric power

the situation was far different. Yonder was the secluded settlement. Its relations within its own little circle were close and influential, but it knew little or nothing of the outside world, and consequently was as little affected by outside conditions. But now the way has been hewed out of the enclosing forest, the great highways of communication have been opened up, the ships are plowing the seas to every shore, and, beneath the seas and across the continents, the electric wires, girdling the globe, are vibrating throughout their entire circuit with the throb of human life that is touching them at every point. The tremor of the wire felt here may have been produced by the throb of human life that is touching them at every point. The tremor of the wire felt here may have been produced by the throb of China's life yonder, and the tremor of the wire felt there may have been produced by the throb of Canada's life here. None of us liveth to himself. No nation liveth to itself. It is one world, one race, with the forces that make character so interacting throughout the whole circle that the highest well-being of one is conditioned by the promotion of the well-being of all.

As Christians we cannot leave the world as it is, without suffering in our own lives the inevitable consequence of the neglect. Christians must christianize the world, or, in measure at least, be paganized by the world. No man can get on himself as he should unless he is helping others to get on with him. Prof. Matthews wrote a popular book some years ago entitled, "Getting on in the World." Whatever merit the book may possess, it bears a title that suggests the false and perilous thought that fires selfish ambition, which is of immeasurable damage to the race. The truest ambition is not to get on in the world, but to get the world on with us. A man may forge his way forward by forcibly crowding the world back, but the world will have its revenge: he will find something, of more worth than that which he gets, slipping out of his life. It is the truest policy in life, as well as the highest obligation, to be fellow-helpers of one another. The divine injunction is not, "Get on in the world," but, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Whether he wills it or not, in these days, every man is in some measure, going out into all the world. No man can hedge

his life about by stakes of his own setting. Whether of his deliberate purpose or otherwise, the energies of his being are impinging upon the life of the world. If the relation of the component drops of the mighty ocean are such that a pebble cast into it affects the whole body, it is no less true that the throb of the individual life has its effect upon the whole ocean of human being. The nexus of the component souls is yet more sensitive than that of the component drops of water, and the touch is at a larger number of points. We cannot get away from the great laws that govern the interaction of all lives on one another through contact. Both the sensitiveness and wideness of this contact in our day imperially demand our attention in shaping our life purposes.

This universal interaction of life is for weal or for woe, according as the dominating force is self-giving or self-seeking. The world is rising or lowering as the one or the other of these principles is dominating the lives of men. It is not at present by any means an ideal world, nor are any of its component elements ideal personalities. It is just as it is, and we are just as we are, as individuals in it, and of it. How then can we, such as we are, help on this world, such as it is, to something higher and better, and, in so doing, help ourselves on with it? There is no place in this world for romancing with speculative ideals. The great problem is, what are we, real personalities, in this real world, of which we are a part, going to do to help it on to a life that is higher, truer and better? Let us remind ourselves again that, whether we will or not, our lives will bring to the world a contribution of either weal or woe. Life is not a negative quantity. We shall make the world either better or worse. Moreover, if we do not make the world better, it will make us worse. Such is our constitution and relationship that if we are not helping others to something higher, we are ourselves being dragged down to something lower. Commingling human life, like commingling waters, tends to a level.

When I speak of our being in the world just as we are, I refer to the facts by which we are conditioned in our lives. Man has been endowed with physical, mental, social and spiritual nature. We, however, as individuals have not inherited these endowments under the condition of their original creation. An

element has entered into human life that, besides infecting the entire being with its corruption, has immeasurably narrowed the circle of its powers. If, then, we have nothing more than the endowment of creation, dragging heavily, as it does, with the clog of sin, we are certainly not conditioned to do the rest of the world much good. But I am speaking of Christians, for if the motto of our University has any significance, it intimates that Christ has obtained a supreme place in the lives of the governing, teaching and student bodies. A Christian is a new creation in Christ. This changes essentially and immeasurably the conditions under which we are in the world. "Christ liveth in me." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is Christ alone who can uplift the lost and ruined world. "Without me," said He, "ye can do nothing." It is as we have Christ dwelling in us that we touch other lives helpfully. But this power of Christ is not exercised equally in all Christian lives, nor in the same Christian life under differing conditions.

In becoming incarnate Christ subjected Himself to certain limitations. If in a pure and perfect human organism limitation was of necessity involved, how much more so when he comes to dwell in, and work through, the very imperfect humanity He finds in us. It is ours, by His grace, to reduce as much as possible these limitations to His power through us. .Other things being equal, Christ can work with greater efficiency through a strong intellect than through a feeble one, through a cultured than through an untrained mind, through a vigorous and strong body than through a weak and emaciated one, through cultivated social qualities than through repellent boorishness. Of course it is a mistake to think that human culture is sufficient equipment for the work of uplifting the world. But it is no less a mistake to suppose that Christ is limited to men and women of imbecile and uncultured minds as the agency through which His mighty deeds are to be accomplished.

We come back again to our question, What are we here for? If we are right in what we have said thus far, it is not that we may live self-centred lives. Christ says that He came in the flesh, "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Does He come into lives

to-day for another purpose than He had when He came in the life of the child of Bethlehem and the man of Nazareth? As He yearned in that life to touch and relieve the world's need, so He yearns in every life into which He comes. How eagerly He is seeking to reach out through our finiteness and imperfection, with the hand of His power to touch the sinning and suffering race. How pitiable it is, if, by our selfishness, either of indolence or ambition, we restrain that hand in its outgoing, and wound that heart of love that moves the hand of power! What are we in the world for? Is it not that, through every part of our being, we may let Christ come into the widest possible quickening and sanctifying touch with our race?

At every point of its need the world should feel the touch of the Christ. On every side of its life are the points of need. Politically the world needs the touch that will establish righteous and beneficent rule. Commercially it needs that touch that will create the business principles based on the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Socially it needs the touch that will purify, elevate and dignify its community of life. Mentally it needs the touch that will produce honest and pure, as well as vigorous and lucid, thinking. Spiritually it needs the touch that will quicken and sanctify the corrupt and dead life. The Christian is thus afforded the opportunity, in every honorable calling in life, and in all the varieties of his contact with the world, of becoming the medium and agent of Christ's power to meet the need. The opportunity does not lie along the line of gospel preaching and Christian teaching alone. Through real Christian lives, the world needs to have Christ brought into vital and formative touch with its statesmanship, with its legislation, with its executive action, with its commercial enterprise, with its business methods, with its educative processes, as with every other activity and condition of its complex life.

How may the world's need be touched at most points, and at every point with greatest efficiency? By placing at Christ's disposal powers that are *trained* and *furnished*. In the largest sense of Paul's language, it is only the trained and furnished man who can become "all things to all men," that is, who can come into widest and most efficient touch with humanity. For

this culture and furnishing our University was founded and exists.

Our honored Chancellor, in requesting the delivery of this address, wrote thus, "We wish to make McMaster University contribute to the highest type of life in our country and in other countries, that is, to bring men, so far as we are able to influence them, to a manly, noble, Christian ideal of life everywhere. Besides training men for the ministry and teaching profession, we would like to put our stamp upon men who will be the leaders in other departments of life. We should like to see physicians, lawyers, business men, statesmen and the like going out from our halls full of a New Testament piety, and a large conception of what life means." I am sure no sentiments setting forth the aims of the institution could more thoroughly accord with the mind of its founder than these I have read of its present head. It is in the honest, earnest working out of these principles that we shall most honor the memory of the founder of our University.

A. P. McDiarmid.

JOEL CHANDLER AND PLANTATION FOLK-LORE.

II.

(Concluded.)

It is characteristic of all these folk-lore stories, be they from African or South American lips, that the helpless and weak triumph over the strong; the mischievous and cunning over the cruel. Mr. Rabbit, one of the smallest and most helpless of animals, comes out best in his conflicts with the fox, the wolf, the bear, and others stronger than himself. No matter what predicament he finds himself in his wits suggest some escape. For instance—the fox suspecting the rabbit of stealing his goobers (peanuts) and finding the hole in the fence about the size of Mr. Rabbit and where he evidently got in, set a trap for him by fastening one end of a rope to a sapling, making a slip-knot in the other so that it would catch the rabbit as he came through.

It was entirely successful, and the rabbit found himself suspended in mid air. At this juncture Mr. Bear came along. After the usual "howdys" "Brer Bear he ax Brer Rabbit w't he doin' up dar in de elements. Brer Rabbit say he makin' dollar minit. Brer Bear he say how." Then Mr. Rabbit goes on to say that he is keeping the crows out of Brother Fox's ground pea (peanut) patch, and asks Brother Bear if he doesn't want to make a dollar a minute because he has such a large family of children, and then he would make such a splendid scare crow. So "Brer Bear low dat he take de job." It wasn't long before Brother Bear was swinging from the tree, and the released rabbit skipped off to find Brother Fox to inform him that he, the rabbit, had found the man who had been stealing. The fox came with cane in hand, and proceeded to administer summary punishment to the Bear without waiting for explanations. "While Brer Rabbit he lit out."

It was upon Mr. Fox that Mr. Rabbit most frequently played his tricks. Mr. Fox finally became so exasperated that he could stand it no longer; the result was "The Wonderful Tar Baby" which I before mentioned. "Brer Fox went to wuk an got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar Baby, an he tuk dis yer Tar Baby en he sot 'er in de bushes for to see w't de news was gwinter be." Presently Brother Rabbit "come pacin' down de road lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity till he spy de Tar Baby an den he fotch up on his behind legs like he was 'stonished. "'Mawnin," sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—'nice wedder dis mawnin', sezee." Tar Baby ain't sayin' nothin', en Brer Fox he lay low. "'How does yo' symtums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee." I cannot reproduce the whole, but Brother Rabbit continues in a most amusing monologue, first accusing the Tar Baby of being deaf and then "stuck up," getting no response and growing warmer each minute until he proceeds to "larn her how ter talk ter 'spectable fokes" and hits her with one hand which sticks fast; or as Uncle Remus puts it—"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar Baby, she keep on sayin' nothin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en 'blip,' he tuck 'er side er de head. Right ders whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar Baby,

she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low." This does not mollify him and he exclaims "If you don't let me loose I'll knock you agin'," which he does with a similar result. So it goes on, the rabbit demanding to be let loose and getting stuck fast, until both hands, feet and head are mixed up with the Tar Baby. The fox then came innocently out of the bushes enjoying his enemy's predicament, and, after giving him much good advice, decides to burn him on a brush heap. The rabbit declares that he doesn't care what is done with him so long as 'Brer Fox' does not throw him in "dat briar patch." The fox then decides to hang him—"Hang me des as high es you please, Brer Fox, but fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat briar patch!" The fox then decides to drown him; again the rabbit says anything but the briar patch. The fox finally concludes that to do this very thing will hurt the rabbit most: "So he takes him by de behind legs en slung him right in de middle er de briar patch" and awaited developments. At first he heard a great spluttering, and while he still waited the fox heard his name called and looked up to find Mr. Rabbit sitting cross-legged on a log a safe distance away, "comin' de pitch outen his ha'r wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he been swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit was bleedzed fer ter fling back sum er his sass en he holler out 'Bred an' bawn in a briar patch, Brer Fox, bred an' bawn in a briar patch."

In the African story which Poultney Bigelow gives us, the Tar Baby is a woman, made from tree gum, and stands in the field where the women were in the habit of gathering peanuts and peas, and from which Mr. Rabbit was in the habit of scaring them by shouting "The army is coming, run, run." While they were hiding in the swamps Mr. Rabbit would descend and eat up the peanuts which they had gathered. They finally suspected him of tricking them, and made the gum woman to catch him. He was securely caught in the same way as Uncle Remus's rabbit was. When captured the rabbit begged that he might be allowed the honor of dying on the back of the chief of their village. The chief lay down on a mat, the executioner raised his spear which, alas! descended into the back of the chief, for Mr. Rabbit jumped high in the air just in time to save himself, and, in the confusion, ran away. The chief was killed,

and the executioner met a similar fate. As was the rabbit, so are the Negroes noted for their happy faculty for getting out of difficulties. Even Uncle Remus when asked questions by the little boy about various incidents in the stories which were told him slipped out of the difficulty in some happy way.

An ordinary meeting of friends among the old time Negroes, as among the animals, is not the informal affair that it is with us—"When dey done howdyin' an axin atter one nudders fambly connexsun'" usually a considerable time has been consumed.

The Negro always has an explanation for everything. One night as the little boy sat by Uncle Remus he discovered to his surprise that the palms of the old man's hands were white. His question about this led to the following recital from Uncle Remus :—

"'Tooby sho de pa'm er my han's w'ite, honey,' he quietly remarked, en, w'en it come ter dat, dey waz a time w'en all de w'ite folks 'uz black—blacker dan me, kaze I done bin yer so long dat I sorter bleach out.'

The little boy laughed. He thought Uncle Remus was making him the victim of one of his jokes; but the youngster was never more mistaken. The old man was serious. Nevertheless, he failed to rebuke the ill-timed mirth of the child, and after a time resumed :

'Yasser. Folkes dunner w'at bin yit, let 'lone w'at gwineter be. Niggers is niggers now, but de time wuz w'en we 'us all niggars tergedder'.

'When was that Uncle Remus ?'

'Way back yander. In dem times we 'uz all un us black; we 'uz all niggers tergedder, en 'cordin' ter all de 'counts w'at I years fokes 'us gittin' long 'bout ez well in dem days as day is now. But atter w'ile de news come dat dere wuz a pon' er water somers in de naberhood, w'ich ef dey'd git inter dey'd be wash off nice en w'ite, en den one un um, he fine de place en make er splunge inter de pon', en come out w'ite as a town gal. En, den, bless, grashus, w'en de fokes seed it, dey mek a break fer de pon', en dem w'at wuz de soopless (quickest), dey got in fus' en dey come out w'ite; en dem w'at wuz de nex' soopless, dey got in nex', en dey come out merlatters; en dey wuz such a crowd of dem dat dey mighty nigh use de water up, w'ich w'en dem yut-

hers come 'long, de morest dey could do wuz ter paddle about wid der foots en dabble in wid der han's. Dem wuz de niggers, en down ter dis day dey ain't no w'ite 'bout a nigger 'cept in de pa'ms er der han's en de soles er der foot."

This account of the origin of the races greatly interested the child, and to further question the old man continued:

"De Injun en de Chinee got ter be 'counted 'long er de merlatter. I ain't seed no Chinee dat I knows on, but dey tells me dey er sorter 'twix a brown en a brindle. Dey er all merlatters."

When reminded that the Chinese have straight hair the old man replied immediately 'Co'se honey, dem w'at git ter de pon' time nuff' for ter git der head in de water, de water it onkink der ha'r. Hit bleedzd ter be dat away.'"

Another Negro characteristic which is brought out in the folk-lore is their hospitality and courteousness. They make their guests welcome beyond a doubt, and have a natural grace and politeness of manner. As a rule their voices are specially melodious; it is a rare thing to hear harsh, discordant tones, except where the preachers have shouted until they have no voices left. The soft r's, the dropping of the end letters of the words, the elision of sharp sound of letters, all tend to make their speech smooth and of easy flow. They have the same happy-go-lucky way of talking as they have of living.

The Negro comes of a very ancient race. Many thousand years ago in the days of Homer it was said of them:—"In the ancient times the blacks were known to be so gentle to strangers that many believed the gods, sprang from them. Homer sings of the ocean father of the gods and says that when Jupiter wishes to take a holiday he visits the sea and goes to the banquets of the blacks—a people humble, courteous and devout." And they are that to-day; if these were the ancestors of our American Negro, and many think they were, the marks of their forefathers are still upon them They are grateful and affectionate, soon forgetting a wrong. If they were not a patient people their lot would have been a far harder one. The dialect in which the plantation folk-lore is written is being driven out by education. It is found pure and undiluted only in the country places and among the old Negroes. The coming generation thinks of the tales and dialect as belonging to slavery times, and is in

haste to put in the background all that pertains to that period. One of the old ministers in speaking of the effect of the schools said :—" Why when Sally got home she talked just like the white folks." We hope there were also other results. Truly for these people, " Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

Clara Goble Sale.

Atlanta Baptist College.

THE BRIDE O' THE SUN.

In a veil of white vapor, hushed stars moving through,
She comes, when the tremulous morning is new,
The bride o' the sun ;
Green, green is her robe, tipt with crystalline beads,
Where it drips with the dews shaken off as she speeds,
The bride o' the sun.

There's a slim virgin moon swaying low at her side,
But the frost at her heart is not meet for a bride,
The bride o' the sun.
There are stars in her train, but they pale to the least,
When open the light-shedding doors of the East
To the bride o' the sun.

Lo he cometh, the bridegroom, in garments of gold,
And his glances are flashing, bright, beauteous, bold,
On the bride o' the sun ;—
Till her heart it leaps up, like flame unto flame,
Unfolding to flower o'er all her fair frame,
Sweet bride o' the sun.

O glorious bridal of fire and earth !
O ancient of miracles ! new as at birth
Of the bride o' the sun.
All creation doth wear a more rapturous face,
For the joy of the earth as she circles thro' space,
Ever bride o' the sun.

Blanche Bishop.

HUMOURS OF '37.*

For this new book we have much regard. It is written by two favorably known ladies of Stratford, and it proves, if proof is still needed, that women can, in the world of letters, occupy an honorable place. It is, together with a previous volume by the same ladies, a welcome addition to Canadian literature, the growth of which in this as in every other new country, has been as yet rather slow and scanty. And it is a book, from the reading of which we have obtained not only enjoyment, but also clearer and fuller ideas concerning the social and political life of Canadians in the stormy times of the rebellion.

In writing this book, the authors have closely adhered to their text. It is not a general history of Canada from the arrival of Cabot until now—it being assumed that its readers have been taught all that already in school or college. It is only a historical sketch of a special period—the period of the rebellion —the grave, gay, and grim humours of '37. In order to do this well, the authors gathered old newspapers, old letters, old parliamentary debates and records, old books and pamphlets, and oral and written contributions from surviving veterans that were more or less actors or sufferers in those unsettled days. With much labor evidently, they examined, selected, and arranged their material, and now here, in this book, they have given us a clear, animated, and graphic record of the rebellion times in the Canadas.

In our opinion, these rebellion times, as described in this or any other such like book, are well worth one's study. It is common to denounce rebellion, as if it were only and always an unmitigated evil. For ourselves, we think that the less we have of them the better. But as doctors are sometimes required to cut and saw to preserve life, so rebellions are sometimes necessary to remove evils and promote a nation's welfare. Nay, even as the rebellion of the English barons against King John obtained the "Magna Charta," or as the British rebellion against James II., and the invitation to William, Prince of Orange, to occupy the throne, secured honest government and religious toleration

*Humours of '37, Grave, Gay, and Grim—Rebellion Times in the Canadas. By Robina and Kathleen M. Lizars, 1897. Toronto: William Briggs.

for the people, even so, in our opinion, the rebellion times of the Canadas brought to light the grievous, irritating, and dangerous evils, which to get rid of at length led both Conservatives and Reformers to unite upon the confederation of the provinces, and so to establish in '67 that which is the boast and glory of all true Canadians—"the great Dominion of Canada,"—in which Dominion, in the eyes of the law, there are no French, English, Irish, Scotch, or Italians, but all are Canadians, and every one, be he rich or poor, entitled to protection and justice.

In further noticing this book, we shall, for the sake of brevity, confine ourselves to its three-fold alliterative division—the grave, gay, and grim humours of '37.

First, the grave humours. As the main causes of these rebellion times, the authors begin their book with two chapters, headed "Baneful Domination." These chapters refer not only to the intolerable arroganey of the Hierarchy, of the Seigniory, and of the Family Compact, but also to the arrogancy of all those satellites who were "clothed with a little brief authority." Not only did the Hierarchy seek to dominate the State, or the Compact to seize upon all the fat offices for the benefit of themselves and their relations, but even a barrister would not shake hands with a solicitor, and every Dissenting clergyman, be he Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, was deemed unfit "to appear in an assembly of gentlemen." There was no toleration for any one to give countenance to a Reformer. "Postmaster Howard was dismissed from his office, because his ten-year-old son had been found reading a Radical newspaper." And for all these evils and the like, there was no legal remedy. Petitions and remonstrances were generally not attended to, but summarily dismissed, as the impertinences of a few nobodies or hot-headed fanatics. What man, that had any self-respect and intelligence, could always submit to endure such tyranny? It is recorded that "an old dyed-in-the wool Tory, a writer of some note, has said,—'when I look over events, which were thought all right by the Loyalists of those times, I only wonder there were not thousands of Mackenzies and Papineaus.'" Affairs, at that time, were, indeed, grave and serious.

Second, the gay humours. The book is throughout full of these humours, like raisins and other sweets in a fancy loaf—that is, taking the word 'gay' in its very widest meaning.

First of all, as the most proper, we notice the coronation of the Princess Victoria in '37, which, in all its grandeur as well as solemnity, is most feelingly and tastefully depicted by our authors. Her whole behaviour on that occasion shows that from the first she deserved to be what she, this sixty years after, has become—the best, and greatest, and longest-ruling Queen in the world's history. Moreover, in the like spirit, in her first message to her Parliament, she showed her prudence, and her love for all her people—making special mention of her North American subjects, that she put her trust in them, in spite of the reports that they were in a discontented, seditious state. For, in '37 there were delegates from the Canadas, Mackenzie among them, in London, seeking by petition and interview to prevail upon the British Government to adopt immediately measures to remove the serious evils with which the Canadas were then afflicted. Some of these delegates were present both at her coronation and in Parliament during the delivery of her message.

Next, in the two Governors of those times, we have another species of the gay. Sir John Colborne is represented as an able, honest governor, but, as a Loyalist of the strictest sect, a stern one. But his predecessor, Sir Francis Bond Head, in spite of some ability, is held up as somewhat ridiculous, over-confident, over-fond of sleep, showy and yet grotesque in his person and habits. There is a significant humour in the following description of him. "He owed much to a wonderful personal magnetism, old and young loved him—when they did not hate him."

As to the two Radical leaders, we have both Mackenzie and Papineau praised as energetic and eloquent, but depicted as rather vain and timid. When confronted with bodily danger, they were among the very first to act upon the maxim—"discretion is the better part of valor"—

> "To run away,
> That they might live to fight some other day."

Among the less prominent in those times, yet still worthy of notice for their gay humour, we have, in this book, brought before us Colonel Talbot, with his numerous eccentricities; and Colonel Prince, clothed in rough home spun, fond of merry feast, and yet of decided watchfulness and bravery in defending Windsor from those rapacious malignants who, in the darkness

of night, crossed over from Detroit to capture or more likely to plunder and burn that beautiful village. The rather warm reception given them by Colonel Prince so displeased them that they in thorough disorder soon beat a speedy retreat.

And of innumerable laughable sayings, we shall, as a specimen, give, for the sake of brevity, only one. A certain judge, in condemning a poor tailor to death for the murder of a soldier, thus concluded his sentence—"And not only did you murder him, but you did thrust, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his breeches, which are his Majesty's."

And, third, the grim humours. Here, our authors give us some most vivid, heart-rending descriptions. There is, for instance, in the beautiful village of St. Eustache, the burning, by the Loyalists, of the church, in which were enclosed quite a number of rebels with their wives and children, soldiers surrounding the building and shooting every one that attempted to escape. It is also truly a grim humour that condemned such men as Lount and Matthews to the gallows—men as true and upright, perhaps more so, than some of those who took part in assigning them to that bitter, degrading penalty.

And one of the most harrowing scenes of all is that so feelingly painted, in which we see MacKenzie confined in Buffalo in a felon's small, bare room, the access to which was up a steep ladder, and to be entered only by passing through the room in which were the axes and the suspended ropes for carrying out the death-penalty upon the lowest and worst of criminals. To the scantiness of the fare, and the grim solitariness of the place, there must be added the laceration of his most tender affections. Mourning over his sick wife, over four daughters buried, and his mother, nearly ninety years of age, whom from infancy till death he revered and loved with all his soul, and a darling daughter apparently drawing nigh to her last end—it was only with difficulty that he twice obtained leave to visit them, and that only for a comparatively short time, and accompanied by a lower-gaol official, filthy and brutal looking, who never allowed him to be out of his sight; and when his mother died, he was not allowed to attend the funeral, although from a small window in his cell he had the melancholy satisfaction to see the mournful

procession as it passed by on the street in front of his prison. Poor MacKenzie! thy life's struggle was hard, but it was not useless. In thine own way, thou wert one of the precursors towards the establishment of the Dominion. When a boy, in that city up the Tay twenty miles from his birth-city, I heard and read of the MacKenzie rebellion. And shortly after I had come to Canada, in the early spring of 1861, and was with a friend, Mr. R. J. Wylie of Grange Avenue, walking along the south side of King Street, just opposite to Toronto Street, he suddenly said to me "Do you see that gentleman? That is MacKenzie." I looked and saw a venerable old man; but he appeared so quiet and respectable, that he would have been one of the last men that I would have suspected of being, perhaps, the most stormy spirit in the rebellion times.

The last chapter in this book, named "The Deborahs," is so good, that it deserves, we think, a special place in this notice. In the rebellion times there were here and there all over the Canadas many Deborahs, distinguished by their heroism, and yet, as every woman should be, "gentle women, ever kind." Some of these Deborahs, still living, have—not only orally but by written letter about what they saw, and did, and suffered in those times, —contributed to the matter of this chapter. One of them, we can't tell who, as a good specimen, we single out:

A poor rebel, after one of the numerous skirmishes, was compelled through the defeat of his party to fly for his life. After a long flight through the bush, having lost his way, fatigued, cold, hungry, and his clothing all in tatters, he saw a house remote from any other. He approached and knocked at the door. It was opened by the mistress of the house, the only person then in it, happily for the poor hunted rebel. She took him in, warmed him, fed him, clothed him, and led him out to the path following which he was most likely to make his escape safely. And, for a long time, she kept this incident locked up in her breast. And why? Her husband was the magistrate, and had the incident become known he would have been severely punished. Moreover, the lady herself was a keen, sincere loyalist. But she had a true woman's heart. As I read of this incident, methinks I saw the Master looking lovingly down, and heard Him approvingly saying—"She hath done what she could."

In concluding this notice, we may state that there are a few minor matters in the book with which we do not sympathise. But of Homer it has been said that "he sometimes nods, and even sleeps." And Sir Walter Scott is blamed for having, in his brilliant novel of Ivanhoe, not a few ungrammatical sentences, and for depicting a herd of swine in an English forest feeding upon the acorns at a season when no acorns could be there. Even so, though dissenting from a few things connected with this book, we end as we began this notice—'for this new book we have much regard.

THOMAS WILSON.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.
EDITORS.

HAMLET'S CHARACTER AS IT APPEARED TO CLAUDIUS.

A STUDY IN SOLILOQUIES.

Day One: Act One. Scenes One to Three.

SCENE: A secluded part of the palace garden: enter Claudius, King of Denmark, late at night:—

Claudius:—O God, O God, Thy name upon these lips
Is as the dove poised on the charnel-house,
Loathing her place, and in expectancy
Essaying upward flight,—ay! look ye then:
Why is't all arrant knaves outstrip the rest
In shrieking out the Name, forevermore
That's meaningless to them, or worse, far worse?
My curse upon't! I'll not do it grace,—
To Thee I rather cry, O Thou Dread Fiend,
Satan thy name, and my malicious Lord!

Grant healing, Thou, give me my full delight
Till years have sped and I am Thine of right!

To-day I opened court; ay, ay, O ay!
What say'st Thou, Satan, 'twas too hastily?
Ah me! Most true 'tis I was ill-prepared
To work upon my cousin Hamlet's temper
With wary diligence, as I had thought.
What utter'st thou? Belike he cannot know,
He is but peevish and morose of nature,
How could he know? There was no witness by
When—
Oh, curse thee, Claudius, thou'rt a fool indeed,
Thou'rt cautious. thou! Ha, ha, damnation! What?
What must thou bawl then, O thou clever knave?
Again to't, come! At length my courage mounted
high
And so indeed my blood! I spoke to him
And curiously demanded of his woe,
Whereat he drave me a sharp-pointed dart
Of meaning, all reproachful of my crown.
Then Gertrude spoke, (ever my dearest dame,
O Gertrude, I have doomed my soul for thee!)
And gently chided his unmanly grief,
And lighten'd him of unavoided death,—
Yet straightway answered he in riddles still.
Then praised I his commendable sorrow
For his dead father, yet I rather strove
To harp upon his weary stubbornness,
His harsh demeanour, void of faith and reason,
And, ending, spake of my fair love to him,
My soul resenting that enacted lie
As tho' in him it saw perpetual bane.
Again 'twas Gertrude: her he answered kind
And I, albeit with inward irritance,
Clutching at the occasion, now so apt
For cousinly conciliation, so
Profess'd conviction of his loyalty,
That courage thrill'd me unto new-born hope

And gave the lie unto my soul again ;
Then straightway, waiting not his moody drift
I seized on Gertrude, and departed swift.

. . . . . .

Why this dark terror of unceasing fear ?
Oh, say it, hell ! O wicked, woeful king,
For lust and crime condemn'd to gnawing pain
And constant dwelling on the noxious cause !
God, I defy Thee ! I must have my will
In spite of heaven or of Hamlet still.

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet.

" So excellent a King ! that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr. ."
" My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. . ."
" It is not, nor it cannot come to good."
" My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play :"

Day Two : Act I. Scenes 4 and 5.

" The King doth wake to-night. ."
" O my prophetic soul ! My uncle !"
" O villain, smiling, damned villain !"
" So uncle, there you are."
" The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !"

(Interval of about Two Months.)

II.

Day Three : Act II., Scenes 1 and 2.

Scene as before ; enter Claudius, as before :—

Claudius :—Again the wretched gaspings of my soul,
A curse upon't,—it shall not cry in hell !
Stifled, destroy'd, ay ! there's the remedy,

That pompous-mouthing knave, Polonius
Now doth me certain service : ' Hamlet's mad,'
He states with full assurance of the case,—
Mad with the ecstasy of fruitless love,
Mad for Ophelia,—Oh, the joyful thought
Sped thrilling to my brain : Hamlet is mad !
No more the guilty fear of sudden doom,
Nought else to feign but sympathetic grief,—
My good Polonius, thou hast well bethought,—
He's mad ! He's mad ! No more he'll trouble me,
' He's mad ! ' I said, ' O sorrow, but 'tis sure ! '
And Hamlet's self lends countenance to this,
His own worst witness, for his wilder ways
And fierce behaviour stamp him lunatic.
I fear his violence ; whence his cunning comes
I cannot make conjecture, what he knows
How can I gather who am powerless ?
I fear me he knows all—he eyes me so—
But comprehend I cannot *how* he doth !
What recks it ! I have dubbed him madman now
And the two spies have set upon his heels
The reason to lay bare. 'Twas politic
Thus before Gertrude and th' assembled court
To order it. Perchance, too, they may learn
His source of irritation. I profess'd
Failure of all conjecture further than
His father's death. Ay, soul, I lied again,
But, silence, thou ! I have not lied in vain.

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet :—

" It cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
O vengeance !
" The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

III.

Day Four: Act III., Act IV, Scenes 1 to 3.

Scene and time as before; enter Claudius.

Claudius:—A day of misery! A day of pain!
O, Satan, Thou hast double gain in me,
Thy hellish torments are not strange on earth
For earthly anguish ever seems of hell.
Woe's me! a traitor and an erring fool!
But pass recriminations,—no more on't,
For now I'll ponder on the day's events:—
The spies returning, them I questioned,
False Guildenstern and falser Rosencrantz,
(O false and fickle world! O wholly false!)
As with a firm presumption of his madness;
For answer each did make the other's word
Conjoined with his a petty mystery,
Weighting me heavy with a formless fear,
And shrouding me in thick mists of dismay;
But still dissembling at the end of all—
The message that, conceiving, *he* had sent
(A thousand horrors seize him!) of the play
Shortly to be enacted 'fore the King.
The rogues departed, and at once I plunged
In worse hypocrisy,—to spy myself
With knave Polonius,—to spy out Hamlet
As he should suddenly affront Ophelia
Station'd within his way. Then that old fool,—
(O Hell! to think on't) he, Polonius, gives
His irksome precepts and instructive rules
Unto Ophelia for her present bearing,
Remarking on the futile hypocrite
Who o'erdoes all, and thus is over-reach'd;
And tho' my heart well'd up in bitterness
Against him, yet constraining me, it cried
In cruel anguish and remorsefulness
So smiting e'en *my* ears with piercing sound—
Albeit craftily the words were low,

Needs must have been, oh, surely, surely must!
Else did Polonius their meaning drink—
That I remember them as tho' they were
The voice of God Himself:—"*O, 'tis too true!*
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burthen!" Sudden as begun,
So sudden ceas'd, for now did Hamlet come
In mournful meditation on th' event
Of all his turmoil; natheless not a word
He utter'd that could tell me if aright
I judg'd his knowledge. Now he sees Ophelia,
And surely acts the madman prettily.
(Would God he were mad! pray he may be mad!)
For suddenly my soul grew faint with fear
Again, as 'twill forever rise and fall
In vain hope, sure despair, and callousness.
In veiled allusions, yet with meaning blent
All grim and terrible, he shows his mind
To be possess'd of divers surmisings
That come too near to truth, ah! all too near!
Marry, he even prov'd it his intent
To do the murther of a married life
In one too base to live. Ah me! but worse
Remains to tell, to ponder, to rehearse.

. . . . . .

The play! The play! Suspicion certainty,
Dread hatred, misery the keenest hurt,—
So grew the horrid aspect in his brain's
Conception of the first revengeful blow.
Short parley held I with him at the first,
Uneasy I, and fearful of his look,—
O damned Satan, Thou hast cheated me,
Why didst Thou tell him? How came *he* to know?
O lost! forever lost! O bitter day,

'Tis pain and death and wickedness alway!

. . . . . .

Ay, but 'twas passing strange! I did not wince
Since I was half prepar'd for that to come:
For Hamlet's scrutiny in furtive looks,
For all the vile unfolding of the plot
Conceived by me and executed so,—
I gaz'd unmoved and was steadfast still
Before the horrid culminating deed:
The murd'rous poison in the very place
And self-same method that I knew so well.
Ah, Hamlet! truly I do fear thee much,
Omniscient one, if god, or man, or fiend!
Then I arose, as one who wakes from sleep
Affrighted, trembling at a wanton dream,
And heard *his* sneer and felt his thrilling glance
And almost felt his no less piercing sword,
And rush'd away bewilder'd and undone,
Unto the palace now so hardly won.

. . . . . .

'Sdeath, how I hate this soul-espying Hamlet!
Ay! hate and curse, tho' unavailingly,
Not therefore ceasing ever to rebel
In utter anger at the thought that gave
Him being. Oh that he were dead, were dead!
Ha! that's a tripping chorus to my ear:—

'Life and Death,
Deceit, Despair,
So shall the varlets vary;
A stifling breath
Cuts off our care,
Now by'r Lady Mary
Life, Death
Everywhere,
Must take us all unwary!"

. . . . . .

God! what a knave! A very jingling fool
Would think on't in more sober guise than I,
But this o'er early, sudden, awful fate
So blinds me, so amazes, that I shrink
Exhausted from contemplating the scene.
Well, as the puff'd Polonious saith: perpend,
I sent me Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
Unto the Terror, for to intercede
Some slightly. But 'twas all in vain I sent.
On their return my sudden mood declar'd
Its sovereign will that Hamlet should proceed
To England, (there to die a crafty death).
Polonius came, informed me, and went
On fresh espial planning and intent.

. . . . . .

" O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murther ! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?. . . O bosom black as death !
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well." (*Retires and kneels*).

(*Rising*). *" My words fly up, my thoughts remain below ;*

Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

. . . . . .

IV.

Later at Night.

And then, Oh, how it seemeth but a dream,
He show'd his glaring and accusing mind
Unto the Queen,—and stabb'd Polonius
In passion and in fierce resentment of
His rash intrusion. Gertrude came to me
And told me all ; that I received with ease,—
Albeit in anguish,—knowing 'twas to come,
And straight discern'd an all-sufficient cause,
For instant shipment of the mad young prince
Upon the English voyage,—so I spake
Unto him, after useless questionings
Concerning his late deed and disposition
Of th' empty corpse,—so I spake and urged
Dispatch and all obedience to command,
All which he came to promise meek enough,—
"*And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—*
As my great power thereof may give thee sense...
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun."

Parallel Progress in the Mind of Hamlet.

"*To be, or not to be,—that is the question,*" etc. *

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*SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH: Cf. EURIPIDES:—

" Oh, that there may be nothing. If again
Beyond the grave we wake once more to pain,
What hope will then remain to us? To die
Is of all ills the surest remedy."

And on wordy madness:—

" Quid est enim tam furiosum, quam verborum vel optimorum atque ornatissimorum sonitus inanis, nulla subjecta sententia nec scientia ? "

CICERO, *De Oratore.*

"*Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.*"

"*Those that are married, already, all but one, shall live.*"

"*Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt,*" etc.

"*They are coming to the play; I must be idle.*"

"*Marry, this is miching mallecho.*"

"*Wormwood! wormwood!*"

"*'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? Your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.*"

"*Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*"

"*The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.*"

"*What, frighted with false fire?*"

"*Didst perceive? . . . . .Upon the talk of the poisoning?*"

"*'Tis now the very witching time of night,*" etc.

"*Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,*" etc.

"*A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,*" etc.

"*Look here, upon this picture, and on this,*" etc.

(As Claudius knows) "*I essentially am not in madness,*" etc.

"*To show you how a king may go a progress,*" etc.

Day Five: Act IV, Scene 4.

(Herein Hamlet's progressive soliloquy).

(Interval.)

Day Six: Act IV, Scenes 5 to 7.

Time and place as before; enter Claudius:

Claudius:—

O weary fardels of a fearsome time,—
How willingly I would ha' done wi' them;
Now the poor child Ophelia 's witlessly
Roaming, and singing tearful silly snatches,—
Mad! but as harmless as I would *he* were.
(O Darkest Demon, hear me in distress!)
Then comes Laertes, hard to pacify,
All raging into rank rebellion
For 's father's sake, and waxing still more wild
As lo! his sweet young sister he observes.
Then, to add hell to purgatory, comes
The news of Hamlet's escapade, and his
Return unto the kingdom. Still a path
I keenly saw throughout the labyrinth
And told Laertes; he a poison'd sword
Shall take, and slay the Terror, ah! at last,
In free, fair battle; I, should that weapon fail,
Will have prepar'd an innocent death-cup;
So all is sure, God wot! he must return?
Then must he suffer for 't and for all
The past; he'll not escape his hidden doom.
And now Ophelia's drown'd, Laertes' rage
Nothing but Hamlet's ruin shall assuage.

Parallel progress in the mind of Hamlet.
His letter to Horatio; his letter to Claudius.
Scenes with Laertes, with Horatio.

VI.

Day Seven: Act V, Scenes 1 and 2.

The King's thoughts: before and during the duel:—

Claudius:—

All augurs well. The churchyard quarrelling
And fierce love-rivalry o'er her dead corpse,

Becomes occasion ample and befitting
Of further conflict.

. . . . . .

(Hamlet reveals all to Horatio).

. . . . . .

"*Now begins the fight!*
Set me the stoups of wine upon the table,—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire....
Now the King drinks to Hamlet! Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye."

(*They Play.*)

. . . . . .

"*Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;*
Here's to thy health."

Gives him the cup.

. . . . . .

"*Our son shall win,*" (shall win hell's parapet!)

. . . . . .

"*Gertrude, do not drink.*

(Aside) *It is the poison'd cup, it is too late.*"

. . . . . .

"*Part them; they are incens'd.*"
"*She swoons to see them bleed! Alas, she dies!*"

(Stabbed by Hamlet, furiously).

"*O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.*"

Hamlet at last reveals himself to Claudius:—
"*Here, thou incestuous, murtherous, damned Dane.*

VII.

The Eternal Night:
Claudius (in hell):

"O Master mine, O Monarch, hear me shriek!

I burn ! I burn ! I burn ! O, how I burn
With raging fire, unquenchable ! O Satan, list !
If ever I have said an honest word,
If ever I have done a kindly deed,
If ever I have had remorseful thought,
O, hear me ! Bid grim Death revisit me!
Malignant fiend ! hear me wail and scream,—
God, hearest Thou ? . . . . . .
. . . . . O, piercing agony !

G. Herbert Clarke, '95.

GRISELDA.

The three names which shed most lustre on English literature are those of Shakespeare, Milton and Chaucer. From age to age the fame of Shakespeare increases and his works become more widely known. There is scarcely anyone who is not more or less acquainted with our great Epic, and reveres the name of Milton. But it is in name only that most of us are familiar with the last great name of Chaucer.

This neglect is to be deplored, not merely as showing lack of respect to the restorer of our national language and the father of English poetry, but because his literary excellence is such as merits our close attention. Chaucer possesses the strength, rare buoyancy, and spontaneity of the first impulse of a nation's lusty youth. He is always fresh. He is full of variety. He has quaint wit and a kindly, cheerful spirit. Naturalness and simplicity mark his work. He has an admirable gift for story-telling. But above everything is he famous for his incomparable art of portraiture. In the most natural, easy way he draws a picture, and with fine intention he divines and endows it with its spirit essence, and puts before us a living individual character.

Chaucer is so genial, generous and just in his portrayals that his treatment of female characters causes us some surprise : and we can attribute it only to his compliance with the custom of the day. For, after the fashion of his contemporaries, Chaucer expended a vast amount of satire and questionable wit on the

subject of women; and were evidence of his high regard and respectful courtesy to the sex to be judged by bulk alone, I fear he would make a poor showing.

But his poet's conscience began to prick him for his ungallant doing. So he tells us how one fine May day he had gone to sleep in a leafy bower, and he dreamed that he saw the God of Love, and his Queen and nineteen fair ladies. The God of Love, seeing him, asked who he was, and when he found out, began to upbraid him and arraign him for his heresies. And Love says:—

> "What dostow here,
> In my presence and that so boldely?
> It were better worthy, trewely,
> That a worm come into my sight.
> Thou art my mortal foe and me warreyst.
> And, natheless, answer me now to this,
> Why noldest thou as well han seyd goodness,
> Of women, as thou hast seyd wickkedness?
> Was there no good matere in thy mind?
> Ne in alle thy books couldst thou not find
> Sum story of women that were good and true?
> Yis! God wot, sixty books, old and new
> Hast thou thyself, all full of stories grete
> Of sundry women, whiche lyf they ladde
> An ever a hundred good ageyn oon bad.
> But yet, I seye, what yleth thee to wryte
> The draf of stories and foreget the corn?
> By Saint Venus, that my moder is ·
> If that thou lyve, thou shalt repenten this
> So cruelly that hit shall well be sene."

And Love reviewing all his heretical writings is for condemning him in anger when his Queen interferes. She pleads so touchingly for Chaucer that he is allowed to go with the easy penance of writing the lives of twenty virtuous women.

Alas, for the sincerity of the poet's repentance, I am sorry to add that the tedium of his task overcame him before he had passed the ninth story.

But before Chaucer had so far gone astray as to merit such harsh charges and before the writing of fair, honorable tales was performed as a penance, he wrote a story of such tender beauty as he never again produced.

When Chaucer went on his first tour to Italy he had the

good fortune to meet Petrarch. At the meeting Petrarch related a story, which, on account of its loveliness he had just translated from the Latin. When Chaucer came home, inspired by the beauty of the tale itself, the charm added by the narrator, and perhaps by a desire to do homage to that immortal lover-poet, he wrote in English the exquisitely pathetic tale of Griselda.

The poet tells how a young Italian marquis chooses for his wife a good and beautiful peasant girl. But before he marries her he makes her promise that she will obey him in all things. She answers—

> "Lord, undigne and unworthy
> Am I to thilke honor, that ye me bede
> But as ye wol yourself, right so wol I,
> And heer I swere, that never willingly
> In werk ne thoght, I nil you disobeye
> For to be deed, and me were loth to deye."

In her new life she bears herself with such wisdom and sweet dignity that

> "Though that ever virtuous was she
> She was encressed in swich excellence,
> And so discreet and fair of eloquence,
> So benigne and digne of reverence,
> And coude so the peples herte embrace
> That each her loved that looked on her face."

She settles difficulties and redresses wrongs, and men begin to believe that she is not the old peasants' daughter but some creature sent from Heaven to do good.

The marquis, watching his wife day by day, marvels at her excellence, and cannot comprehend such perfection. He tries her in many little ways, finding no change in her. At last, he conceived the strange passion of putting her to a crucial test. He pretended that the people scorned to be ruled over by the children of a peasant: and challenging her to keep the promise she made him on her wedding day, he tells her that her little daughter must be taken away and killed. Griselda hears this without a sign, and then responds:—

> "Ther may no thing, God so my soule save,
> Lyken to yoo that may displease me.
> Ne I desyre no thing for to have
> Ne drede for to lose—save only ye."

This answer delights Lord Walter, but making no sign, the child is sent away. Then in silent wonder he watches his wife, as day by day, she continues to be—

> " As glad, as humble, as bisy in service
> And eek in love, as she was wont to be,
> Ne of hir doghter not a word spak she."

Four years pass, and a son is born to them. Again the marquis cannot resist tempting his wife. He comes to her with the same plea, and tells her she must part with her second child. Without a murmur of reproach the boy is given up. She says: " Doth with your owne thing right what you list." And the second time, marvelling, the marquis keeps strict watch over his wife.

> " But never coude he find variance ;
> She was ay oon in herte, and in visage,
> And ay the further that she was in age
> The more true, if that 'twere possible
> She was to him in love, and more penible."

> " But there been folk of swich condicioun
> That when they have a certain purpose take
> They can not stint of hir entencioun."

So with Lord Walter, in spite of the surpassing proofs of fidelity and patience in his gentle wife, his demand knows no limit, and he is seized with a madness to try her to the uttermost.

Calling her to him one day, he tells her that the people constrain him to take a new wife, and as he has been granted dispensation by the church to marry again, she must leave him and go back to her old home. This is the final, crushing, heart-breaking blow. Griselda is bowed beneath it. But as she turns to go, with an exquisite dignity and pathetic grace, that make remorse sting deeper than the bitterest reproach, Griselda says in her farewell :

> " And of your newe wyf, God of his grace
> So graunte you wele and prosperitee."

As the time of the marquis' second marriage draws near, the whole country rings with the beauty, wealth and high birth

of the bride. On the day of the wedding Lord Walter sends for Griselda to come and put the palace in order for the new marchioness and order the feast, as she alone is capable. At last the bride arrives with her brother and all her train, and is seen to be a very beautiful, high-born maiden. When they are about to sit down to the feast, the marquis call Griselda, who is busy serving, to come and tell him how she likes his bride.

"Right well," responds Griselda, with no touch of envy or jealousy.

> "A fairer saw I never noon than she,
> I pray to God, give her prosperitee."

"But," she entreats, and this is the only kind of reproach that she ever utters:—

> "Ne prikke with no tormentinge
> This tendre mayden as ye have doon me."

Then at last Lord Walter is overcome. He shows his wife her long lost son and daughter in the supposed bride and her brother. He explains his ruse to test her endurance, and clasping her in his arms exclaims:—

> "Now know I, dear wyf, thy stedfastness
> Grisild, by God that for us dyde
> Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have
> Ne never had, so God my soul save."

It would be easy enough to turn the search light of modern, practical criticism on this quaint old story, and dissolve into nothingness its sad little plot and improbable characters. But as Petrarch found it worthy to tell to his poet-guest from over the sea, and he in turn found it worthy to be made his most tenderly beautiful poem, and as such it has kept its place, and often served as a model through all these years, so let us refrain from destroying its pathetic loveliness.

Among the motley crowd of faces, grave and gay, noble and lowly, true and false, that are in Chaucer's portrait gallery, the face of patient Griselda shines down upon us, so beautiful, so calm, so true, so infinitely tender, so utterly apart; and those meek eyes, that brow of tender constancies, remain forever, the home, the shrine, the resting place of those rare graces—patience and obedience.

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

Editorial Notes.

A SECOND edition of a volume of Canadian poems is rare enough, but a second edition within eight months is unprecedented in the history of Canadian poetry. This unique distinction has been achieved by Dr. Rand's volume "At Minas Basin." The first edition of this book appeared in April of last year, and the demand was large enough to require a second edition in December. The new volume contains about twenty new poems, every one of them worthy of a place therein and several equal to the very best in the first volume. In another issue we hope to give the new poems a more extended notice, and therefore for the present rest satisfied with offering our hearty congratulations to Dr. Rand upon the warm welcome his volume has received. In this connection we might note his poem written for Founder's Day, which we publish this month. It is one of his happiest efforts in honor of that occasion. The artistic and appropriate decoration thereto is the work of Glen H. Campbell, 00', son of Professor Campbell.

THE writer of the article on "Humours of '37," is the Rev. Thomas Wilson, a friend of the editor's who kindly consented to contribute to THE MONTHLY a short review of the historical volume of that name written by Misses Robina and Kathleen M. Lizars, of Stratford, and lately published by William Briggs. Mr. Wilson is well qualified for the task. Though not a witness of the rebellion, he was still near enough to it to be much more familiar with the incidents of it than we of a younger generation. His hair is white as snow, but he yet retains much of the buoyant spirit of youth, and yields to no one in lively interest in the things of the present. There is seldom a day passes on which he does not read his Homer or Virgil in the original, or spend an hour or so with a French or German classic, not to mention the great writers of our own tongue. A graduate of the historic Scotch University of St. Andrews, he is deeply interested in all that pertains to education, and particularly in the training of young men for the Christian ministry. He is a fine type of that happy combination of learning and devout spirituality that made so many Scotch ministers not only pastors of their flocks, but also "domsies" of young men who wished to enter the University. Happy the young man who learned Latin and Greek from such men! Perhaps some day Mr. Wilson may be induced to tell us something about Scotch Universities in the forties.

Book Reviews.

THE BAPTIST PRINCIPLE.*

The reading of this book has been a genuine treat. It is always a pleasure to read a masterly treatment of any important subject if it be at all within one's range. And this is such a book. One rises from its perusal with the impression that the author knows his subject as well as any man has ever known it, and that he has produced *the* work on the subject.

The Baptist Principle is declared to be obedience to Christ, and it is unfolded with great clearness and ability. The main purpose of the book is to show the bearing of that principle upon Baptism and the Lord's Supper and the various questions that have grown up in connection with them. This is done with an accuracy of scholarship and a precision of logic that is simply invincible.

The *scope* of the work is indicated by the titles of the 39 chapters, among which we would like to mention the following: "The Principle Defined"; "Obedience and the Spirit of obedience"; "The Two Ordinances Appointing Baptism, 'Baptize' and 'Be Baptized'"; "The Great Commission: what it Teaches about Baptism"; "Obedience and Common Sense"; "Common Sense and Baptism"; "Common Sense and Close Communion"; "How Baptist Practice would have prevented the Papacy"; "What Close Communion Really Is"; "The Amenities of Close Communion"; "The Sentimental View of Communion"; "The Future of 'Open Communion' among American Baptists"; "How Baptists should Treat Baptist Dissenters"; "Feet-Washing as a Rite." These sample titles give promise of a generous bill of fare, do they not? The promise is more than fulfilled in the performance. The treatment is well nigh exhaustive.

The *thoroughness* of the discussion is remarkable, and by its thoroughness it supplies, we believe, a felt want in our Baptist polemics. The exegesis of Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 1 Cor. x. 2, is worth the price of the book to anyone who appreciates the importance of a thorough knowledge of the pivotal passages in any controversy. These two, especially, are remarkable specimens of exegetical skill. They combine the knowledge of the expert in grammar with great

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* The Baptist Principle—(Revised and enlarged edition). By Prof. W. C. Wilkinson. 12mo., 300 pp. Price $1.25. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St, Philadelphia.

logical acumen and unfailing common sense. And these again are but specimens of many passages upon which light is thrown.

The frankness of the discussion is no less enjoyable than its thoroughness. Dr. Wilkinson is very careful to draw a sharp distinction between what is certain and what is probable. His discussion of Jno. iii : 5, is an example. Here many will differ with him in his view of the meaning of the phrase "born of water." But here he expressly disclaims dogmatizing, and certainly all who accept his view of that phase—and they are probably a comfortable majority—must acknowledge the weight of the argument drawn from it. There is just one passage in which we have felt that a possible objection has not been anticipated and explicitly met. An objection might be based on the sudden change of construction in Acts ii : 38 from the 2nd pers. act. in μετανοεῖτε, to the 3rd pers. pass. in βαπτισθήτω, and it might be urged that that change opens the way for the passive baptism of the infant. As a matter of fact the objection is answered on p. 58 f., But it is not done explicitly ; and an enquiring Pædo-Baptist, raising the objection from the grammatical standpoint, might fail to perceive the answer because it is given from the standpoint of the context. And he might be pardoned for this the more readily, for the very reason that the grammatical treatment is uniformly so thorough. But this is about the only flaw that we havebeen able to discover in the book. It is so thorough and exhaustive that all the pleas and excuses that, in good faith or in bad, have been made for infant sprinkling, are here hunted down relentlessly. We see no possible escape for our Pædo-baptist friends or for open communion Baptists.

But if Dr. Wilkinson's logic is merciless his spirit throughout is excellent He never calls hard names, but strictly observes all the amenities of honorable and brotherly discussion. The views of others are stated fairly and as strongly as possible, and then put with admirable frankness and faithfulness. The book is a model in this respect. Incidentally many topics of current interest are touched upon, such as the comparative authority of the Apostles, and of Christ ; the liberty of Baptist teachers ; the difference in the treatment to be accorded dissenting teachers and dissenting members ; the greater decline of infant baptism in close communion America as compared with open communion England, the Scriptural Authority for Feet-washing, etc.

We beg to commend this volume to all our readers—pastors, deacons, rank and file. We would like to commend it earnestly to our friends in other denominations,—to all who call Jesus Christ their Lord. There is much here to clear our thinking, ripen judgement, promote love of truth, and increase confidence in frank discussion. It is a great book by a great man, and, we predict, will be the standard book on the subject for a great many generations.

J. H. F.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

The annual amount spent in athletics at Yale is $59,600.—*Ex.*

The University of North Dakota closed last June and was not re-opened in the fall.—*Ex.*

The finest gymnasium in the world, measuring 800 x 100 feet, is soon to be built at the University of Chicago,—*Ex.*

At Cornell this year for the first time, all the work for the A.B. degree is elective.—*Ex.*

The "no-examination" plan is being tested in Russia, the trial having three years to prove results good or bad.—*Ex.*

Each heart is a world of nations, classes and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of growth and decay, of life and of death; the past, the present and the future; the springs of health and engines of disease; here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate, and toss the gloomy and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever restless waves.—*The Sibyl.*

SONG.

The day is dying, O my love,
Across the crimson sea,
And dark upon each hill and grove
The evening shadows be.
The world is cold,
The world is old,
But young and warm are we.

The night is coming, O my love
Across the eastern sky,
And one by one the bright stars move,
Move on until they die.
While through the night,
Beneath their light,
We wander, thou and I.

The sun divides the night from day,
The shores divide the sea,
And earth from heaven is far away,
But I am close to thee;
And sun and tide
Can ne'er divide
My darling's heart from me.—*Ex*

A HOME SONG.

I.

The twilight bees to the comb,
  And the wandering bird to the nest,
And the roaming sails turn home
  Far out in the darkening west;
Home, home, they gladly drift,
  Though the lawn was loved of the bee,
And the bird had loved the lift
  As the sailor the open sea.

II.

And I, who have wandered far,
  Down unremembered ways,
With never a steadfast star
  Through all those drifting days,
Now turn to an Inn whereof
  I know one door stands wide—
And the rest is silence, love,
  'Till the world is shut outside.

..ARTHUR J. STRINGER, in the *Varsity.*

"I WONDER," said the philosophical student "why a fight is called a scrap," "Because it is a broken peace," replied the cheerful jester with his usual promptitude.—*Ex.*

THERE is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest Universities in the world, with a total of about 6,000 students.—*Ex.*

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY—Some definitions, axioms, postulates and propositions. The following have a familiar sound to all who have ever tried to follow old Euclid's vagaries or boarding-house life.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

All boarding-houses are the same boarding-houses—boarders in the same boarding-house, and on the same flat, are equal to one another—a single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude. The landlady of a boarding-house is a paralellogram, that is an oblong and angular figure which cannot be described but which is equal to anything. A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not on the same flat. All the other rooms being taken a single is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

A pie may be produced any number of times. The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions. A bee line can be made from any boarding house to any other boarding-house. The clothes of a boarding-house bed though produced ever so far both ways will not meet. Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals. If from the opposite ends of a boarding-house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn then the stove pipe which warms the boarding-house will lie within that line.—*New York Truth.*

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98,
S. E Grigg, '00.

We are always glad to see the "old boys" calling at the Hall, and this month we mention the visits of A. J. Vining, of Winnipeg; W. S. McAlpine, of Whitby; and C. N. Mitchell, of Forest. Some may have been here that we have not seen, and the only excuse for their omission here is that they did not stay with us long enough.

We were pleased to have Rev. A. L. Therrien at our prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. In a short address he spoke of some of the many men who had been and are connected with Grande Ligne. Although we never lose interest in Grande Ligne, yet we feel that after listening to Mr. Therrien we know the work and the workers better than we ever did before.

The Tennysonian Society met on the evening of the 14th inst., and with a good deal of enthusiasm appointed the following officers for this term: Pres., T. H. Cornish, '00; Vice-Pres., A. H. McNeill, '01; Sec.-Treas., F. N. Goble, '00; Counsellors, H. E. Jordan, '00; F. H. Phipps, '01, and P. E. Baker, '00; Editors of the *Argosy*, S. E. Grigg, '00, and M. D. Coltman, '00. S. E. Grigg resigned his position, and A. C. Watson, '01, was elected to fill the vacancy. A short animated discussion on topics relating to the welfare of the Society was led by Messrs. Brophey and Cornwall.

Century Class held a very successful and pleasant Rally, on Jan. 7th, at the residence of Rev. E. T. Fox, 60 St. George Street. The committees having arrangements in charge did their duty well, the ladies deserving special mention. The President, F. E. Brophey, and Vice-President, Miss Gaylord, received the guests. The following programme was rendered: 1. President's address, F. E. Brophey; 2. Representatives' reply, W. P. Reekie, '98; 3. Violin solo, Mr. Langley; 4. Oration, E. A. Brownlee; 5. Class poem, S. E. Grigg. After an impromptu programme of music and recitations rendered by Misses Newman, Dryden and McLay, and Messrs. Langley and Brophey, a pleasant evening was brought to a close.

The December meeting of the Mathematical Society was devoted to the study of the history of Geometry. Mr. Findlay, by means of a diagram, presented the development of Geometry through the centuries as compared with the contemporaneous condition of the other departments of mathematics. The subject was further treated in papers contributed by S. R. Stephens, '98, and B. R. Simpson, '99. Mr. Stephens discussed "Geometry previous to Euclid and Euclid's contribution to it." Though on so serious a subject, the paper was decidedly entertaining. The same excellent combination of qualities marked the paper on "Post-Euclidean Geometry," by B. Roy Simpson.

THE Literary and Scientific Society met on Friday, Jan. 7th, for the nomination of officers for the ensuing term. A very interesting feature of the short campaign was the speaking of the several candidates on the following Monday afternoon. Great credit is due to the retiring officers for the success of the Society during the last term, and now another good term is confidently expected. The election on Tuesday, the 11th inst. resulted as follows : Pres. W. B. H. Teakles, '98 ; 1st Vice-Pres., F. J. Scott, '99 ; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Gaylord, '00 ; Cor.-Sec., B. R. Simpson, '99 ; Sec.-Treas., S. E. Grigg, '00 ; Counsellors, Miss Whiteside, '98 ; J. H. Hannah, '99, and W. B Tighe, '99 ; Editor-in-Chief, C. L. Brown, '99 ; Assistant Editors, W. Daniel, '98, and A. W. Vining, '98.

THE annual open meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held Friday evening, December 17th. The musical part of the programme consisted of a piano duet by Misses McLay and Cohoon, two delightful vocal solos by Miss Pugsley, an instrumental solo by Miss Eckhart, of Moulton College, and a chorus by the Moulton Glee Club. The literary portion was one of special interest. The evening was spent with the heroines of English literature. Each of the young ladies presented her heroine's character in a delightful manner. Miss Clemens, '01, portrayed Evangeline's sweet devotion ; Miss Gile, '00, the character of Tennyson's lofty-minded Princess ; Miss Newman, '99, Shakespeare's strong-willed Lady Macbeth ; Miss Bailey, '98, Browning's blithesome Pippa ; and Miss Whiteside, '98, patient Griselda, as depicted by Chaucer. The evening closed with the singing of the Maple Leaf. Many of the friends who take such a kindly interest in McMaster have expressed the pleasure afforded them in the entertainment furnished by the young ladies of the University.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held in Walmer Road Baptist Church, on the evening of December 14th, '97. Though the attendance was not all that could be hoped for, the meeting was of great profit to all present. Dr. Sutherland was the speaker of the evening. He laid special emphasis upon the necessity of spirituality, definite Christian work, and thorough knowledge of the Bible for all Christians. The address was thoroughly appreciated by all present, and his sentiments were heartily endorsed. Chancellor Wallace spoke briefly of the influence which he was sure would come from the wise and stirring words which were spoken.

On December 15th, the regular monthly meeting was held. Dr. Sheraton, Principal of Wycliffe College, spoke concerning the dangers to spirituality from studiousness. He held that every gift had its dangers, but that there was nothing incompatible between intellectuality and spirituality. In fact, if properly used, student life contains in itself the greatest helps for spiritual life. The method of true student life cultivates humility, diligence and sympathy. The true subject is Truth, and the great purpose is to be a minister of Christ. These all combine to give weight to the character, and a standard of life,

which is most conducive to true spiritual life. The address was lucid and trenchant. There was a clear mind and a warm heart behind the utterance, and McMaster students will always give Principal Sheraton a hearty welcome.

Professor Farmer took up the subject of dangers to spirituality from ambition. He showed that dangers to students came along the higher lines. In combating evil the first thing is to make up one's mind that it is sin, then through Christ we must crucify it.

FOUNDER'S DAY is now the McMaster gala day. For the last two or three years, as the student body has been growing in numbers and experience, Founder's night has been celebrated to the best of our ability. But this year the Committee of Arrangements had large plans in operation, which made the exercises of Founder's night a decided success. About twelve hundred invitations were sent out, and to accommodate all these friends, the building was thrown open from top to bottom. The Decorating Committee took the decorations in hand, and with the aid of bunting and flags made the bare walls of our halls and class rooms look very pretty. The students in residence co-operated with the Decorating Committee, and after tastily decorating their rooms, opened them up for the rendezvous and cosy corners to those tired of promenading. Special mention must be made of the Klondike Hotel, which was certainly unique in its appointments. It had many visits from sight-seers, but owing to a certain frigidity of atmosphere, its register showed very few names of guests who stayed longer than necessary. The Committee had also arranged for promenades in the corridors. We have ample accommodation for five hundred promenaders, and most of the space was utilized during the various numbers of the musical programme. The music was furnished by the Cornish Orchestra, which played a first rate list of selections.

At 8 p.m. the exercises in memory of our Founder were conducted in the Dining Hall. These were opened by prayer, after which Dr. Rand's Memorial Poem was read. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid delivered the memorial address, which appears elsewhere in the present issue.

After these exercises two programmes were rendered during the evening for the entertainment of those who did not take part in the promenades. The thanks of the University are due the friends who so kindly gave us their services for the evening. The programme in the Dining Hall, beginning at 9.15 p m., was composed of the following numbers:—

Chorus	"The Lost Chord,"	Sullivan
	Glee Club.	
Reading	Selected,	——
	Mrs. Ross.	
Violin Solo	March from "Tannhäuser,"	Wagner-Ernst
	Miss Walmsley.	
Solo	"The Carnival"	Molloy
	Miss Magson.	
Reading	"Caleb's Courtship,"	——
	Miss Dryden, '00.	
Solo	Selected,	——
	Mr. H. M. Fletcher.	

The programme in the Chapel, beginning at 10 p.m., was entirely musical :—

Chorus	"Mother Goose Medley," Glee Club.	Gracey
Solo	"Bird from O'er the Sea," Miss Liddell.	White
Violin Solo	Danse Polonaise, Miss Walmsley.	Scharwenka
Solo	Selected, Mr. H. M. Fletcher.	———
Piano Duet	Orphée aux Enfers, Miss N. D. Cohoon, '00. Miss B. E. McLay, '00.	Wm. Kuhe
Cornet Solo	Variations on "Old Kentucky Home," Mr. E. J. Farringer.	———

The scientific apparatus of the University was displayed in Room 8, under the supervision of W. Findlay, '96, and in Room 11, G. H. Grant, '99, gave an illustrated lecture with stereopticon views. Both these rooms were visited by large numbers of the guests.

To complete these arrangements to entertain our friends, the Reception Committee were indefatigable in their efforts to make all feel at home, and considering the immensity of their task, they are worthy of the highest commendation.

At last we have a skating rink of our own in full operation. This is another evidence of the fact that McMaster boys intend to be behind in no particular. The rink is fully equipped, having a large-sized skating rink, as well as the hockey rink. Much of the success of the enterprise is due to the indefatigable efforts of R. D. George, B.A.

Annual Students' Dinner. — On the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 21st, the McMaster students had the privilege of entertaining at their annual dinner the Senate and Faculty, together with representatives from other colleges and from the learned professions. If the quality of a dinner depends upon the menu provided, we certainly may pronounce ours a success, and if, further, the speeches are a basis of judgment, we may pronounce it a "huge" success. Regarding the dinner, we will say nothing but will follow the advice of the committee, and "Shut up in measureless content." The toast list was not so long as to be wearisome, and the speeches were well thought out and well delivered. After the toast to the Queen had been duly honored, the toast to the University was proposed by F. J. Scott, '99, and responded to by Dr. Welton, on behalf of the Faculty, and by Dr. Tracy, on behalf of the Senate. These speeches interested all present, and in them the speakers emphasized the work that McMaster is attempting to do and her success in performing it. S. E. Grigg, '00, proposed the toast to sister institutions, which was responded to by the representatives from other colleges. The representatives present were as follows :—Western University, Dr. Tupper ; Queens, Mr. Edminson ; Victoria, Mr. Perry ; Knox, A. R. Gregory ; Wycliffe, Mr. Hunter ; Dentals, W. Woodrow, and from Des Moines, H. H. Newman. All expressed their pleasure at being present, and brought to McMaster

the hearty good-will of the colleges they represented. The toast to the learned professions was proposed by J. H. King, and responded to by Rev. J. B. Warnicker, on behalf of the ministry; by C. J. Holman, on behalf of law; and by Dr. C. L. Starr, on behalf of medicine. The toast to the ladies was proposed by A. B. Cohoe, '98, after which a pleasant event was brought to a close by the singing of "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Friday evening the 14th inst. the graduating class in Arts held their annual rally at the home of Mrs. Whiteside, 619 Spadina Avenue. Class '98 in the three preceding years during which they have been in the University have invariably had successful rallies, but the one this year was not surpassed by any former one in the enjoyment which all present took out of it. The class were honored on this occasion by the presence of the Honorary President, Dr. Rand, who was accompanied by Mrs. Rand. At the beginning of the evening a short programme was rendered, consisting of a piano solo by Mr. Teakles, an address by the President, Mr. Charters, the representatives' reply by Mr. R. Routledge, B.A., a poem by Mr. Daniel and an oration by Mr. Vining. The poem of Mr. Daniel's was a great success. It was replete with rhyme and had the necessary number of feet, nor did it lack the higher elements of deep poetical thought. Mr. Vining's oration was serious in tone and voiced the regret that every member of the class feels at having to leave in the near future the pleasant halls of McMaster. On the programme was printed a graceful poem of Dr. Rand's written for the occasion.

Broadens now the flowing river,
Comrades, feather clean your oars,
Sit in order true as ever,
Near we now the tidal shores.

Singing all the winding way,
Through the hills and meadow lands,
In the cloudy, cloudless day,
Past we rapids, shining strands.

Deep voiced now the sea is calling,
Comrades, greet it, hearts elate!
Every fear with hope forestalling,
Onward, onward, ninety-eight.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Lina Gibson, Marion Taylor, Editors.

The trying ordeal of examinations, which is our Christmas treat, is now past, and we can once more breathe freely for a few months.

Our annual Christmas dinner, which is always looked forward to, was provided a little earlier this year, as our Principal, Miss Dicklow, left for her vacation shortly before the close of school.

After spending a very enjoyable Christmas vacation, most of the students have returned to their labors. We were all pleased to welcome back three "Old Girls," who had not returned at the opening of school in September, and we were also glad to see a number of new faces.

On January the 7th a business meeting of the Heliconian was called to appoint officers for the term. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Iva Leonard; Secretary, Miss Mary Wrigley; Treasurer, Miss Grace Brophey. Misses Edwards and Thomson were elected editors of the Heliconian, while Misses Thrall, Lina Gibson and Marion Taylor were elected to supply Moulton Notes to the McMaster Monthly. Misses Schultz, A. Nicholas and L. Burke were elected to act on the Programme Committee,

The following is the programme of our Christmas closing exercises, which were held on Dec. 18th :—

Piano Solo	"Arabesque,"	Miss Eckhardt
Reading	"How we Killed the Rat,"	Miss G. Wallace
Recitation	"Poor Little Joe,"	Miss F. Davis
Reading	"The Legend Beautiful,"	Miss T. Kerr
Pantomime	"An Afternoon Tea,"	Junior Class
Recitation	"Love me, Love my Dog,"	Miss M. Wallace
Reading	"Porphyria's Lover,"	Miss Rubidge
Drill	"Vestal Virgin Drill,"	Senior Class

This very pleasing programme was listened to and enjoyed by a large audience. Even before the time for the commencement of the exercises, the chapel was crowded. All the young ladies took their parts successfully; the pantomime by the Junior Class being especially noteworthy. The girls did both their teacher and themselves great credit, and Mrs. Ross deserves to be congratulated. We were very much pleased that Miss Trotter's health permitted her to attend the closing.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors: S. R. Tarr, M.A., . . Wm. Partridge.

The prospects for an enjoyable season of skating are good. Our skating rink promises to be a greater success this year than ever. The management have gone to considerable expense and taken much pains to have it in good condition.

The next meeting of the Judson Missionary Society will be held on Thursday the 27th inst., when Rev. Ira Smith of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, London, will address the students. This meeting is to be held in conjunction with the Day of Prayer for Colleges.

On the evening of Friday, January 14th, Mrs. McCrimmon was At Home to those of the younger students whose habiliments still entitle

them to be designated as members of the Knickerbocker Club. The premium set upon juvenile attire on this occasion will probably prove a serious set-back to the hitherto prevalent ambition for donning trousers.

At a recent meeting of the student body it was unanimously decided to hold an open meeting at an early date. Indications point to a meeting which will prove successful in every respect. The following are the committee on arrangements: Principal McCrimmon, and Mr. McKechnie, representing the Faculty; Messrs. D. J. Bagshaw, A. J. Welch, E. Zavitz, H. Bryant, W. C. Pearce, Leo. Riggs, Herbert Piercy, and W. J. Welch, for the student body.

The winter term has opened with a large attendance, there being about twenty new names upon the roll. The incoming students are of a very desirable class, and we have pleasure in welcoming so many of them to our midst. There are a few of the old boys who have not yet returned but who are expected shortly. We are glad to note the return of Mr. Chas. Beck, a former student, who has been stationed for a year at Decewsville, near Cayuga. The increased number of boarders has called into requisition the rooms of the Central building over the dining hall. This gradual and steady increase in our numbers is an indication of the growing popularity of our College and its Faculty.

On December 22nd last another member of the Faculty joined the ranks of the benedicts, when Mr. James Weir of the Preparatory Department, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss M. Midgley. It was a quiet wedding. The causes of the quietness were principally that the students had not been notified, and that they had not recovered from the strain of the recent examinations, and therefore took no part in livening the affair. Mr. and Mrs. Weir can testify that sometimes, at least, the railroad trains are on time, as their promptness on this occasion caused an alteration in their honeymoon trip. However, Woodstock is so well connected by railway that a delay of only a few minutes was necessary to make a speedy adjournment to the other depot. A matter of so much local interest aroused the students considerably and on Wednesday morning, the 12th inst. they surprised Mr. Weir by the presentation of a couple of rocking chairs, after a very able address delivered by Mr. A. J. Welch in his usual eloquent manner. As the chairs were set upon the platform, one a large handsome cane rocker, the other a diminutive one, the laughter which broke forth was the heartiest heard within our chapel walls for many a day. After they had subsided Mr. Weir made a neat reply. We all join in wishing the happy couple much joy in their married life.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

Our Skating Rink is now in good shape, and may be seen covered with hilarious boys at almost any recreation hour. Many are the figures cut upon the ice, beautiful and otherwise. Unfortunately the frequent storms keep the students busy with the snow-shovel and broom, to the disadvantage of the skates.

EARLY in December we had the pleasure of a visit and an address from Rev. A. B. Reekie, our newly-appointed missionary to Bolivia. Mr. Reekie was full of information regarding his new field of labor, and he succeeded in enlisting our sympathy in his work, which presents so many points of similarity with the work Grand Ligne is trying to do. He has a herculean task before him, and we wish him every success in it. We shall not forget him either in our prayers or in our offerings.

ON the evening of Friday, Dec. 17th, Mrs. A. E. Massé gave her eighth annual musicale. The selections were of a high order, and the execution showed that they had been carefully practiced. The Glee Club proved itself capable of doing excellent work. The audience was large, and thoroughly enjoyed the following programme :—

Piano Duet	"Grande Galop Militaire," Mesdames Massé.	Bohm
Piano	"Caprice," Miss Valéda St. James.	King
Piano	"Con Amore," Miss Ethelyn Cummings.	Beaumont
Glee Club	"The Carnovale,"	Rossini
Piano	"Impromptu in C." Miss Butterworth.	Smith
Piano	"Sonata in D." Mr. Rolla Angell.	Haydn
Vocal Solo	(*a*) "Winter Song," (*b*) "Italy," Mrs. A. E. Massé.	Mendlessohn
Piano	"A Highland Laddie," Miss Elsie Bowden.	Morey
Piano	"Heimliche," Miss Wilton.	Resche
Vocal Duet	"O that we two were Maying," Dr. Rainville and Mlle. Piché.	Smith
Piano Trio	"Menuett," Misses Vessot, C. Thétrault and L. Thétrault.	Mozart
Glee Club	"Italia,"	Donizetti
Piano Duet	"Minstrel's Serenade," Mesdames Massé.	Löw
Full Chorus	"The Shepherd of the Valley,"	Selected

CHRISTMAS examinations have come and gone and everybody is glad. Even the teachers are not sorry. But not everybody is glad to know the results, especially some delinquent students whose smartness could not make up for neglected work. We doubt, however, if even their failure caused them to enjoy much less the Christmas vacation and roast turkey. Some may think that students who fail because of neglect should not have turkey for Christmas. Possibly, however, they might not enjoy a dinner of French Paradigms and Latin Roots.

Alexander Stuart

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1898.

ALEXANDER GRANT.

Suddenly, at mid-day, 4th August, 1897—just how, no one can tell—a light canoe capsized in the swift waters of the Nepigon. Without warning, its occupants, two strong men, were thrown into the current. One fought his way to shallow water, and turned, only to see his friend still far out in the stream, go down for the last time. Soon the lightening flashed the startling news west, east and south—"ALEXANDER GRANT DROWNED."

To a thousand homes the dire tidings brought deep sorrow —poignant sense of personal loss. Thousand anxious hearts followed the searchers for the body, six weary days. Modern appliances, none of them wanting, were all in vain. Fate as if to mitigate, in some small measure, the severity of the stroke, reserved to his own brother James the sad solace of discovery.

To his western home they bore what of him was mortal. Winnipeg wept at his grave as she had never wept for any of her dead. All ranks and conditions of her citizens joined in the last solemn tribute. From all over the land, ay, and from across the sea other hearts went out in sympathy deep and pure.

The tragic incidents of his sudden passing in manhood's full vigor had their part in arresting public thought, and compelling universal acknowledgement of the community's loss; but behind the tragedy lay a life, whose faithful years had left their impress in circles each wider and more distinct than the last.

Born in Grantown in the Highlands of Scotland, 16th December, 1854, he early entered into sympathy with rugged nature's endless mystery. Possibly he derived the determinative qualities of his mental make up from that source to a greater degree than from the parochial school, which he attended, but never loved. He was of dissenter stock and could not even in his childhood brook being merely tolerated. Unfavorable as were the conditions he earned distinction and became prizeman in Classics in spite of unfair attempts by the authorities to favor competitors belonging to the established church.

As to religious instruction he came early under the faithful ministry of Peter Grant, and afterwards of his son William Grant, now of Edinburgh: but it was not until the latter was succeeded by a Mr. Steele from Aberdeen that the strong-willed youth submitted to the power of the gospel. It was characteristic of him that immediately after his baptism, he began active Christian work; and though only about sixteen years of age attended meetings with Mr. Steele, and sometimes spoke at them.

Shortly afterwards he resolved to give himself up to the work of the ministry and repaired to Edinburgh University. Some glimpses of his inner life are afforded by a private diary which he kept during part of his stay in Edinburgh, and which he continued after a desultory fashion for some years after he had come to Canada. All through, these attest his genuineness' his deep spirituality and the seriousness of his views of life.

On New Year's day of 1873, he moralizes on the flight of time and says: "I feel a sort of paralysis taking hold upon me, so that I am not able to comprehend how solemn *life* is." On the 3rd of the same month he appears to have spoken at some young people's meeting, taking for his subject, "Yield yourselves to God." In his diary he says: "Did pretty well in my own estimation but what did God think of it?" He notes on the same day having borrowed "The Arabian Nights" from a friend. The following day occurs this note: "Read part of Arabian Nights,—not worth reading."

During the spring of that year his father's family including himself came to Canada and settled at Algonquin, near Brockville, where he availed himself of every opportunity to preach Christ.

That fall he entered Woodstock College, and then on October 27th resumes his diary saying : "Eight months have flown over me since last I wrote here : eight months of changes ; then I wrote as a student in Edinburgh with full intentions of finishing my studies there, yet in God's Providence I am at Woodstock, Canada. The change seems almost too much for my mind to grasp." He then refers to his preaching at Algonquin. Fears there may have been as much of "self" as "Christ" in his preaching, and his thoughts turn to prayer—"Dear Lord one thing I desire, give it for my soul's sake which thou lovest ; open up the way for me to preach the cross."

His notes during the early College days are full and include frequent references to the sermons he heard. On one Sunday he listened to a Rev. Dr., his comment being—"As dry as an old shoe, yet he preached the gospel." At night he heard another preacher. "Good hearty sermon," he says, and adds, "Thank the Lord."

Constantly his entries assume the form of prayer abounding in such expressions as "Make me, oh God ! tender-hearted ;" "Prepare my heart, oh God ! for the solemn work of preaching the Saviour ;" "Sift me and my sermons oh God ! so that I may not hinder the blessing,' etc.

On 21st April, 1874, he notes : "This afternoon read Carlyle on Frederick the Great ; very good." The youth of nineteen for whom the dreamy witchery of the Arabian Nights had no charm could already appreciate, in some measure, the great thoughts of Carlyle. Some indication here surely of the quality of life which was then in the making.

His perception of the unseen was most real and crops out everywhere. December 18th, 1874, noting that classes closed that day for another term, he says : "Term after term flies and brings me nearer the judgment throne, and nearer to Thee, kind blessed Saviour ; when shall I see Thee face to face."

He appears to have returned to College on the 13th January, 1875, but to have gone to London to preach on the 17th, where, as he thinks, he caught scarlet fever. He had spent part of the previous summer holidays preaching in the vicinity of Pembroke, and on 5th February, a few days after resuming his college studies, he notes having received an invitation from the

church in Pembroke to return in the spring. He arrived there on 28th March, and now as his work swallows him up his notes become less frequent; but on New Year's Day, 1876, he again unburdens his mind, closing with the prayer :—" May I not be proud or conceited, or ambitious, or pretentious, but real and self-suspicious, and kind and holy, forever to the praise of God."

Some notes follow, dated March, 1876, and then there is a gap of three years and a half and the record is resumed at London, September 18th, 1879, with the note, " Many a time in the road since March 18th, 1876, but this only can I say, I bless the hand that guided." He says, " I cannot record here all that God has done, through the least of all his saints; Kincardine, Durham, London, Chesley, Port Elgin, St. Mary's have recorded triumphs in the living Christ." Of his work in Kincardine he speaks with special tenderness. The same note gives the date of his marriage, 9th July, 1879.

This brings us to the period when Alexander Grant had become a well-known personality in Ontario Baptist circles. His strong doric accent and what some regarded as uncouth gestures and modes of speech did not always escape criticism; but through it all the intense and growing power of the man made itself everywhere felt. His work in London was eminently successful; and when in 1884 it became evident to all that the need of the hour was an aggressive movement in Home Missions, with singular unanimity all thoughts turned to Alexander Grant as the man to lead the advance.

The result more than justified the most sanguine expectation of his admirers, and even those who had hesitated. fearing his energy might not be matched by his prudence, were quick to see and confess their mistake. Full of courage; full of faith; of infinite resource, and yet patient and tactful to a degree that few had anticipated, his enthusiasm gave new life to the cause, and the denomination as never before became seized of a definite ideal of its mission and destiny in this land. He had never counted on making this position his life work, and in 1889, having left an impress on the work which can never be obliterated, he handed over to his successor an organization unexcelled in simplicity and effectiveness.

When the call came to the lone cause in the far west, prom-

ising little but toil and hardship, he hesitated not, nor regarded the advice of the many friends who urged him to wait for some more hopeful opening. The result has proved that he was right. The same enthusiasm and capacity for self-forgetful work which had given a new outlook to Ontario missions quickly infused new hope into our struggling cause in the west. Neither the potency of his influence with and for the Baptist churches of Manitoba, nor the singular force with which he impressed his views upon the whole community in Winnipeg and the regions beyond, need here be dwelt on. These are fresh in all minds.

Some thought him rigid in his theology, and in his conceptions of life, duty and destiny. They did not know the man. He was ever honest and intense in the expression of his views, but few men were more amenable to new light, or more alert in the search for new truth. The eternal verities, were, it is true, to him unchangeable; but no man struggled harder for an ever clearer conception of those truths, and for better and more effectual ways of commending them to others.

His standpoint changed with his surroundings, and the sweep of his vision was constantly broadening. He was a different and a broader man at the end of his years of service as Home Mission Superintendent than when called to that office. His environment, and the new calls upon him in Winnipeg, marked further striking development; and few men have been more immediately or powerfully affected by a visit to the old land, than Alexander Grant was, when, a few months before his death, he had his first opportunity to revisit England and Scotland.

Nothing was more characteristic of him, however, than his love of nature and his appreciation of her subtle charms. His sermons abounded, like those of the Master Teacher, in illustrations drawn from this source. To him the book of nature was not something contradicting God's newer Bible, but was that older book of God on which the other Bible was ever throwing floods of light. The two revelations were to him complementary of each other.

The multitude may have thought that it was mere love of sport that made him a famous angler, and a lover of dog and gun. Not so. Those tempted him, not more for their own sake,

than because they afforded the best opportunities for that communing with nature which was to him one of the sources of health and vigor, physical, mental and spiritual.

Charles Dickens did not often indulge in direct philosophizing, but he was surely inspired by the spirit of true philosophy when in Barnaby Rudge he said: "The thoughts of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation which like the physical one holds them down to earth. The bright glories of the day and the silent wonders of the starlit night appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or the moon, or the stars for their reading." If this is true, so is the converse. The spiritually enlightened mind should daily see new beauties in God's handiwork. Alexander Grant saw them.

Few men pondered more deeply than he, the mystery of life—growth—development. He delighted not only in bold and striking scenery, and in the majesty of mighty rivers; but equally in the ever changing aspects of nature's infinite detail. Flowers and insects were as interesting to him as clouds and mountains; and no Thoreau or Burroughs ever listened to song of bird, with more exquisite delight, than in the early morning Alexander Grant would drink in the liquid note of the white-throated sparrow, the nightingale of the north.

Truly his prayer that God would make him tender-hearted was answered, and among the agencies employed were wanderings in the silent woods, tramps across the lone prairie, the wading of streams, the climbing of rocks, and the study of the habits of birds. By these and similar means God enriched his nature and qualified him for work demanding genuine sympathy with all struggling aspirations.

His characteristic spirit of prayer breathed in his remark at the last New Year's Eve watch night service in his church when he said, "The greatest joy that could come into my life this year would be to see my Lord face to face." That wish, too, has been realized.

Possibly the editor in selecting one to write this sketch did not intend entirely to exclude the personal equation. Much of it has probably already appeared. One other suggestion of possible interest to psychologists, may be pardoned. The recollections of camp life together are still vivid and must continue so

while life and memory last. One thing, however, is a continual surprise. Death appears to have introduced no new point of view. In other cases one frequently revises his opinion of a friend who has been snatched away, or of his own attitude towards the lost one. The writer is unconscious of any change in this respect. What his friend was in life, that he seems still. His personality, with its oddities and conceits as well as its charms, seems as real as ever. The scenes where we tried to rescue each other from danger, and those in which we fought for mastery; the other scenes of varying success and disappointment in our sport; our experiences at the camp fire, and the thousand incidents in which, when away from the restraints of modern life, men's minds and hearts become open and known to each other, remain as they were. It would seem in all respects the most natural thing in the world that we should meet again in the same scenes, and go on just as if nothing had happened to interrupt our intercourse.

The appropriate inference each mind will draw for itself. The writer contents himself with the obvious one that his friend was singularly free from artificiality and affectation: that he was above all else genuine—was what he seemed to be—neither worse nor better than he shewed himself.

D. E. Thomson.

Toronto, February, 1898.

QUATRAIN.

Full oft the light that feebly glowed,
But for the breath of blame,
Might have become a beacon-flame
Upon the hills of God.

M. A. Maitland.

Stratford.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

I.

We have again experienced the joy of a ride through Derbyshire. The Peak District has stirred all our sense of the beautiful, and now the next place of interest for us is Cambridge. Eagerly we watch for the windmills, landmarks which we remember are a feature of the country surrounding the town. One by one they appear, occurring more frequently as the little English train runs swiftly along. Soon the turrets of King's College Chapel are outlined against a summer sky, then the entire structure stands in relief, and before we are aware of it our journey is at an end, and we in a foreign land for a twelvemonth of pleasure, of profit, perchance of pain.

There is scarcely time for a momentary tightening of the heartstrings, for misgiving, when duties at hand for speedy settlement of bairns and belongings in comfortable apartments call attention to present rather than future questions. We are soon settled and feeling at home, in rooms lately occupied by students, who have now "gone down" after the gay May week, in which mothers and sisters have doubtless paid the visit usually made at that season of gaities. Traces of their recent residence are still about; here a programme of dances, with a name scrawled opposite every number, there a bunch of crushed, yet fragrant, violets in the corner of a drawer. Might not one weave a romance about it all, in the same old rooms with the dark, artistic furnishings, which have held many of England's sons and daughters during the years since the genial lodging-house keeper had been licensed to keep student lodgers? A record is published quarterly of the residence of every student belonging to any of the colleges, and the college authorities must approve of where they "keep." I soon had it explained to me that a student "kept" in Cambridge and lived at his home, in whatever other part of the world it might be.

With a haste which the Cambridge tradesman characterized as being American, we were soon established in our own house, where we spent a season of joyous contentment, much hard work on the part of my husband, and many delightful experiences for

myself and children—a home for a day, and yet one around which will ever rest a halo.

It was a particular delight for us to see the four distinct seasons of an English year. Moody though it may have been, it was charming, and I can quite appreciate the love that an Englishman has for the natural beauties of his country. After spending the summer in different parts of England and Scotland two years before, we came home thinking it was never warm in Great Britain, just comfortable. When we reached Cambridge this year it was still cool. A fire was lighted in our sitting-room grate before tea was brought in on the evening of our arrival; the next morning found the temperature at about eighty, and the heat almost unendurable. Then we missed our bracing Canadian air. The days were hot and damp though there was no rain for weeks. The pretty lawns at the Backs and in the courts were dry and parched. September was simply glorious. It rained only at night, which I always insisted it did in Canada, when, in the later autumn, one would wonder whether enough rain did not fall in those days of drizzle to keep the grass green for years. October is proverbially rainy in Cambridgeshire, and freshmen are cheered by mud and rain when they come up about the fifteenth of that month.

November, ah! chill, damp, sunless November. It was told us beforehand that all the sunshine must be in the heart in that trying month. The blinds were often drawn at three o'clock to shut out the grey gloom, but the cheer inside, with the brightly burning grates and opportunity for steady, quiet reading on the part of a member of our household, fully compensated for the absence of the sun. A lecture on the sun by Sir Robert Ball was a delightful treat in those days. We felt so grateful to the eminent lecturer for having shown us more of the centre of light in one evening than we had enjoyed for weeks before.

December brought almost wintry weather; twenty-four hours of snow, and some frost. But the warmth of Christmas cheer made it very bright, and we felt to be among so charming a people at such a season a privilege indeed. Memory's storehouse will ever retain its vivid recollections of the unbounded kindness shown us by friends whom we had not known a Christmas before.

January saw the buds beginning to swell, aconite blossoms in the grass, which had never lost its green, while February and March filled the lawns with snowdrops and crocuses. Such crocusses! Great masses growing in the lawns, of purple, yellow and white, glistening in their sheen and loveliness. Later in March and April came the violets on every hand. It is no exaggeration to say that the down-town streets were fragrant with them, children selling them on trays, everybody wearing a bunch. The English wall-flowers came next with their rich coloring and exquisite sweetness. While they are yet in their glory, roses bloom, the trailing, climbing roses, sometimes tall and stately, every where, on the cottage as well as on the mansion. Oh, the breath of it all! how one grows to love it, that gradually coming spring! Does there beat an English heart on foreign soil that does not see it, sleeping or waking? Can those bursting hedgerows, the air athrob with the lark, the thrush, the blackbird, and, richest, most entrancing of all, the nightingale, ever be lost to the senses that have once enjoyed the fulness of it. Nature has poured from her lavish hand so many treasures in that fair land, one feels almost impelled to say "to him who hath, much is given."

In conversation with a graduate at our first luncheon party, he inquired the points of interest I had visited. I remarked that, since we had only been in town a fortnight and I yet had a whole year in which to see the beauties of the place. I should go about it leisurely. He replied that many a man came up and went down after a three years' residence, and had not seen as much as a tourist who spent a week there. But the charm of the surroundings soon led me to see and learn all I could of its historic and beautiful possessions. The much sought after leaf from Milton's mulberry tree, planted in the Fellows' Garden of Christ's College, which ordinarily the tourist obtains in at least the second tour of inspection, was not actually plucked by myself, but was brought to me by one of our dearest friends on the evening of our departure. I had many times walked under the famed tree, viewed its carefully preserved branches and trunk, which latter is banked to the lower branches, but thought always, "Surely this cannot be the last time." But there came a last time to it all, to those walks about the courts,

over the bridges, through King's Court to the bridge; a last time to lean upon its stone parapet, and look toward Clare Bridge and the velvety lawn of King's, sloping to the sleepy little river—to linger and remember that Charles Kingsley in his Alton Locke has said of this spot: "Neither pen nor pencil have done justice to the scene,"—which never dies from one's treasured memory of the beautiful.

As one lingers there the shadows are lengthening, a soft stillness reigns. You hear a tinkling bell which tells that the service at King's College Chapel is beginning. Returning you enter and take a seat at the rear of the ante-chapel, for if you have not a full hour to remain you do not go into the choir. In the hush you wait. You see the old verger, mace in hand, come slowly down the aisle, go and knock at one side chapel door, cross over and knock at an opposite door. Simultaneously the choir boys, the dean and others who are taking part in the service, file out and up the two or three steps which mark the separation of the choir from the ante-chapel, through the broad doors in that famous and wonderfully carved screen in which is the great organ. The doors of the screen are closed; the red damask curtains are drawn, causing an indefinable feeling of being shut out. It is only momentary, for the great organ peals forth, the sweet-voiced choir is already singing, and you are held spell-bound until the last note dies away.

One grows more and more fascinated with the chapel, which is conceded by all to be one of the gems of architectural triumphs of Great Britain. Its historical associations bring before you the ages through which it has stood, and you realize that its graceful walls have been silent witnesses of many strange scenes. At one time Cromwell quartered his soldiers in the edifice; on another occasion Queen Elizabeth was entertained by the play "Twelfth Night," and one touching little mark of the past remains on the organ screen in the initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Not alone for its historical memories are you desirous of paying frequent visits there, for the almost mystical beauty of the artistic interior has a peculiar influence upon you. Modern methods of lighting have never been introduced, so that when it grows dark on short days in winter candles only tend to increase the charm. In broad day the light from without

streams through windows of marvellous coloring and design—particularly those of the east and west ends of the chapel which occupy nearly the entire wall. The choir of boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, possess voices of extraordinary power and sweetness. They are constantly in training in a school kept exclusively for them, and it is therefore not surprising that the music is of the highest order. A tiny soloist pours forth exquisite notes like those of a prima donna, ringing through and filling the remotest corner of the great building.

Public services are held on Sunday afternoons to which throngs of people go. Easter Sunday was especially impressive. The service is always full choral. The opening hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," thrilled and touched a responsive chord in our hearts because of its familiar strains, and its perfect rendition both by choir and congregation. The window of the west end of the chapel throws its soft and delicate tints the entire length of the building. The service ended, the white robed choir and Fellows file slowly down the long aisle, the great west doors are thrown open, allowing a flood of light mingled with the colors of the window above to bathe all figures in a perfect glory. There is a breathless hush, and then with an involuntarily whispered "how beautiful!" you leave the place of exceeding beauty and know that had you been there long years before a similar scene would have presented itself, and that the present and past are the same.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

Toronto.

ALEXANDER GRANT.

Holy of Holies—veiled no more—
We seek thy ever open door
And entering, with unsandalled feet,
Kneel at the crimsoned mercy-seat:
Here, Lord, our weaker souls endue
With strength such as this prophet knew!

Seasons of drought might come again,
Night give not dew, heaven give not rain—
The steely skies sparse drops distil,
Men seek in vain their hearts to fill:
His soul, while theirs slight moisture drew,
Like Gideon's fleece seemed wet with dew.

He followed close Christ's tireless feet
Through whitening field and thronging street,
At night with Him on Olivet,
By day by blue Gennesaret:
Like Him taught less from antique books
Than from God's flowers and singing brooks.

Leal warder of a lordly keep
Through all the night foregoing sleep—
Watching beneath the jewelled blue—
A sentinel was he—and true:
Yet, yearning, traced among the stars
The path of Venus or of Mars.

Of all God's most heroic men,
Who ever our ideals have been,
Most calmly ardent, sweetly true—
That martyr whom Herodias slew:
Much of this spirit was his dower—
The Baptist of a later hour.

We reaped with him Christ's harvest fields,
Ingathering sheaves Time's autumn yields:
Now "one is taken: one is left"
He was not: we are sore bereft:
The Master of the harvest calls—
"On you his sacred burden falls"

Unwearying, he both near and far
Bore on the call of Christ to war—
Then, victor crownéd, in the west
Laid down sweet toil for sweeter rest:
O welcome *rest*: Cease, hearts that weep—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

God knoweth best: decrees no wrong—
Though singers of the sweetest song,
Though sayers of most wondrous things—
Thoughts that seem fledged with eagle wings—
Die early and, as Time unrolls,
Heaven gleans from earth her choicest souls.

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard:"
There echoes back not one faint word
As toward his radiant Paradise
We strain our holden, wistful eyes:
His faith alone sure solace gives—
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

B. W. N. Grigg.

Montreal.

THE SCENE OF BARRIE'S STORIES.

Kirriemuir is the name of a Scotch village situated in Forfarshire. It has, especially during the last twelve years, become somewhat famous. And why? Because it is the birthplace of an esteemed popular author—J. M. Barrie; and because it is the scene in which some of his most popular stories are located, such as "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister."

It is worth noting here the power which good literature has in conferring honour even upon some of the smallest places. The poet Burns was born in a humble peasant's cottage about a mile and a half from the town of Ayr; and yet, on account of his poetry powerfully appealing to the common joys, loves, and sorrows of mankind, that cottage is still yearly visited by hundreds of his admirers, some of them from the remotest parts of the globe. So with Shakespeare. His birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, is, or at least was forty years ago, but a plain country village in itself, and the Avon there but a sluggish, turbid brook, and yet, on account of Shakespeare's writings, there is in the main street of the village a store on whose front, in large letters, is inscribed, "This is the house in which Shakespeare was born," and the Avon has been apostrophised as "Silver Avon! thou sweet flowing stream," and annually many pilgrims from all directions come to feast their eyes upon them. And as for the homes and haunts of Sir Walter Scott—in Edinburgh, Abbotsford and Melrose—they have also, year after year, innumerable visitors, who moreover gladden the hearts of the guides and caretakers by the tips which they look for and receive from them. Even so, at least in some degree, Kirriemuir has undoubtedly, on account of Barrie's stories, not a few whose admiring curiosity is directed wistfully to it.

It is also worth noting that the writings of a popular author are invariably influenced by the place in which he was born and brought up. Like every other person his tastes are moulded very much by his environment or surroundings. The Iliad shows that Homer was not only a Greek, but also that he was a frequenter of the Grecian games and assemblies. And every intelligent reader of Dante's grand gloomy epic will per-

ceive, almost at a glance, that he was a thorough mediæval Italian. In like manner, from the minute, correct and sympathetic descriptions in the two stories we have mentioned, we can easily infer that Barrie, if not a native, must have been for some time a residenter in Kirriemuir. The environment is not the man, but it is, like his skin, a thing which cleaves to him.

By its people, Kirriemuir has always been regarded as no mean village, or rather, as they themselves would say, no mean town. Its population appeared to us to be between four and five thousand in number. Its big market-square, its tenements, wynds, closes, churches, and immediate neighborhood are just as Barrie described them in his fore-mentioned stories. It was as its most salient feature, a town of hand-loom weaving, and hence received its nickname of Thrums. In dress, many of its more aged inhabitants wore knee-breeches and coloured night-caps. The chief food of the mass was for dinner potatoes and broth or fish,—then cheap and plentiful—but porridge for breakfast and supper. Tea, on which was a heavy duty, was a luxury rarely indulged in. Hence as an illustration of Scotch pride and truthfulness it is said, that a Scotch girl, sent by her mother to the shop in which her father and three other weavers were busy at their looms, on opening the door bawled out "Faither, come awa' to your tea—your parritch is ready." And no wonder that these people lived so plainly, since the average weekly wage of a hand-loom weaver was about twelve shillings or three dollars with which he had to support himself and family.

And yet, in spite of their narrow means, they were, on the whole, an honest industrious, intelligent, God-fearing class of people seeking to do the best they could. They, for instance, sought that their children should not only be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, but also to know the shorter Catechism well and be at home with the Bible. In not a few of their dwellings, a chapter of the Bible was read every day. They also on the Sabbath attended faithfully the services of the church to which they belonged, be it the Established, the Free, the U. P., the Auld Licht, or any other church. So keenly was each attached to his own church, that it was deemed a glaring wrong, especially when there was service in his own, to attend the service of any other. In the Session-records of a certain church but farther

north than Kirriemuir, we read that a member had been brought before the Session and severely reprimanded, for having been thrice absent on the Sabbath from his own church and patronising others. Moreover, there was then a somewhat keen jealousy existing between the Established and Dissenting churches —the Established looking down upon the Dissenters as, at least, not very "tony," and the latter despising the Establishers as having no choice in selecting their own pastor, and as mean in not defraying the expenses of their own church out of their own pocket, but leaving it to be supported from the public taxes. And then, of course, each member of a congregation regarded his own church and his own pastor as indisputably the best.

In Kirriemuir, perhaps more strongly than in other villages, there was great desire on the part of a family to see themselves represented in the ministry—one of its members "wagging his pow in a poopit." Accordingly, if a son showed a liking for books, and manifested a serious disposition, the other members of the family would even pinch themselves to help him through college. And we know from experience that a Kirriemuir student, especially if a bursary prize was in view, was a formidable competitor. In our opinion, in proportion to its size, Kirriemuir has supplied more ministers for the pulpit than any other Scotch town or village.

Then, further, the people of Kirriemuir were noted as being keen politicians. One-fourth of them, perhaps, had no vote; but, nevertheless, they had minds and voices of their own, that they would not allow to rust for want of use. Like the Athenians of old, they thirsted for news, and delighted in discussion. A political meeting, especially when debate took place, was to them a special treat; for there, in cheering, hissing and stamping, they found exercise not only for their minds, but also for their tongues and feet. In those days, compared with the present, a newspaper was a poor affair, only four pages, short reports, and rather stale news, almost every one a weekly, and, on account of a heavy tax, one copy costing $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ or 7 cents. Yet a club of weavers would subscribe a copper each, have their own paper, and, at the meal hour or in the evening, would assemble, one reading and the others listening, all anxious to hear and to comment upon what the leaders in Parliament, Lord

John Russell, the Whig, Sir Robert Peel, the Tory, and especially Arthur Roebuck, the Chartist or Radical, had said; for, in those days, almost every working man, be he weaver, mason, or shoemaker, was an out-and-out Chartist or Radical.

Such was Kirriemuir upwards of forty years ago, and it was only a good specimen of very many Scotch villages of that time. But as the fashion of this world is continually changing, as hand-loom weaving has disappeared, the weaving now being done in large factories by machinery, we cannot say what is now the leading characteristic of that good town; for it was in '58 that for a few days we visited it. But we hope and feel persuaded from the character of its people that, in the great march of modern improvement, Kirriemuir will be found not lagging behind.

THOMAS WILSON.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.
EDITORS.

THE MISSION OF SOCRATES.

The mission of Socrates presents a twofold aspect. The man, who, in point of intellectual acumen, holds a place of unquestioned pre-eminence among his own contemporaries, who convicts his ancestors of folly, reduces all posterity *in statu pupillari*, and condemns his successors to an almost hopeless imitation, was, above everything else, an Athenian. Gathering up into himself the lore of former times, wrought upon by the plastic forces of his own, yet ever preserving the originality of his own unique self-hood, he caught and held, with fascinating and controlling force, the mind and heart of the people, whose redemption he sought and in whose interest he laid down his life.

But Socrates had another mission than that which bound him to his own race, a mission vastly higher, though one of which he was wholly unconscious, in preparing the way for a greater even than he. These missions were so related that his very failure in the one constituted his fulfilment of the other.

First of all, then, Socrates had a conscious mission, a mission from the skies. He could say, "I believe and therefore have I spoken." His teaching, however, was pre-eminently human. He could not accept, nor was he disposed to refute, the impossible postulates of his predecessors regarding the origin of nature. He was content to enjoy. The blue vault above him, his rock-ribbed Attica, the Ægean rippling into countless smiles, had a wonderful charm for the heart of the susceptible Westerner; but for him "the proper study of mankind was man"; for him, as for no other, the Delphic *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* was an authoritative mandate. In his own loved city, pouring in and out through her groves and academies, her porches and colonnades, her shops and her ship-yards, was a teeming population These were the children of his care. Rich and poor, artist and artisan, virtuous and dissolute, he had a message for them all. None did he ever turn empty away. He asked for no fee, and they brought him no recompense but an interested mind. He coveted no higher privilege than to be permitted to do them good.

Addressing his judges, on the charge of corrupting the Athenian youth, he says, "I say the same to every one whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens inasmuch as they are my brethren, not to take thought for your persons and your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue come money and every other good of man. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine that corrupts the youth, my teaching is ruinous indeed."

On trial for his life, he shows the same high resolve to obey God rather than man that Peter and John manifested before the Sanhedrim. Anytus had urged that if he were allowed to escape their sons would be utterly ruined by listening to his words. Socrates replied, "If you say to me, 'Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and will let you off, but upon one condition, that you are not to inquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing this again, you shall die'; if this is the condition on which you let me go, I should reply, 'Men of Athens, I honor and love you, but I shall

obey God rather than you." There spoke the noblest of his race. History bears no record of a grander scene than that. Not John before Herod, not Chrysostom before Eudoxia, not Knox before Mary, nor Luther before the Diet of Worms, presents a spectacle so glorious as this old pagan, denied the light of Christian revelation, alone at the bar of a tribunal in deadly hostility, in his fidelity to his Divine mission anticipating almost the very words of inspiration, "I shall obey God rather than you."

There was need of such a missionary. Society was rotting to its core. Iniquity wore no veil. The most disgusting immoralities were practised without remorse or shame. "Adultery was deified, incest throned in the skies." Paganism, at its best estate, had produced that catalogue of damning vices which inspiration with an iron stylus has depicted in deathless tracery upon the opening page of the Epistle to the Roman church, a catalogue from which the heart shrinks back appalled.

Against the rush and swirl of this tide of iniquity, Socrates planted himself rock-like as Gibraltar. A weaker man than he would have been swept off his feet. It marks the breadth of his mind, the firmness of his faith, the boldness of his enthusiasm, that, though continually confronted with the spectacle of

> "Truth forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne,"

he could yet discern that

> "That scaffold sways the Future,
> And behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above His own."

With almost prophetic insight he could discern, beneath all the vicissitudes of virtue, the trend of those fundamental laws which will, sooner or later, in this world or the next, bring their full meed of punishment or reward. With a faith that cannot, will not doubt, he declares the certainty that Virtue, though despised and rejected, will yet shine forth in all the spotless and fadeless majesty of her perfections. The strength of his convictions is hardly surpassed by inspiration itself.

"We are not to be anxious about living but about living well." "A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate

the chance of living or dying, he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong, acting the part of a good man or a bad." "It is by no means right to do evil in return when one has been evil entreated. I should choose rather to suffer unjustly than to act unjustly." "The beautiful and the good can never be severed."

Thus he served his day and generation. We do not wonder that men hated him, and hunted him down, and cast him into chains, and forced him to drink the deadly hemlock. They did the same for One still more holy and just than he.

We have said that Socrates had a higher mission and one of which he was unconscious. Rightly considered all pre-Christian history, Jewish and Gentile alike, was an anticipation of our Saviour's advent and a preparation for it: for His elect nation doubtless that advent had special significance—"to Abraham and his seed were the promises made"—and there is no epoch in the covenant life of that chosen people that was not at once a prophecy of, and preparation for, the Coming One. But, quite outside the pale of Judaism, the great and wise of pagan peoples were all unconsciously casting up a highway for the coming of Him who is "the Desire of all nations." Jewish law and Greek philosophy alike prefigure the Gospel. Socrates, in much the same way as Moses, was a school master to bring mankind to Christ. Moses taught that by the deeds of the law no flesh living shall be accounted righteous in God's sight; Socrates evidenced to all succeeding ages that "the world through its wisdom knew not God." It was by reason of this testimony that Socrates accomplished his mission.

There is an unutterable pathos in the thought of the Athenian philosopher groping his way backward from the world of sense to his pre-supposed goal, the Logos pre-incarnate, all unconscious that his self-confessed failure had been leading him forward to his true goal, the Logos incarnate. The Hebrew patriarch longed to see Christ's day; he saw it and was glad. The pagan philosopher, too, groping in the darkness of a rayless night, longed for some λόγος θεῖος to pierce the gloom—he longed, but longed in vain. Our brief investigation will begin with the anthropology which forms the core of the great teacher's philosophy.

He recognized in man a threefold nature, body, soul, and spirit, with much the same distinctions that are indicated in Scripture.

The body he regarded as the enemy of the soul, which had derived all its evils and impurities from being connected with it. For the body there was no hope. Being material, its evil was inherent and ineradicable. His hatred of it is intense and unremitting. He owes it no obligation, nor will he show it any favor. His language on this point is almost apostolic. "For whence come wars and fightings and factions? Whence but from the body and the lust of the body?" We need to be reminded that these are not the words of the Bishop of Jerusalem but of the sage of Athens.

The agreement, however, is more apparent than real. The *σῶμα* of Socrates is used in no ambiguous sense. The *σῶμα* of Paul on the other hand, as always when used in contradistinction to the *πνεῦμα*, must be understood as comprehending—not the body alone—but the whole man, body, soul and spirit. The body, so far from being the seat and source of evil, is regarded in Scripture rather as the instrument by which the *ψυχή*, the higher nature, works out her will.

This conflict between the Pauline and Socratic views of the body is fundamental, and breaks out afresh at each step of our investigation. It is manifest in the teaching concerning death. Socrates' views are explicitly enunciated in the Phaedo, the chief argument of which is to prove that a man ought to be glad when death comes to sever his soul from his body. Ἐι οὖν τοιοῦτον ὁ Θανατα ὁς ἐστιν, κέρδος ἔγωγε λέγω said Socrates. Καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν, κέρδος said Paul. But though the words were almost identical the conceptions were divergent as the poles.

Nothing is clearer in Scripture than that the entire man, soul and body alike, is involved in sin and in the ruin which sin entails. No part of man's nature was exempted from the curse pronounced in Eden—"In the day thou eatest thereof *thou* shalt surely die." Indeed, it is expressly stated, "The *soul* which sinneth it shall die. Nay, it speaks of men as already dead while yet living in the body. The doctrine that the soul rids itself of the body and of the curse at the same time is pure paganism. Scripture does not countenance it, and outside of Scripture there

is nothing to induce such a belief. There *is* hope for the soul, not in severance from the body, but in reunion with it, not in being unclothed, but clothed upon.

FRED. T. TAPSCOTT, '97.

(To be continued.)

A SOUTHERN HOMESTEAD.

The glorious, sunny South is a land of romance. In the old Colonial times, it was the home of chivalry. About it cluster memories untold, and recollections which make it dear to many hearts. Here have lived many fine gentlemen and fair dames, whose fathers came over long ago to plant the British flag in the new world. These adventurous spirits, enchanted with the beauty of the land, followed the example of the Indians before them, and said, "Alabama," "Here we rest."

They divided up the land and settled down, and with their own hands erected homes for themselves and their families. Many of these old Colonial homesteads are still standing, and form one of the striking features of the landscape. They have seen the rule of King George, have come through the War of the Revolution, and witnessed the Declaration of Independence. Many of them were the residences of slave owners, and stood in the midst of the great Civil War.

There is one of these old homesteads, down in the central part of the State of Alabama, which, to the present writer at least, is fraught with memories and associations which nothing can efface, and which even time cannot dim. It is a typical old Southern plantation, lying in one of the fertile valleys watered by the Silver Run. The road which passes by leads to Montgomery on the one hand, and to Columbus on the other.

The old house itself is much more picturesque than pretentious, as it spreads itself out under the great shade trees. Indeed, it is hardly visible until you come round the bend in the wide, sandy road, and see it through an opening in the trees. It is a long, one-story building, with the roof extended

in front and on the sides, to form broad, low verandahs, which are almost covered with honey-suckle and climbing-rose vines. A large, open hall-way extending right through the house, forms the main living room; and indeed, in the hottest weather, it is the most comfortable spot in the vicinity, with the one exception, perhaps, of "the smoke-house cellar." Several large windows, of the old French type, open on to the verandah, and serve as doors to the rooms within. A broad flight of steps leads up to the front, from the wide, sandy path.

Surrounding the house, and scattered through the yard, are tall cedars and spreading mulberry trees, while out in front between the yard and the road, is a thick grove of pines and water-oaks. The spacious front yard is laid off in walks of hard, white sand, in a typical southern way. The ground between the walks, is covered with shrubs and wild flowers. A score of different varieties of roses mingle their perfume with that of hyacinths, while daffodils, cape-jessamines and jonquills cluster in every available corner. Scattered about are magnolias and china-berry trees, and over in one corner, is a loquot, or Japanese plum tree, which bursts out in gorgeous blossoms about Christmas time. A flourishing bottle-gourd vine climbs and twists about the old picket fence to the right, hanging its large, green, bottle-shaped fruit nearly to the ground.

Out at the back of the house, a slow, winding creek, with long, bushy-headed grasses bending over, all along the margin, separates the grounds from the plantation proper. To the left, at a little distance, are the barns and store-houses for the cotton. On the plantation road, running to the south, stands the "gin-house," with its high screw-tower. Over in the fields, the tall, reddish plumage of the sugar-cane waves in the gentle breeze; and down toward the woods, in the distance, the long rows of cotton bleach peacefully in the sun, while half a dozen negro boys are hoeing lazily in the furrows.

Over across the corn-fields, is all that is left of the "negro-quarter." Before the war, about a hundred slaves lived there, in a long row of log cabins. Out in front, where the corn stands now, each man had his vegetable garden, his water-melon patch, and his pig-pen, and usually, his tobacco patch also. In the morning, when the great bell would ring at the house, the

workers would start out, and walk slowly to the different parts of the plantation. In striking contrast were their actions, when the cook came out and blew the dinner horn. From all parts, their melodious voices could be heard drawing nearer, as they sang some old plantation song. All day long, a troop of little picaninnies ran wild over the fields, chasing the butterflies and grass-hoppers, or calling to the "doodles" in their holes in the ground.

On Sundays the negroes gathered, one and all, in the little log church near by. They spent nearly all day in their religious services, listening to preaching by one of their own number, and singing hymns, mostly of their own composition. Their singing, when not too close, is sweet and melodious, and can be heard at quite a distance; some say two miles, but lest you should think it exaggerated, I will say one mile.

The plantation was an absolute monarchy in miniature. The products of the soil were shared by the labourers; all had plenty, and lived almost entirely free from care; and on this plantation, at least, were happy and contented. But the war came, and with it a great change in the plantation. The negroes no longer live the careless, happy life they once did. They live apart, provide for themselves, and face the world alone. True, they still work on the old plantations, but merely as hirelings, not with the same feeling of home and self-interest they once had.

Not only were the effects of the war felt here; the black war-cloud itself lowered over these peaceful fields. Sherman, in his raid, marched along this very road, ransacking every plantation for supplies. On many occasions, during the long three years, refugees from the towns were sheltered under that old roof; and recruiting officers and scouting bands frequently stopped in for a meal or a night's lodging. And those very windows were shaken by the report of the last cannon-shot of the great war.

Now the war is long past, and the slaves are gone; but the old house stands there, just as if nothing had happened, and, as I remember it, just a quiet old plantation homestead.

HENRY WARE NEWMAN.

PRIVATE SCHOOL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

This is a wide subject, and therefore I will take only one school, and endeavour to give an idea of the life there. In this way I shall be able to give a general idea of the life of all schools of the same kind, for, although each school has its own peculiarities, they all have a great deal in common.

The particular school of which I am going to speak is very pleasantly situated, facing a large park with a small river immediately in front, and also with a well laid-out garden at the back. The building itself is of interest, being of the true old English type, looking rather plain with its rows of windows, but still made very picturesque by the immense growth of ivy covering all the front part of the building from the ground to the roof. The lower part is almost entirely hidden by a plentiful supply of shrubbery. From the back stretches the garden with its characteristic well-kept English lawn, surrounded by shrubbery and dotted with beautiful flower-beds. This is not for the vulgar tread of the boys, however, but is the head-master's private garden. The boys have an asphalted playground to the left in which to play their games, namely football, cricket, etc., of which I will speak more fully later.

As we go inside the large iron gate, about eight or nine feet high, and hear it click behind us, and, as we approach the heavy door, we feel as if we were going into a prison, but, when we are ushered inside, this idea immediately vanishes. We are confronted by a large square hall with massive furniture, and passages leading to right and left, whilst straight in front is the pleasant dining-room, with French windows, overlooking the garden and leading on to a pleasant veranda. Then turning to the left from the hall, we come to the class-rooms. These, of course, are filled with rows of mahogany desks, and fitted with all the necessities of the class-room. On going downstairs we come to the workshop, as it is called, in which the boys do carpentery, and where there is a room fitted up as a photographic developing room. Then upstairs are the bed-rooms, capable of accommodating about 20 boys, with two rooms containing six and seven beds, the rest having only two or three.

And now we come to the most interesting part of the establishment, namely, the boys. To one who first comes among them they may seem rough and rude, but at heart they are true sons of England, kind and noble. To a new boy, we must admit, they might be gentler, but although it is rather trying to the boy undergoing the ordeal of being questioned as to what his name is, where he comes from, etc., yet in the end it is good for him, because it hardens him and makes a man of him, for he has to stick up for himself, or he stands a poor chance. One of the good characteristics of the boys is their truthfulness and honesty, which, to a great extent, is developed by the confidence which the masters place in them in connection with the marking of their lessons, and also in many other ways. The lessons, according to a system that is used in this school, are corrected and marked by the boys themselves, and the masters have little or no check on these exercises. This gives the boys every opportunity to cheat, and therefore, as is usually the case, there is less cheating than almost anywhere else.

Most of the boys are day-scholars, but quite a number of these stay to dinner and some to tea; these are called day-boarders. Then there are usually from fifteen to twenty who board altogether at the school and are called term-boarders. In all there are from eighty to a hundred, of whom by far the greater number are day-boys. For the most part they are from homes that are, at least, comfortably off, as it is difficult in England for the poorer classes to send their children to anything but the Board Schools.

It is interesting, too, to notice the way in which the masters mingle with the boys, and thus become intimately acquainted with their difficulties, and more capable of teaching them what would be most advantageous to them. This is also made easier for them by the fact that the teaching in class is much more individual than is generally the case. The master's only object seems to be to make every boy enjoy his lessons just as much as he does his recreation. The classes are made most interesting, and the boys ask questions, and so they learn what they do not know, and do not waste time going over things that they already know.

The classes begin at 9.30 in the morning, and go on till about

11 o'clock, when there is a recess of fifteen minutes in which to gather strength for the next attack, which lasts till 1 o'clock. Then there is a good time for exercise until school begins again at 3; and work finally ceases at 5 o'clock. In the evenings, directly after tea, the boarders all gather in the largest school-room, and under the supervision of a master, have an hour's quiet, no talking being permitted, in which to do their evening work. After this is over the boys do pretty much as they please, provided they do not make too much noise, since those in the higher classes have to study longer than one hour in order to get their work done. During the time after "prep." and before going to bed, a number of the boys go down to the workshop, the photographers to their dark-room, the others finding various employment in the workshop proper. At 8.30 p.m. the boys are all gathered together and go in to supper, after which the juniors go to bed, but the seniors have the privilege of staying up for another hour or so.

For recreation there is football, in its season, in which nearly all join, making quite a crowded game sometimes, but still it answers its purpose of giving exercise and enjoyment. When it becomes too hot for football, the cricket stumps and bat are got out, and all set to with just as much vigour to the art of batting and bowling. Then also there is skating, when it is possible, and other games of which boys can always find some which suit their tastes. Every year also they have a "Sports' Day," when their athletic powers are tested and tried.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays they have half-holidays. These are occupied generally with some match with another school, or, if that fails, with a visit into London under the guidance of a master, to see the sights. In this way they get acquainted with quite a bit of the city. Often, however, the boys get tired of trudging round London, so they ask to go to the country instead, when the master in charge takes them for an afternoon in the woods somewhere in the neighborhood. Then, on their return, after they have had tea, if they did not take it with them, they have an "Essay Meeting," at which they debate and learn how to speak publicly, or they have a quiet evening with chess and such games.

This, then, is the kind of life the English school-boy leads,

in this school at least, and from it one can judge what all schools of this kind would be like. A pleasant life, surrounded by good influences, masters trying in every way to promote his interests, —this is the lot of the English school-boy.

F. M. Armstrong, '01.

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Newman has been invited to deliver an address before the American Baptist Historical Society at its annual meeting in May, and Professor McKay has been elected a member of the American Mathematical Society.

At the close of his sympathetic sketch of the life and character of our late brother, Alexander Grant, which we publish this month, Mr. Thomson suggests that "possibly the editor, in selecting one to write this sketch, did not intend entirely to exclude the personal equation." Far from wishing to exclude it, we desired rather to accentuate it. The main aspects of Mr. Grant's life are pretty well known to all our readers, and we therefore felt that they would prefer to have a picture of him as he appeared to the eye of friendship. We are sure they will agree with us that we could have chosen no one better able to perform this service. Mr. Thomson was for several years a close friend of our departed brother, and had, as his article shows, exceptional opportunities for learning to know and appreciate the real essence of his forceful, yet lovable, personality. He consequently writes with the knowledge an affectionate intimacy affords, and has thereby been able to give us a clear insight into the character of one who, all agree, was built in heroic mould. We are indebted to Mr. Thomson for his kindness in turning aside from his pressing duties to give readers of The Monthly his view into the inner life of Alexander Grant. In this number we also print a loving tribute to his memory by Mr. B. W. N. Grigg, B.A., of Montreal. Mr. Grigg is a graduate of our University and doubtless well known to most of our readers. His beautiful verses are in every way worthy of his subject.

In our December number we mentioned the names of some of our graduates who have won academic distinctions in post-graduate work or obtained positions in prosperous educational institutions in the

United States. We also had the temerity to assert that the list we gave was but an earnest of the future. Our predictions have come true even sooner than we expected, and we therefore hasten to state the facts to our sceptical friends. Miss Minnie D. Eby, M.A., of the class of '97, has been appointed teacher of modern languages in the Berlin Collegiate Institute, and Mr. Fred. T. Tapscott, of the same class, has been awarded first prize ($100) in the 1896-7 competition in New Testament Greek. This competition is conducted by the American Institute of Sacred Literature, and is open to undergraduates in Arts of the universities of Canada and the United States. At the last examination there were contestants from Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Yale, and thirty-three other universities and colleges, and yet in the face of this keen competition, but with a "fair field and no favor," the first prize was won by a graduate of McMaster University. We think we have just reason for gratification at this signal success of one of our graduates. The members of the Faculty and the students unite in congratulating Mr. Tapscott and his teachers in Greek, Professors Campbell and Farmer, upon the notable distinction he has gained.

By the recent death of Alphonse Daudet, the distinguished novelist, France has lost the representative of her contemporary literature who was best known in every country of the world, and had probably commanded the highest degree of public interest and admiration. Having written largely of the sunny South France of his boyhood, and given his own personal experiences to various personages in his stories, he has made the literary world familiar with many details of every period of his life, and thereby awakened the deepest interest in the story of his long, but at last eminently successful, struggles to attain a permanent and lucrative position in the world of letters. The artistic excellence of his best work is admittedly of a high order. Perhaps none of his creatures are so well-known and so thoroughly enjoyable as those inimitable and genuinely typical southerners, Tartarin and Bompard. In the memory of most of his readers, the name of Daudet will, we believe, continue to be most closely associated with his volumes of short stories, which, for tender pathos, gay and innocent humor, sincere and ardent patriotism, rapid and brilliant character sketching, have probably not been excelled in any language.

We have received the annual report of the Grande Ligne Mission, and are pleased to learn from it that its present position is so satisfac tory and the prospects for the future so encouraging. From the address of the retiring President, A. A. Ayer, Esq, we learn that the mission

has been able to close the year practically free of debt, and that an extension of its noble work is possible. An examination of the financial statement reveals a large increase in the contributions during the past ten years. In 1887 the total amount received from all sources was $9,858, whereas in 1897 it was $17,911, almost double the amount in 1887. We note with satisfaction that the contributions from Ontario have grown from $2916 in 1887, to $8160 in 1897. We are also particularly glad to observe the large increase in the amount contributed in tuition fees, etc., by the students of Feller Institute. This has grown from $1,166 in 1887 to $4,112 in 1897, and is likely to grow still larger, for pupils are still being refused admission because of lack of accommodation. Here at McMaster we are particularly interested in the work of Feller Institute, and are rejoiced to know that God's blessing is resting upon it.

In the notes interspersed in the more formal parts of the report we find a pertinent question, which, to have an influence, requires to be brought directly before our students. It is this : Is there no student in McMaster University who will devote his life to giving the Gospel to the French people in the Province of Quebec ? We repeat the question, Is there not one? Shall we forget that Quebec's need is great, that opportunities for self-sacrificing work are great, and that now, if ever, the time of her spiritual awakening is at hand ? Surely we shall not forget. Surely there are some among our students, either at Woodstock or at the University, who are ready to devote themselves to this great work. If there are any we hope that they will not forget to make use of the splendid opportunity for preparation their college life affords them. The department of French is at their disposal, and can be of inestimable service to them if they but take advantage of it with set purpose. Five or six years of purposeful study of French would give them such a training for work in Quebec as missionaries to India or China never obtain at home. With opportunities for service on all hands and for training as well, surely some student will respond to the call.

Book Reviews.

THE WILL TO BELIEVE.*

This volume is a collection of popular essays in philosophy. It is philosophy summoned to the support of ethics and religion. It is gratifying to have this brilliant scholar stand on his two feet so doughtily in defence of faith and hope based upon the conviction of the truthfulness of the moral and religious ideals. Somebody once charged Prof. James with materialism, after reading the opening chapters of his psychology. Nothing could be further from the truth. The author defines his standpoint as that of "radical empiricism"; *i. e.*, he takes the world as it is, recognizes things as they appear and holds to conclusions that have been reached, but leaves room for changes made necessary by enlarged experience. We don't know it all; let us keep what we have till it has been proved false, trusting ourselves to the guidance of the deepest things of life and reason, such as belief in knowledge of reality and in the validity of moral and religious ideals.

These essays are addressed to those who by much learning (?) have suffered "paralysis of their native capacity for faith— brought about by the notion that there is something called scientific evidence by waiting upon which they shall escape all danger of shipwreck in regard to truth." The key-note of these essays is in the following sentence; "I have preached the right of the individual to indulge his personal faith at his personal risk." That is, if anybody believes there is no moral obligation, no hereafter, no God, he has perfect right so to do, but at his own risk. If another believes the opposite, he has equal right on the same condition. Grant that in either case we have to stop short of knowledge, the life of faith means more every way, and, should the faith be well-founded, how much wiser it is to believe! And yet we need not put it quite as Pascal did. Put it this way: Suppose it be the question concerning faith in God. We desire to know all we can about God. Belief in God as personal may be the best way to reach the truth about the nature of the Absolute, and to disbelieve may be the surest way to keep us from the truth we desire to learn. Therefore, let us follow the guidance of faith as a kind of prophecy that we are finally to obtain the truth about the Absolute, although that truth when obtained may not be in the form which we at present anticipate.

*The Will to Believe; by Prof. William James. Longman's, Green and Co.

A study of the will shows that what we believe is not so much a matter of logic as is generally supposed. We cannot rest in indecision. Even to leave a question open is a decision, and what we do and believe is largely in our own power. "When I look at the religious question as it really puts itself to concrete men, and when I think of all the possibilities which both practically and theoretically it involves, then this command that we shall put a stopper on our heart, instincts, and courage, and wait—acting of course, meanwhile more or less as if religion were not true—till doomsday, or till such time as our intellect and senses working together may have raked in evidence enough—this command, I say, seemed to us the queerest idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave" (p. 29 f,).

The second essay deals with the question: "Is Life Worth Living?" There is undoubtedly an element of pessimism to be found in almost everyone. But this pessimism itself lies in our natural belief in a good God followed by the discovery that the world isn't perfect as we think it ought to be if there is such a divine Creator. So the suicide finally decides the question concerning the worth of life after his fashion. But the suicide, while he has given his verdict at his own risk, might very well have fought the battle out. Right here is discovered what in a large measure constitutes the worth of life. Most of us believe there is evil in the world that can be overcome. There is a certain zest in fighting the battle which gives worth to life. Until a man has conquered himself, he shouldn't curse the world as evil, and until he has conquered himself he has something to live for; and when he has this self-mastery, he will know better than to pronounce himself and the universe a failure. Again, nature is not a perfect harmony to be sure, but there is a partial order and we have a right to trust the partial order which is consistent with the religious view of God in the world. Surely the indications are such that we should live to the natural end of life trusting ourselves to this order so far as we know it. No doubt it takes courage to live, but the zest of life comes in the actual living and conquering in belief of the order which we partially know.

One of the most striking chapters is that on: "The Moral Life and the Moral Philosopher." Here the nature and origin of moral obligations are shown. The empirical theory of the origin of moral obligation is insufficient, there is obligation wherever there is a claim and vice versa. This implies relation of beings that can feel and make a claim. We have no way of deciding whose claim should have the preference except by showing that the superiority of a claim depends upon the superiority of the one who makes it. "Thus the divine thought would be the model to which the others should conform." In short,

the ultimate ground of the moral obligation is found in the nature of the Divine Personality. Man is moral, but the full significance of the moral consciousness is found only by viewing man in relation to the Divine Being.

As to the relative merits of monism and pluralism, the author is unwilling to accept any monistic theory which leaves no room for real evil and a real divine government in behalf of ultimate good. He "views things as a pluralism," as I understand, however, as a relative pluralism coupled with the belief that somehow the many are comprehended in the One although we can not see how.

Some very interesting remarks are made on the doctrine of the Divine Government of the universe—the view held being practically that of Lotze. In a note on page 181, Prof. James speaks of the time relations of the Divine Mind, maintaining the possibility of attributing time to the Divine Mind. This is a point that ought to be fully developed because if God is a self-conscious Personality, how can He be free from the time form?

The remaining essays I shall have to pass unnoticed although they are valuable contributions to the philosophy of morals and religion. Prof. James has put his readers under fresh obligations by giving them so helpful and stimulating a book. T.

THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR.*

This is a Canadian novel, Halifax, Nova Scotia, being its setting. It holds one in its grip from start to finish. I have read no other Canadian novel of equal power. It has invention, plot, life, character, humor and high purpose. It is a treasury of sermons in throbbing action, at once an evidence and a potent ally of that quickened consciousness of the times which longs to bring the radiance of the Sermon on the Mount into the shadowed lives of modern cities and modern society. The characters are clear-cut and strong, and of varied types. Stargarde is as human and divine as a madonna. The local coloring is so true that any one who has known life in Halifax will instantly feel its charm and recognize its fidelity.

T. H. R.

THE HOUSE OF ARMOUR. By Marshall Saunders: author of Beautiful Joe, King of the Park, etc. A. J. Rowland, 1632 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

THE SONG OF SEASONS.

Sing a song of Spring-time ;
Catkins by the brook,
Adders'-tongues uncounted,
Ferns in every nook,
The cataract on the hillside
Leaping like a fawn ;
Sing a song of Spring-time,—
Ah, but Spring is gone !

Sing a Song of Summer ;
Flowers among the grass,
Clouds like fairy frigates,
Pools like looking-glass,
Moonlight through the branches,
Voices on the lawn ;
Sing a song of Summer,—
Ah, but Summer's gone !

Sing a song of Autumn ;
Grain in golden sheaves,
Woodbine's crimson clusters,
Round the cottage eaves,
Days of crystal clearness,
Frosted fields at dawn ;
Sing a song of Autumn,—
Ah, but Autumn's gone !

Sing a song of Winter ;
North-wind's bitter chill,
Home and ruddy firelight,
Kindness and good-will,
Hemlock in the Churches,
Daytime soon withdrawn ;
Sing a song of Winter,—
Ah, but Winter's gone !

Sing a song of Loving ;
Let the Seasons go ;
Hearts can make their gardens
Under sun or snow ;
Fear no fading blossom,
Nor the dying day ;
Sing a song of Loving,—
That will last for aye !

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, in New Brunswick *University Monthly*.

We are sometimes asked to say a word in behalf of some one or another missionary institute which fits young people for the missionary work. We never do it. To our mind the best fitting school for missionaries is the regular college. We want no short cuts. The best education is none too good for a missionary.—*The Independent.*

THERE are 8,232 medical students in the twenty-one universities of Germany.—*Ex.*

"NATURE in In Memoriam" is the title of a very well written and snggestive article in the last issue of the *Manitoba College Monthly.*

THE amount of good verse that appears in the "*Notre Dame Scholastic*" is worthy of note. No college paper on our exchange list furnishes so much original and excellent poetry as is to be found in its pages.

DR. PITCAIRN, being in a church in Edinburgh where the preacher was not only emphatic, but shed tears copiously, was moved to inquire of a countryman who sat by him, what it was all about. "What makes him greet?" was the inquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye had may be greet yoursel', if ye was up there and had as little to say."—*Argonaut.*

THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.—Not seldom in Highland districts the attendance at church during unpropitious weather is but scanty. One minister, finding himself, on a boisterous Sunday, confronted with but one solitary auditor, who happened to be a gruff, outspoken character, took him into his confidence, with a view to propitiate him. "Will I go on with the sermon, John?" John gruffly: "Of course." Getting into the pulpit, and leaning over it, he asked: "Will I give you the Gaelic sermon or the English one?" John more gruffly still: "Gie's baith; ye're well paid for 't."—*Good Words.*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who has promised to set Kipling's "Recessional" to music, says that he wrote the "Lost Chord" while watching at the bedside of a sick brother. One night the patient had dropped off into a peaceful sleep, and Sir Arthur, who was sitting, as usual, near by, chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's which had once very deeply impressed him. Now, in the quiet of the night, he read them over again and, almost as he did so, conceived their equivalent in music. A stray sheet of paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the thing grew and, becoming utterly absorbed in it, he worked on until it was completed. The song —perhaps the most famous that Sir Arthur has written—has had a sale of over a quarter of a million copies.—*The Independent.*

PASSING AN EXAMINATION.—A charming anecdote is told of Prof. D'Arcy Thompson, the expert sent by England to investigate the seal question. While conducting examinations at an English university, he learned that one of the students to be examined, a young woman who was a candidate for a degree, was so timid and so nervous that it was likely she would not do herself justice, and he was asked to make allowances for this. Prof. Thompson asked to be presented to her before the hour for the examinations, and after meeting he suggested that, as they had a few moments at their disposal, he would be pleased

to have her show him about the museum. She gladly assented to this, and they spent a delightful half-hour; when the dreaded time approached the nervousness of the young woman became apparent. Finally she summoned courage to ask when the ordeal would take place. The conclusion of the story is obvious—Prof. Thompson told her the dreaded hour was over. While they sauntered about the museum he had put her through a rigid examination, she had answered his questions brilliantly, and she received her degree.—*Boston Transcript.*

Brutality at the University of California.—The fact that a university is an institution devoted to intellectual pursuits has blinded many who are unfamiliar with the inner life of a college, to the many evidences of puerilty displayed there. Childish practices are observed merely because it is the tradition in college life to preserve them, and the newly-fledged freshmen imagine that it stamps them as men to continue the observance, just as younger boys think it a mark of manliness to smoke cigarettes and use vulgar language. The college at Berkeley has been particularly afflicted with this malady. When the senior class graduates, the general public is invited to listen to jokes which, at best, are in bad taste when addressed to strangers; when the junior class holds its annual celebration, it has been considered the duty of the sophomore class to distribute among the guests present a bogus programme which, on more than one occasion, has overstepped the bounds of decency; when the freshmen class observe the close of its college year by the Bourdon burial, the sophomores devote their energies to kidnapping the participants and breaking up the celebration; and when the freshmen class enters, it is regarded as necessary to have a "rush."

The rush at Berkeley this year had the redeeming feature of being so brutal as to deal a death-blow to the custom. Slight injuries, such as cuts and bruises, were almost universal among the participants; two of the freshmen will be laid up for several weeks with broken legs, and one was severely injured.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Silent from rich unfathomed skies
  Soft waves of unheard music rush,
And waft my soul in mute surprise
  O'er hill tops kissed by crimson flush.

Like chimes they swell from days of yore,
  Surfs from a past eternity,
Then slowly ebb across the shore
  That fringes night's unruffled sea.

Each passing wave of evening's strain
  That bears the yearning soul along,
Shall swell with deeper warmth again
  In morn's regathered flood of song—*Mitre.*

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98,
S. E Grigg, '00.

Frivolous Theolog. (after finishing a letter):—"I want a two cent'er.

Brilliant Freshman:—"Do you want a two cent'er or a sent to 'er?

Prof. (in Latin prose class):—"I'm no novice. I can tell when you use cribs."

And an unkind Soph. mused thus:—"Novice at what."

Excited Theolog.:—"Before I speak I may say." But he didn't get a chance.

A large number of McMaster students visited the Art Loan Exhibit in the Y.M.C.A. building, and all came away well pleased. The management certainly deserve the thanks of the public.

Sunday, Feb. 6th, was Students' Day at the Pavilion Temperance meetings. We were represented, and well represented, by J. F. Vichert, B.A.

Learned Junior:—"I say, boys, what Greek are you reading?"

Soph.:—"Demosthenes' Phillipics."

Learned Junior (emphatically):—"That's the hardest Greek in the English language." And then when he tumbled he explained that he couldn't understand the "crib."

A freshman who is continually showing his loyalty to the University, surprised his friends at the table the other day by the discovery of some very ancient "silver (?) plate"—so ancient indeed that it was dated B.C. But he doubtless overlooked the fact that this institution was once known to the public as a Baptist College.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 19th ult., we said good-bye to our fellow student, E. S. Roy, '98. We are glad to report his complete recovery from his recent illness, but regret exceedingly that he will be unable to graduate with '98. He, however, expects to continue his course next year.

The rink opening was announced for Thursday, 20th ult., but it rained. Again it was announced for Saturday, and again it rained. But when it proved to be cold and fine on the following Thursday, every person looked happy. With good ice, a good band, good weather, and a good crowd, one could expect little else than a good time, and a good time everybody had. We expect more.

At the Students' Liberal Rally, at St. Paul's Hall, on the evening of Friday, 11th inst., W. B. Tighe, '99, spoke from McMaster. He certainly was at home in a Liberal meeting, but we shouldn't like to trust him if he met the other party.

At a meeting of the Theological Society, on the evening of Thursday, January 27th, an address was delivered by J. Manton Smith on "Personal Work." His manner of treatment of the subject was suggestive, and his illustrations most apt.

At the regular meeting of the Lit., on the evening of Friday, the 4th inst., the programme was up to the usual high standard. The humorous vocal selection by the Baker brothers was well received, while every one appreciated the solo by C. J. Triggerson, '00. However, the event of the evening was the debate, "Resolved that the Southern elective system in universities is preferable to our system." The affirmative was supported by A. S. Cross, '99 and J. S. LaFlair, Theo., and the negative by C. H. Emerson, '99, and F. H. Phipps, '01. Dr. Newman, after a lucid review of the subject, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

McMaster's Hockey Club this year have an immense advantage over previous years in the possession of a first class rink in which to practice. Although the weather has not been altogether favorable, a marked improvement is noticeable as the result of hard practice. The first team, under the management of "plucky Jack Schutt," has been in active service twice. On the first occasion, a practice match was played with the Bank of Montreal team, resulting in a score of 6 to 4. On the second, the Dentals turned the tables by defeating us in a game which resulted in 8 to 3. In the latter match our boys were unfortunate in the first part of the game, Guyatt and Captain Schutt, two of the best players, received accidents of such a nature as to oblige them to retire from the scene of action for a time. If the weather proves more favorable than at the time of writing, we hope that we shall be able to report more conquests and fewer accidents.

The Mathematical Society held its first meeting for the term on Monday evening, 31st ult. A good programme was presented and a large number of mathematical devotees were in attendance. The papers given all dealt with the History of Algebra. The first, outlining the period from the beginning of numbers to the death of Diaphantes, was presented by Miss Dryden, '00; the second, delivered by T. H. Cornish, '00, dealt with the period from Diaphantes to the time of Newton. C. L. Brown, '99, in the third, outlined the period subsequent to Newton, dealing chiefly with the introduction of the Theory of the Complex Variable into mathematical conceptions. Professor McKay, in the general discussion following, gave a few remarks on several points of special importance mentioned in the papers. Several visitors were in attendance, and among the more interested ones may be mentioned Mr. P. C. McGregor, of Chilliwack, B.C. The mathematical course is booming this year in McMaster.

On the evening of Jan. 28th, the Tennysonian met with a large attendance. The President opened the programme with an able address in which the merits and benefits of the Tennysonian were forcibly presented to the members. A piano solo was rendered by Mr. W. S. Fox, and was well received. The debate followed, the subject being, "Resolved that Canada offers better inducements to settlers than the United States." Affimative, Messrs. Brophey and Fairchild; negative, Messrs. Wood and Quarrington; judge, Mr. Vining. Many good arguments were advanced and supported on both sides, wit and repartee being greatly in evidence. The judge, after ably summing up and balancing the arguments, gave his decision for the affirmative. A guitar duet was then rendered by Messrs. Brownlee and Phipps, after which the meeting adjourned.

The February meeting of the Ladies' Literary League was held on Friday, 11th inst. The programme consisted of an instrumental duet by Miss Crosby and Miss Bailey, '98; an instrumental by Miss Green, a reading by Miss Cram, and a debate: "Resolved, That the Influence of Man is greater than that of Woman." Affirmative—Misses McLay and Dryden, '00; negative, Misses Gaylord, '00, and Bailey, '98. The society is making the debate the main feature of the meetings this year, as it is felt that this particular training is of great benefit. The subject of this debate was one which allowed considerable serious and original thinking to be displayed on the part of the debaters. Nor was the treatment of it altogether devoid of humor, as for instance one argument advanced by the affirmative was, "That whereas both men and women leave footprints on the sands of time, no one can dispute but that the men's are always largest." This might have appeared to be an unanswerable argument The negative, however, were able to meet it by bringing to mind that the women left twice as many. In spite of the favorable wording of the debate it must be stated that the affirmative failed to establish their claim.

Inter College Debating League.—At a recent meeting of the Literary Society a very important motion was passed with the aim of forming if possible an Inter-Collegiate Debating League among the different colleges of the city. For some time the formation of such a League has seemed to many to be most desirable, as closer contact between the various colleges would certainly be beneficial. Accordingly, a meeting at which a number of representatives were present was held, and the question well discussed. All expressed their entire approval and the favor with which their respective societies looked upon the matter. However, in attempting to formulate any working basis for such a league great difficulties were encountered. If as many colleges should be represented as was hoped, there would have to be as many as three debates during a year for the two colleges who should be in the finals. This would prove to be a severe strain on the smaller colleges such as Wycliffe or McMaster, and the difficulty may consequently prove to be an insuperable one. As an alternative an oratorical contest was proposed and met with a good deal of favor. This would conduce as well

as a Debating League to closer inter-college relations, and would doubtless prove very popular with the outside public. While this plan would not secure many of the benefits peculiar to debating, it would still promote efficiency in public speaking to a considerable degree, and would also present fewer difficulties in its consummation. Another meeting of the representatives is to be held shortly, and THE MONTHLY expresses the wish that some definite arrangements may be agreed upon at that time so that the contests may be arranged for. The matter should by no means be dropped.

THE Theologs. had a very successful and enjoyable rally on the evening of Monday, February 7th. The Committee of Arrangements had planned for a sleighing party, but had neglected to secure snow for the occasion. Dr. and Mrs. Welton kindly came to the rescue, and placed their home and hospitality at the disposal of the Theologs. for the evening. Mr. C. H. Schutt and Mr. W. J. Pady welcomed the guests on behalf of the Theological Society, and expressed gratitude to Dr. and Mrs. Welton for their kindness. Brief replies were made by Dr. Welton and Mr. G. H. Grant, '99. The first part of the evening was spent in listening to a programme of readings and music. In the absence of Mr. J. Harry King, Mrs. King read a poem, "The Supreme Mission," which Mr. King had composed for the occasion. After the formal programme was over, the time was spent in conversation and social intercourse, until at an hour which, out of respect to the Theologs, we will not mention. Auld Lang Syne was sung, and the gathering dispersed.

THE Literary Society presented an interesting programme at their first meeting of the term on the 21st ult. A large number were in attendance, and Mr. Teakles and colleagues are to be complimented on their inaugural success. The programme was opened by a selection by the University quartette and a violin solo by Miss Boggs, '01. The chairman then introduced Dr. Rand, who spoke on "Shakespeare and Bacon, or Side-Lights on the Higher Criticism." He prefaced his remarks by stating that he had been in touch with the controversy since its first appearance, and had found that like a similar attack upon the individuality of Homer it had at length come to grief as a tenable theory. He reviewed the evidence upon which the supporters of Bacon based their claims, and showed that all, both external and internal, was unsupported by any great body of fact. These are some of their arguments—while the Baconians allowed that Shakespeare might have played the dramas, they denied that he had sufficient education to write them, for evidently he did not know how to write his own name, as was shown by the forty different spellings. But the same claim could be urged against Raleigh and many other men of the time, for in the days of good Queen Bess, spelling was regulated by the will of the speller. Then, from the fact that there are law terms in the plays, it is inferred that a lawyer must have written them. They would negatively argue in syllogistic form: Shakespeare was not a lawyer; therefore, he did not know law terms: therefore, he could

not have written the plays ; positively, Bacon was a lawyer ; therefore, he knew the terms of law, and therefore, he wrote the plays. Dr. Rand considered that on the whole the claims of the supporters of Bacon were not substantiated, and characterized the theory as a fad. A vote of thanks was heartily tendered Dr. Rand for his kindness in appearing before the Society.

THE regular meeting of the Camelot Club, on Monday evening, January 24th, was one of unusual interest and great profit. The Club is pursuing a course of study in Canadian poetry, this evening being devoted to Dr. Rand's recently published volume, "At Minas Basin." An instrumental selection was rendered by Miss Cohoon, '00. Miss Gile, '00, read Dr. Rand's poem "The Twin Flower" The most interesting part of the programme was the reading, with comments by Dr. Rand, of a number of his own beautiful poems. This was greatly enjoyed by all present, and many references in the poems, which before were somewhat obscure, were interpreted by Dr. Rand. . . . . The next meeting will be devoted to Charles G. D. Roberts' poems, and an interesting programme is assured.

A REGULAR meeting of the Theological Society was held on Thursday, Jan. 20th. After the opening exercises Mr. Teakles very acceptably rendered a piano solo. The President, Mr. Pady, then introduced Rev. Dr. Hooper, who had consented to speak on " Modern Cures." The Doctor, in the short time at his disposal, very ably presented his subject, showing the fallacies of some modern systems of religion, such as "Theosophy," "Christian Science," &c. He attributed much of the apparent success in physical healing to "suggestion," while he emphasized the fact that many individuals were merely nerved up for a time, only to make a hasty retreat through death's portals. The lecture proved very interesting to the large and appreciative audience, conspicuous amongst whom were some medical students. It seemed proper to see Theology and Medicine meet in a common cause.

THE Tennysonian Society met in their usual semi monthly meeting on the evening of Friday, Feb. 11th. The programme of the evening consisted of a vocal solo by A. C. Newcombe, '00, and a debate. The subject under discussion was the justifiability of the action of Great Britain in the Indian frontier question. The affirmative was supported by A. E Jordan, '00, and R. E. Sayles, '01 ; while J. W. Faulkner, '00, and R. D. Echlin, '01, brought forward the negative arguments. A. B. Cohoe, '98, in his summation, gave the decision in favor of the negative, and all present felt relieved in the certainty that the action of the mother country was justifiable.

FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Fyfe Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, the 27th of January. The sessions were well attended and much interest was manifested. Dr. Goodspeed, the President of the Society, led the devotional meeting, which was participated in heartily and freely. This was followed by a

short business meeting. In general, favorable reports were given of the work in the various city missions. In reference to the great Convention to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 23rd to 27th, a letter from the Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement was read before the Society, and, in response to an urgent request, Rev. J. G. Brown, B.A., and Miss Armstrong were chosen as representatives. They were appointed by acclamation, and are both well fitted for this position, since they have each labored some time in the foreign field. A review of Canadian missions was given in an interesting style by Mr. A. R. Park. He pointed out their importance in view of the people for whom the work is done, and also in consideration of the great commission. Mission work in Canada, including in some cases other work than that of the Baptist denomination, was dealt with in a very concise manner. Many encouraging features were pointed out, whilst attention was also drawn to places where missionaries should be sent.

Mr. W. J. Pady followed with an admirable paper on the progress of missions during the past year. He spoke first of the bitter persecutions in various parts—Armenia, Madagascar, Cuba and China—and also of the famine in India. He then pointed out the progress made, which was very gratifying. About 800,000,000 of the 1,300,000,000 of the world's population are now said to be under Christian government. There has been a very great increase in the circulation of the Scriptures. Among the churches of heathen lands there has also been a marked increase in the tendency towards self-support. Of the 26,000 converts made during the past year, it is interesting to note that 8,000 were in connection with Baptist mission work. The last thought of the paper was in reference to the prospect for future work. There are now greater opportunities than have ever before been known, but with this there is a sad lack of response on the part of the churches. The world needs to be christianized as well as evangelized. A well-written resumé of the life of Henry Martyn was presented by Mr. J. S. LaFlair. His noble life of self-sacrifice was carefully traced. The kindling of his missionary zeal was pointed out as being due to the inspiring examples of Carey and Brainerd. And his lonely death in 1812 was spoken of in a very touching manner. This brought the morning's session to a close.

The spiritual impetus generated in the morning was carried over into the afternoon gathering. This commenced with the reading of a few well-chosen passages of Scripture, accompanied by suitable comments. Mr. Milton Addison gave the impressions he received on coming to McMaster University, in which he expressed his great satisfaction with the professors and students. Mr. P. C. McGregor testified to the real and definite spiritual help he had received at McMaster. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit had been made clearer, and his earlier imperfect conception of the work of the Christian ministry had been rectified. He was also personally grateful to Dr. Rand for the more serious view of life he was now enabled to take. Mr. J. G. Brown then gave a most helpful talk on the possibility of a revival of religion in McMaster. There are two sides to a revival—a drawing near to God, as well as God drawing near to us. Unless earnestly

desired, there will be no such revival. The result of a revival would be that the students would do better work, the confidence of the churches in the institution would be strengthened, and the tendency to mental disintegration, to which nearly every person who is engaged in intellectual pursuit is exposed, would be balanced by a strong spirituality. This meeting was closed with prayer by the Rev. S. S. Bates. The various classes, both in arts and theology, immediately withdrew to separate class-rooms, that they might unite in thanksgiving and supplication to God. Thus closed one of the most memorable days of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Miss Thrall, Lina Gibson, Marion Taylor, Editors.

We were pleased to have Mr. Eaton lead our weekly prayer-meeting recently. As is his usual way he gave us one of his helpful talks, and we hope that we may have him with us again before long.

Mr. Therrien, of Montreal, was a welcome visitor at the chapel service lately. He gave an interesting account of the work at Grande Ligne.

Our service held on the "Day of Prayer," was led by the Rev. Mr. Jordan, of St. James Square Presbyterian Church. The sermon, an able and appropriate one, was enjoyed by all present.

One of the many treats of this season was the "Art Loan Exhibition," which was attended by all the students. Such a fine exhibition was indeed a treat, proving both enjoyable and instructive.

The lecture given Friday evening, February 11th, by Dr. Ten Broeke, of McMaster University, on "Savonarola," proved one of the most enjoyable of the course. All present expressed their appreciation of it in the highest terms.

Everyone who came last month to hear the Hon. G. W. Ross lecture on "Books, and How to Read Them," was disappointed when informed that he could not give us his lecture that evening. We hope to hear him at a later date.

Many of the students availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the Nordica concert last month. Although the evening proved to be a stormy one, all in listening to the great prima donna, felt more than repaid for going.

On Friday evening, January 28th, our annual sleigh-ride took place; the evening was clear and bright and the sleighing perfect. After spending two enjoyable hours in driving around the city, we came back to the college and partook of refreshments.

Several meetings of the "Heliconian" have been held this term. At two of these, very interesting programmes were given. At one of the business meetings, it was proposed that the Seniors, consisting of the fourth and third years, should give the programme alternately with the Juniors, consisting of all classes below the third year. This proposal was carried.

Our Moulton skaters are rejoicing in the opportunities they have already had this term of enjoying the skating, and it is to be hoped that this rainy weather which we have been having will not destroy all our prospects. The pleasures of skating even enticed some of the members of the faculty, who had never learned before, to make the attempt, and from all accounts they seem to have progressed rapidly.

A calendar for 1898 reached us a few days ago, from the Francis Shimer Academy, an academic department of Chicago University. It is needless to say that we were pleased to find there the name of Miss Genieve Taylor, as teacher of physical culture. Miss Taylor is an old Moulton student, and those of her classmates who learn of her appointment will join us heartily in congratulations. It is gratifying to know that Moulton students are taking their places in various parts of our continent, and we are always glad to hear of their success.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: S. R. TARR, M.A., . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

THE day of prayer for Colleges was observed here on Thursday, Jan. 27th, when most interesting and helpful addresses were delivered by Rev. Ira Smith of London, and Rev. Mr. Therrien of Grande Ligne Mission.

ON the morning of Sunday 6th inst., the Rev. A. J. Vining favored us with a talk upon North-West Missions. The students were out in full force to hear his inspiring address from the pulpit of the First Church, a little later in the forenoon.

OUR hockey team played a friendly game with the "The Thistles" of this town, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., which resulted in a tie. The boys look well in their new uniforms of green trimmed with white. One of the new students got so excited at the match that it was necessary to hold him to keep him off the ice. The officers ought to give "Sam." a place on the team.

While looking over the January issue of The Monthly, one of the "Knickerbockers" noticed the heading of the review of Prof. Wilkinson's doctrinal work. Seeking out a would-be preacher, he enquired whether "The Baptist Principle" referred to was Mr. McCrimmon, whom he evidently considers the embodiment of our denominational strength.

The Class of '98 was organized during the past month, and will hold weekly meeings on Saturday mornings when the members will indulge in extemporaneous speeches upon current topics. The officers of the class are:—Honorary President, Mr. Tarr; President, V. Ray; Vice-President, E. Zavitz; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Partridge; Valedictorian, A. J. Welch; Prophet, H. Bryant; Poet, H. McDiarmid.

Last Thursday, the 10th inst., we welcomed to our midst Mr. Bone, of the Welland Canal Mission. We were pleased to see that the hand of "Father Time" has lain so gently on the face and figure of our esteemed brother. He addressed the regular Thursday evening prayer meeting with his usual vigor and earnestness, and left a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the minds of our students.

A new geometrical enunciation has been suggested as relevant to the platform positions of our Faculty:—"If seven teachers be sitting in chapel, the greatest is that one which occupies the centre of the platform (and the other part of that one is by no means the least), and of the others, the one nearer the greatest is greater than the one more remote; and from the centre, masters which are equal to one another can be situated only in pairs, one on each side of the greatest."

The evening of Feb. 4th, was one which was most enjoyably spent by those students who have the good fortune of belonging to the Fourth Year. It was on this evening that Mrs. McCrimmon was "at home" to the members of the graduating class, who greatly appreciated this opportunity of obtaining relaxation after the strain of examinations. Under the kind direction of the host and hostess the proceedings of the evening passed off with perfect smoothness, and everyone agreed that the evening was one of rare sociability.

On the evening of Feb. 1st, we were relieved from routine work at studies and favored with a lecture by Rev. J. L. Gilmour. The speaker of the evening was escorted to the platform by Principal McCrimmon amid hearty applause from a comfortably-filled house. The programme opened with a selection from the college quartette; after which the Principal introduced the lecturer. Mr. Gilmour introduced his subject by taking us upon an imaginary trip into the interior of Germany, and then launched out into a description of Student Life in the German Universities. His remarks were exceedingly interesting, being intermingled with many rich jokes. The lecture ended, the programme was brought to a close by another selection from the quartette and by the singing of the National Anthem.

THE uppermost topic in the minds of our students during the past month has been the outlook for the open meeting, held on the 11th inst. All the boys entered into the work of preparation with ready hands and willing minds. A stage with modern attachments was erected at the south end of the dining room, and the rest of the spacious hall was furnished with seats. The management provided a programme of musical and literary selections, and in addition presented a three act play, "The Bells," which was rendered with entire satisfaction to the audience. The programme was as follows:

1.—Instrumental, ... Selected
College String Band.
2.—Reading of "The Oracle" . . . ——
J. R. Coutts.
3.—Act I, ... "The Bells."
4.—Istrumental Duett, ... Selected
Messrs. Riggs Bros.
5.—Act II, ... "The Bells."
6.—Vocal Duett, ... "Love and War."
Messrs. Bryant & Welch.
7.—Act III, ... "The Bells"
8.—Chorus, ... "Hail Smiling Morn."
Glee Club.

"THE BELLS"—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mathias,	Herbert Piercy
Walter,	C. Gifford
Hans,	H. Popplewell
Christian,	J. W. Welch
Mesmerist,	D. E. Bagshaw
Doctor Zimmer,	W. Partridge
Notary,	W. C. Wickett
Tony,	O. Lailey
Judge,	A. J. Welch
Clerk of the Court,	C. Fraser
Catherine,	P. Becket
Annette,	L Harton
Sonel,	W. Damen

ACT I.—Place: Village Inn in Alsace.
ACT II.—Place: Best Room in Burgomaster's House.
ACT III.—Place: Bedroom in Burgomaster's House.

Although the weather was very unfavorable, the seats were nearly all occupied. So large assemblage under such circumstances indicates the great interest which the citizens of Woodstock have in their educational institutions. It would be unfair to give special mention to individual names, since everybody entered so heartily into the work; but great praise is due to the able committee, the personnel of which was reported in last month's notes. McMaster University was represented on this occasion by Messrs. Grigg and Cornwall.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

During the past month we have been favored with visits from Mrs. E. Davies, of St. Armand, P.Q. ; Miss Marilla Bullock, of Roxton Pond, and Rev. N. Gregoire, of St. Pie. Mr. Gregoire supplied our pulpit in the absence of Pastor Parent, and gave us two very interesting and helpful sermons

We are looking forward with interest to the Conference of Grande Ligne Missionaries, to be held here on Wednesday, 23rd February, and to be followed, on Thursday, 24th, by the annual meeting of our Alumni Society. We expect two very interesting and profitable gatherings.

There are prospects that we shall soon have our mail-service much improved. Up to the present we have been subject too much to long delays with our out-going mails. So far all answers to incoming letters have been delayed thirty-six hours, while replies to Friday night's mail were subject to a delay of two days and a half. We have felt this very inconvenient and unsatisfactory. In answer to a petition however, the Government has sent out an inspector, who, after investigation, has given us hopes of having a daily out-going mail in the morning. This will shorten the delay to fourteen hours, and we believe it will make a quite satisfactory service. May we not be disappointed.

The friends of Grande Ligne in general, and of Feller Institute in particular, will be very sorry to learn that our Principal, Rev. G. N. Massé, has again been laid aside from his work by ill-health. We had thought that he began the year's work with more than his usual energy and hopefulness of carrying it through successfully to the end of the year. But we were doomed to disappointment. The twelve years' constant anxiety and watchfulness of the Institute's interest, with the large amount of work this has required, have proved too much for his physical strength. Sleeplessness ensued, and now his physician has imperatively ordered at least a year's complete rest. At present he is resting at Waterloo, P.Q. We still hope that he may be able to resume his work next October. In the meantime the other teachers, with the help of Pastor Parent, have divided his work among themselves as best they can for the present.

On January 29th took place the great event of the year in Grande Ligne sports Ever since our skating rink has been flooded, the hockey enthusiasts have been practising, more or less faithfully, for their annual match with the old Grande Ligne boys now resident in Montreal. Unfortunately for the Montreal boys they were not so well supported as in past years. Though the thermometer registered 17 degrees below zero, the players managed to keep warm by playing a fast and exciting game. During the first half the visitors held their own fairly well, the score standing two to one for G. L. ; but in the second half Grande Ligne quickly added five more to their lead, winning altogether seven goals to Montreal's one. We wish Montreal better luck next time.

Augustus H. Strong

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1898.

AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG.

In response to a request which comes to me from a Toronto friend, and in the midst of all the demands upon me arising from a series of special services in the church of which I am pastor, I sit down to write a brief sketch of President Strong. And so it results that a work which I should like to do leisurely, and with much care and discrimination, must be done hurriedly. Accordingly I take my pen with the uncomfortable conviction that I shall do no sort of justice to the subject of this article. Another difficulty also confronts me. Doctor Strong is still with us, and is in the very prime of his noble strength and of his commanding influence. Moreover my relation to him as his pastor and in other ways, is intimate; I meet him almost daily. Through eleven years of constant intercourse I have learned to know him, to appreciate him. Doubtless this constitutes my fitness to be the writer of this sketch. But any reader can see, in addition, that my task is a delicate one. I must not say all that I know and feel. If I did, Dr. Strong would be the last to forgive me. Where, then, shall I draw the line? Truth must be told, yet becoming moderation must be preserved. In short, this sketch will only be a bald outline: it will not be, in even a small degree, an appreciation.

Augustus Hopkins Strong was born in Rochester, N. Y.,

August 3rd, 1836. After passing through the Public School he was prepared for College in the Rochester Collegiate Institute of which Professor H. W. Benedict was then the Principal. This was in 1849-1852. After this he had a year's experience in the counting-room and the business of the Rochester Daily Democrat, of which his father, Alvah Strong, was the proprietor. In 1853 he entered Yale College, and from this College he was graduated in 1857. At his graduation he was Class Orator, and also De Forest Gold-Medalist. It was during this period, in a revival in Rochester under the great Charles G. Finney, that Mr. Strong was converted to God. The fruit of that revival under Finney abounds in Rochester to this day. Dr. Strong often recalls that time with gratitude to God. In 1857 he entered the Rochester Theological Seminary, of which Doctor E. G. Robinson was then the President. Doctor Robinson was a man of unusual vigor and independence whose teaching and whose personality left their mark on every student. Associated with him in the Faculty were Doctors V. R. Hotchkiss, and G. W. Northrup. Here Mr. Strong spent two years. Then in 1859 he went to Europe where he spent a year at the University of Berlin, and in traveling in Italy, Palestine, Egypt and Greece. It will thus be seen that he enjoyed great advantages in preparing for his life-work. How well he used those advantages his subsequent career plainly shows.

His first regular preaching to a church was to the North Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill., in 1860-61. From 1861 to 1865 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Haverhill, Mass. In 1865 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio, and this position he filled until the year 1872. In the year 1872 he was called to succeed Doctor E. G. Robinson as President and Professor of Biblical Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary, which position he still occupies. It was a sign of the great confidence with which he was regarded that he was called to so responsible a place at such a comparatively early age; that confidence he has never disappointed or betrayed. Indeed, it is characteristic of the man that the longer he is known and proved, the more he is trusted; no interest for which he is responsible ever suffers because of him; no friend ever finds him lacking in anything which true friendship implies.

The twenty-six years of Dr. Strong's work in the Seminary have assuredly been busy years, and they have been fruitful years as well. In 1872-3 the English department of the Seminary enrolled forty-two students, and the German department, nineteen; a total of sixty-one. At present the figures are one hundred and three for the English department, and forty-nine for the German department, a total of one hundred and fifty-two. Then the permanent funds were $161,641, now they are $603,947. Then the Faculty all told numbered seven; now it numbers fourteen. The course of instruction has been constantly developed, and in the English department almost every student is now a college graduate before he is received. These facts are signs of a portion of President Strong's work.

During these years he has been a hard student and an untiring literary worker. His "Systematic Theology" is known in many of the seminaries of this country, of all denominations, and is regularly used in not a few of them. It is also recognized across the sea. It was first published in 1886; and in 1896 the fifth edition of it appeared. His "Philosophy and Religion," was published in 1888; and in the autumn of 1897 he gave to the press that most delightful and most instructive volume, "The Great Poets and Their Theology." Of these different works there is no space to speak here. Doctor Strong's standing as a scholar and a theologian, both in the Baptist denomination and outside of it, is in a measure signified by the following facts. The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon him no less than three times, and that by the leading institutions in the country: in 1870 by Brown University; in 1892 by Yale; and in 1896 by Princeton. In 1895 Bucknell University gave him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

These, then, are the dry bones of his life and work up to this time. To those who know him how dry they will appear. You do not really know him until you know him in his domestic life, in his social life, in his literary associations and companionships, in his life as a church-member, in his deep, steady, growing, mellowing spiritual life. Take a fact like this. It is a principle with him to refuse no request for any service, if it is in his power to render it. Imagine the labor and sacrifice which such a principle involves in the case of such a man. Or take a

fact like this. He regularly teaches a Sunday School class nine months in the year, and of all the attendants at the church prayer-meeting not one is more constant than he. In all his teaching and his manifold labors, and in his own life, loyalty to Christ is the principle which transcends all else. As my space is exhausted, I cannot do better than to close with this testimony.

J. W. A. Stewart.

Rochester, N Y.

WINTER FLOWERS.

When tree and bush are comfortless,
  And fields are piteous bare,
A garden blooms upon my hearth,
  And it is summer there.

From the gray log's quiescent length
  Burst the bright flowers of flame,—
Like the far flashings of the stars,
  Too rare for earthly name.

Now rosy-hearted, rosy tipt,
  Their petals softly blow;
Now clear as water in the sun,
  When the blue sky lies below.

And daintily they toss and sway
  To the breath of soundless airs,—
The memories of wooing winds
  That made the forest theirs.

O for the secret that the sun
  Shares with the burning tree!
Elusive sweet as the witching flow
  Of water to the sea.

In thought I grasp the mystic word,
  And lo! it hath no form.
I only know 'tis dark without,
  And here 'tis light and warm.

Blanche Bishop.

THE INNER LIFE.

Never in the history of the world was greater attention given to the cultivation of the mind than to-day. The advantages conferred by a liberal education are all but universally recognized. But the greatest want of to-day in our churches is not learning; nor is it organization. Our churches are, one might say, weighed down with ecclesiastical machinery. Nor is it a larger number of educated ministers. Most of our pastors realize the importance of mental discipline, and so wisely expend many years in patient and laborious study before undertaking the weighty responsibilities of the pastorate. And yet the number who fail in the ministry is not few; nor can their failure in many instances be ascribed to defective education.

Incalculable, indeed, is the amount of good effected through money. Money builds our chapels, our schools and colleges; money supports our pastors, and sends the missionary to the ends of the earth. You can often tell the genuineness and depth of the Christian's consecration by his liberality to the cause of his Master. But the greatest want of to-day is not money. What then is the greatest want? The lack of spiritual power.

The evidences of spiritual impotence were manifest in New Testament days. This we see in the failure on the part of the disciples to cast out the deaf and dumb spirit; in their unseemly rivalry; in Peter's shameful denial and the disciples' cowardly desertion of their Master in the moment of trial. Nor would the great apostle to the Gentiles have administered such a stinging rebuke to the Christians at Corinth for their carnality had he not found them to be mere babes in Christ—spiritual weaklings. But notwithstanding our greater privileges no less abundant among us, to-day, are the manifestations of a weak and sickly spiritual life. Why do we fail so frequently in temper, word and deed to exemplify the spirit of our Master? Why do so much envy, jealousy and strife exist among the followers of Christ, when He made love the supreme test of discipleship? Why is there not a more consuming zeal for the advancement of His kingdom?

Failure to cultivate the inner life, is, it seems to me, the

correct answer to all these questions and to very many others that might be pertinently asked. Christians seem to forget that the spiritual kingdom has its laws to which strict obedience must be given, if the soul is to possess strong, vigorous and abounding life. The transgressor of the physical laws invariably suffers. In like manner the transgressor of the spiritual laws brings upon himself sure retribution.

What, then, are some of the laws of the spiritual kingdom? For our answer let us go "back to Christ." In His life and utterances we shall find a solution for all our problems.

I. *Search the Scriptures.*—Jesus emphasized the diligent study of the sacred writings. He was Himself saturated with the word of God. The assaults of the tempter He foiled by reliance on the sacred oracles. God's word was constantly upon His lips, "Ye do err not knowing the scriptures." And after His resurrection, when He opened the mind of the disciples it was with a view of disclosing rich treasures stored for them in the written word. Nor need we wonder that as He expounded to them the truth they exclaimed, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He opened to us the scriptures?" Passages might be multiplied to show the value which our Lord placed on the Old Testament writings. In them He saw Himself and the path which He must tread, and from them He derived strength and courage for His work. Christ was not a Higher Critic, but He was a devotional student of the word of God. If Jesus Himself, the living Word, could not dispense with the written word, how can we, His followers, live without it. The disciples at Berœa were declared to be more noble than those at Thessalonica, because they examined the scriptures. No Christian who fails daily to assimilate the word of God can grow strong in the life divine.

II. *Meditate and pray.*—The necessity of taking time to hold fellowship with God, and of having a quiet spot for the purpose, was also emphasized by our Lord. "But thou when thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." He would not part from His disciples without again dwelling on what He had so often sought to impress upon their minds, the absolute necessity of the cultivation of the inner life—"But tarry ye in the city until ye be

clothed with power from on high." And our Lord's command was in complete harmony with His practice. He did nothing without prayer. No one realized as did Jesus the need and the value of unbroken fellowship with the Father. To meet this need He was wont to arise long before the light of day appeared and betake Himself to some solitary place to pray. He knew the dissipating influence of being constantly in the presence of man. He could more easily dispense with daily food for His body than with daily food for His soul—fellowship with the Father.

In His baptism we find Him praying and before He sent forth the twelve He spent the whole preceding night in communion with God. And so profound an impression did His praying make upon the minds of the disciples that on one occasion they cried out "Lord teach us," not to preach but "to pray."

Jesus took time to study the scriptures and time to pray. And he requires each of His followers to have a secluded spot where he can daily meet Him. This is the place where "He daily anoints with fresh oil each waiting heart, and where blessings are bestowed with which they are to bless their fellowmen." "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

Time was when Christians thought it necessary to shut themselves up in monasteries in order that they might thereby give themselves undistractedly to meditation and prayer. They forgot the Master's petition, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." But if the Christians of those distant days made the great mistake of withdrawing themselves altogether from contact with the world, if they lived too much in doors, it is to be feared that the average Christian of the present, busy, bustling age, lives too much out doors.

Jesus' life and words would teach us that no soul can possess a sound spiritual life that does not take time daily to study the word of God, and daily to hold fellowship with the Father. "In stillness and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength," says the prophet Isaiah. And a like thought is expressed by the Psalmist—"Be silent to the Lord and wait patiently for Him." Indeed, he is the most active and most aggressive in the work of his Master who is the most passive instrument in His hands.

The marvellous activity of the Apostolic age was due to the fact that many of the disciples gave themselves up to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Before the disciples were invested with divine power for witnessing they had waited on God. It took ten days' praying to melt away the icebergs of coldness and to remove the mountains of unbelief from their hearts. Mighty was the change wrought upon the disciples. Peter who a few days ago, frightened by a maid, denied his Master, became at once as courageous and strong as a lion. Filled with unwonted power, he speaks with great boldness, directness and simplicity. Three thousand hardened sinners are convicted and converted. It is the Spirit's work. But let us not forget that before this great work could be done God's own children had first to be prepared. This was His method in carrying on His work in the first century; it is His method still. Physicians tell us that hurried eating is productive of injury to the health of the body. In like manner the soul of many a Christian can trace its chronic dyspepsia to nothing else than to hurried meditation and prayer.

III. *Obey His voice.*—Jesus lived a life of absolute obedience to the will of God. He had a will of His own, but He gave His will to the Father; "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me." He counted it His joy to do the Father's will—"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." It cost Him much to do the Father's will. It meant Gethsemane and Calvary. Jesus died rather than do His own will. He could not have revealed the character of the Father had He chosen to do His own will. By His life He shewed us how to live, and by His death and resurrection He obtained for us the power to enable us to do His will rather than our own. Jesus abode in the Father's love because He kept His Father's commandments, and He assured His followers that they could abide in His love only as they yielded obedience to His commandments. To be conformed to Christ in life and character the believer, too, must be willing to count the cost and choose to do Christ's will rather than his own. This is the secret of a strong, aggressive and progressive Christian life. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

IV. *Have faith in God.*—Jesus lived a life of absolute de-

pendence upon God. He could do nothing from self as the centre. "Even Christ pleased not Himself." No man ever lived a life so dependent on the Father as did our Lord. This life of dependence He did not regard as a humiliation. He knew that the sin of Eden arose from the desire to be independent. To the Father He looked for guidance in regard to every detail of His life. "The Son can do nothing of Himself; but what things soever He seeth the Father do, these the Son also doeth in like manner." Nor did His implicit faith and perfect obedience go unrewarded. The Father communicated to Him all His purposes. This life of dependence although not pleasing to the flesh not only delivers the soul from care and worry, but brings to it the calm and peace of God.

All the resources of heaven are placed at the disposal of the believer who yields implicit obedience to these laws of the spiritual life. "He that believeth on me, out from within him shall flow rivers of living water." All things are possible to him that believeth. "I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me."

Mighty and glorious are the results which attend the cultivation of the inner life. You will give up your selfish aims and unhallowed ambitions You will consult your heavenly Father in regard to every detail of life. You will receive divine help and guidance. The word of God will become unspeakably precious to you. Your conscience will become sensitive to the presence of sin in all its forms. You will live soberly and righteously, and godly. You will have abundant opportunities for service, and you will turn them to good account. You will have many difficulties, trials and temptations, but you will have grace given you to believe that all things are working together for your good. You will be regular in your attendance at the house of God, and you will deem it a privilege to contribute regularly, as the Lord prospers you, to the support of the gospel and the spread of the glad tidings to the ends of the world.

The character of your Master will be reproduced in your life, His patience, humility, meekness and gentleness; His love, His forgiving and self-sacrificing spirit. You will be ever conscious of your own imperfections, and you will make the language of the Apostle you own: "Not as though I had already attained or am already made perfect; but I press on, if so be,

that I may apprehend that for which also I was apprehended by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have apprehended; but one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and stretching forward to things which are before, I press on towards the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

P. S. CAMPBELL.

SONG OF THE PEE-DEE-DEE.

A bird sat singing alone on a limb,
A sweet, little, plaintive, woodland hymn;
And its bright eyes sparkled with glad delight,
As it plumed its pinions of grey and white.
"Pee-dee-dee! 'tis a pleasant thing,
Here, midst the rustling leaves, to sing;
With the blue sky above me so soft and clear,
And the murmuring rivulets singing near;
With beautiful blossoms everywhere
Loading with perfume the balmy air!"
And the gushing trill of the happy bird
Again the o'erhanging foliage stirred.

A sour-faced man with a gloomy eye
Chanced to be sauntering slowly by;
And he paused as the music so soft and clear,
Of the blithe little warbler met his ear.
—He paused, looked up, but soon looked down,
And darker still grew his heavy frown:—
"I cannot imagine, indeed," quoth he,
"Why such noisy, troublesome things should be!
"I'd give a dollar to have my gun—
"I'd soon put a stop to his boisterous fun!"

"Pee-dee-dee!" sang the sweet-voiced bird,
"For your ear, good friend, I've a little word:—
There's a thorn in your breast! there is gloom on
your brow,
And your spirit is darkened by shadows now.

Come! listen to me, and I'll sing you a song
That will lift the cloud from thy soul ere long.
I'll sing of the glorious summer sky,
Of the rivulet's song, and the breeze's sigh,—
Of the dancing leaves, and the sweet-breathed flowers
And the sunbeam's glance through the woodland
bowers!"
But the moody man heard not the lay,
For his dark thoughts were wandering far away;
And he passed along, for his troubled heart
In the gladness of Nature had no part.

With a haughty brow and a flashing eye,
A woman of fashion next came by,
She glanced at the grove with a scornful face,
And coldly sneered—"What a vulgar place!"
This tangled brushwood,—those old gnarled trees!
Who could find pleasure in scenes like these?"
"Pee-dee-dee, a good morn to thee!"
Warbled the bird from the old beech tree.
"Call you *this vulgar*, this fairy scene,
Of midsummer forests enrobed in green?
These morning dew-drops so sheen and rare?
These sweet sounds burdening all the air?—
Wait, and I'll sing thee a song so sweet
That thou'lt loathe the town with its crowded street—
But thou look'st displeased; and I plainly see,
That happiness is not a guest with thee;—
O! I pity—I pity that sealed-up heart,
That beareth with Nature no kindred part!"

With bounding step and a gleeful song,
A sweet little child came next along;
His bright cheek glowed with the rose-bud's hue,
And his laughing eyes seemed of the clear sky's blue.
"Oh! oh!" he cried, "could there ever be
So pretty a thing as this old beech tree!—
With its roots all cushioned with mosses green,
And violets springing the tufts between,—
Blue violets and yellow—and look, oh, look!

There is a dear little shallow brook,—
And here is a beautiful climbing vine;
How its glossy leaves in the sunbeams shine!"
And the glad child shouted in artless mirth,
"O, this *is* the pleasantest place on earth!"

"Pee-dee-dee!" sang the listening bird,
And the child looked up as the song he heard.
"Pee-dee-dee!—little laughing boy,
Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy?
—Thine is no selfish and sealed-up heart,
Wearied and warped by the stern world's art;
Thine is no spirit grown cold and chill
By the workings and warrings of earthly ill;
Welcome, sweet child, with thy guileless heart,
Of Nature's self thou a portion art!"
Will it aye be so?—or will time's dark wings
Dim the perceptions of beautiful things,
Chilling the fountains of joy in thee?
But what am I thinking of? Pee-dee-dee!
Pee-dee-dee! little laughing boy!
Hast thou come to the forest to share my joy?
Oh! beautiful child, with thy guileless heart,
Of Nature's self thou a portion art;
And I will not think what thou yet may'st be
When years have passed over thee—Pee-dee-dee!"

PAMELIA S. VINING YULE.

A LAST WORD.*

Here is a book of poems eight months old and in its second edition. And here then is a thing hitherto unheard-of among Canadians, who are neither over-rapturous patrons of the muses nor an opulent prey for graceless publishers. *At Minas Basin* has not dinned its way; but, rather, open-heartedly it has claimed its kingdom, and open-heartedly, inevitably, withal more quickly than its best appreciator foretold, it has been welcomed by its own.

With the acquisition of nineteen new poems, *At Minas Basin* attains full stature and begins its campaign. The exultant note of the sonnet "Victor is He!" and the triumphant assurance of the lyric "In Memoriam" are the burdens of its eager song. Healthy, virile, with appropriate accoutrements, and God-seeing, the book addresses itself to its mission: the revelation of Divine things to the hearts in which its "body of beauty" has aroused æsthetic satisfaction. A message of help! In the presentation and the burden alike are beauty and strength, and in the latter also there is salvation. What a song for men's souls rings in the "is" and "must be" of the single stanza:

> "He's our rhythm and light,
> Eternal, above!
> The Day of all night!
> He is Love, Love, Love!"

As the writer said in the pages of this magazine some time ago —nor must rehearse at length—it is evident that "all the volume is instinct with spiritual enthusiasm, with the open genius of a fearless and stable faith." It is sweetness *and* light. The poet's grasped and reiterated good is

> " . . . . the blessing in 'bless,'
> The love in love."

With musical Saxon, with delicious lilt, with dominating nobleness of theme and motive, with liberal dower of eloquence and imagination, this poet—of whom, Canada, hesitate not to be proud!—builds up his victorious empire. His book

* *At Minas Basin and Other Poems*, by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L, Second edition, cloth, 12mo. 206 pp. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings; Montreal: C. W. Coates; Halifax: S. F. Huestis, 1898.

makes no bald advertisement of profession, but desires and strives to work for God's ends, as may please Him. Only, in answer to any challenge of its right to work, it proclaims its outlook in "Poesy Speaks" and "Reflections."

The fruition, then, of beauty? Read "Beauty," "The Carven Shoes," "Of Beauty," "A Red Sunrise," the cloud sonnets, "The Hepatica," "The Glad, Golden Year," "Fairy Glen," and "Summer Fog."

Evil is. Is there salvation? Read "Love's Immanence," "The House of God," "By the Love," "The Christ," "In the night," "Marie Depure," "Silas Tertius Rand."

But evil persists and blights. What can be done? The answer is given in "Partnership," "Resistless Fate," "Victor is He!" "Conduct," "International Arbitration," "Renewal," "Nature," "My Robin," "Tetrapla," "The Stormy Petrel."

Accepting the blessed intimation of the final lasting alliance of power with good, what is the means of that alliance, and is there any guarantee of its permanence? The truth is told in "Ideals," "Vision," "The Dragonfly," "Deathless," "In Memoriam," "A Dream," "I Am," "Nora Lee," "To W."

That is the achievement. From the forefront of the battle the song soars unafraid: song of consciousness and song of confidence, giving hope, stablishing faith and freeing generous emotion.

It is noticeable in the development of Dr. Rand's book and its now full-blooming promise, that the new poems in this second edition constitute a miniature *At Minas Basin* in themselves. More would willingly be said on this thesis, but the mere assertion must suffice. That this likeness in miniature should not exist would surprise critic and interpreter. The recital, warmly applauded, is ended; and the organist stays on and dreams. He awakes with the old yet newer joy in his eyes, his fingers seek the key-board in a finale of soft but surpassing sweetness. And so he rests. Not till then is the recital *finished.*

"Amen! and Amen!
Breaks over the deeps,
Again and again,
And the blue vast sleeps."

G. Herbert Clarke.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. Teakles, '98, D. Bovington, '99.
Editors.

THE MISSION OF SOCRATES.

(Concluded.)

The Socratic view of death left no room for a resurrection. This doctrine, which is the *ne plus ultra* of Christianity, would have been utterly repugnant to Socrates; if entertained, it would have undermined his whole philosophic system.

Greek philosophy never made any advance in respect of this, and the enunciation of the doctrine by the Saviour and his apostles found the world utterly unprepared for it. The Athenians turned from Paul's preaching with ridicule and contempt, when he spoke of a resurrection of dead men; yet they would have listened with attention and respect to a discourse on the eternal blessedness of the soul apart from the body.

Space-limits proscribe any detailed exposition of the Socratic doctrine of *immortality.* His favorite argument,—the reminiscence of ideas in a pre-existent state, of which the soul is partaker —has become familiar to English readers through Wordsworth's famous *Ode on Immortality.* His ethical arguments carry greater weight with us. There is the aspiration of the soul after a perfect existence, which Addison's Cato has so finely voiced. There is also the necessity growing out of our present lives for a future retribution and reward. This whole argument, as he evolves it, is remarkably scriptural and suggests many striking parallels in the Bible. The postulate of the alternation of opposites, used by Socrates in establishing the immortality of the soul, has great interest for the Christian, inasmuch as it was adopted by Paul in establishing the resurrection of the body.

The description which Socrates gives of the future abode of the blessed, shows many points of startling similarity to the apocalyptic vision of the apostle John. There is the "pure heaven" and the "pure earth"; there are trees and flowers and fruits fairer than any here; there are "gold and silver, and the

jewels of the upper earth, the emeralds and the sardonyxes and jaspers and other gems"; there is "the purple of wonderful lustre, also the radiance of gold and the white which is whiter than snow, making that true earth such that to behold it is a sight for the blessed." The inhabitants "have no disease, but they hear the voices of the gods and receive their answers, and enjoy sensible visions, and hold converse with them, and their other blessedness is of a piece with this."

The Phædo, from which most of the preceding extracts have been taken, will ever remain the highest achievement of speculative reason. It marks the utmost limit that unaided human intellect can ever hope to attain. But it was a human effort after all, and the stream could not rise above its source. Earth can never rise to heaven; if earth and heaven meet, it must be by heaven coming down to earth. No human hand can rend the veil that hides the unseen, yet it may be that from the heaven-side light may break through. There is indeed a deep significance in the fact that Socrates' confession of his own inability to solve the pressing problems of human destiny, and to penetrate the mysteries of the unseen, is so frequently accompanied by an expression of yearning desire after light from on high. Certain it is that he thought it no unreasonable supposition that the gods would convey their will to mortals through revelation when they could not ascertain it by learning. There is the ring of prophecy about the following passage:—"Failing in this, that is to say, if a man can neither find the truth by his own faculties, nor learn it through the help of others, then having chosen that which is at all events the best and most irrefragable of human doctrines, he ought to embark thereon like a mariner going to sea on a raft (in default of any better conveyance) and sail through life's voyage, unless, indeed, it were possible to proceed on one's way more securely and with less danger, or on some *divine doctrine* (*γόλου θειοῦ τινός*).

Undaunted by the magnitude of the problems which Socrates had labored in vain to solve, his successors, with amazing pertinacity, returned again and again to the task. Never had such demands been made upon philosophy: never did philosophy fail so utterly to stand the test. With the loss of empire, the moral, social, and political life of Athens was completely under-

mined. At first, the people looked to religion for compensation for national and individual losses: religion had nothing to offer. With expectant hearts men turned to philosophy. Vain hope! Philosophy, so long the proud boast of the schoolmen and even yet regarded as the only panacea for the nation's ills, gave way from the very first before the disintegrating attack of the forces of immorality. With a wail of utter despair that reached even to heaven, the Greek masses lapsed into scepticism.

The Lyceum and the Academy, the Garden and the Porch, are now deserted. Philosophy, a homeless wanderer, quits the hallowed haunts, flees across the Mediterranean, and finds a welcome retreat among the libraries of Alexandria. The old schools, rivals once in prosperity, are now reconciled in adversity. The new Eclecticism of the west at first encounters, then embraces, then fuses with, an element hitherto unknown to the Greeks — the Jewish monotheism.

That was the focal point in human history. To it the events of the past converged, from it they expanded. It was at that supreme moment that the light broke above Bethlehem, that heralded the dawning of a better morning. The old luminaries, once so bright, struggled in vain against the brightness of that glorious rising. He for whose advent Socrates had ignorantly longed when he said to Antisthenes, "We must wait till some one comes," had at length appeared, and angels sang the tidings of his birth.

The θεῖος λόγος was indeed revealed, not in ambiguous oracles, hard to be understood, not transmitted through that tongue which he himself had glorified by making it the instrument of his philosophy. The God whom he had so imperfectly yet so marvellously apprehended had become in his own person the θεῖος λόγος, the Divine Word, God manifest in the flesh.

The body, which he had contemned and conquered, from whose polluting contact he was glad to find deliverance, even in death, became the temple of Divinity, destined to be re-animated and re-inhabited in the glory of a resurrection life.

The deplorable fact of human degeneracy, of which he was so keenly conscious, but the origin of and the release from which his philosophy was powerless to determine, was explained by a revelation which told of a death in Adam and a

birth in Christ, and solved every problem of human philosophy in the single sentence—"As through one man sin came into the world, so through one man came life everlasting."

The redemption, which he had so nobly, but so unsuccessfully sought to achieve by philosophy, was accomplished by the Cross, on which the great Representative of humanity offered Himself up, "the just for the unjust;" in place of the light of nature, recondite oracles, warning voices and conjectural auguries, came "the more sure word of prophecy, which is as a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the Day-star arise."

The heaven of purity and concord which reason had postulated as a necessity which it were ignominy to doubt, was revealed in glory surpassing human thought. Reason itself was lost in faith, revelation bearing its own witness in the experience of the believer. "Knowledge is virtue and power," said Socrates; "Believe and ye shall enter in," said Christ. It had needs be so. When the stars come forth and deck the firmament, men lay aside their maps and charts; they need no voice of reason to assure them that these are the lights for whose dawning they have waited. And so we wonder not that men turned from the phosphorescent gleamings which philosophy had scattered here and there in the vain effort to irradiate the night of paganism, to hail with gladness the rising of the "Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings."

FRED. T. TAPSCOTT, '97.

DEATH.

Atropos' castle crowns the height
Above the softly shifting sea,
With opal towers and changeful light,
The sepulchre of memory.

ETHEL M. PATTERSON.

ADONAIS AND IN MEMORIAM.

Among the most beautiful and tender works in literature are the elegies. As poetry is essentially the expression of emotion it is natural that the poet's best work should be produced under the purest and highest emotion, and therefore since sorrow causes in a man the high and refining emotions, we ought to expect an elegy to express all that is best and loftiest in a poet.

In Adonais and In Memoriam we have two of the great English elegies. Shelley's Adonais is a lament for the poet Keats who died when only about twenty-five years old, partly, at least, on account of the harsh treatment which he received at the hands of critics. In Memoriam is the expression of Tennyson's sorrow at the death of Arthur Hallam, whose early death was a great shock to his friend, and cast a gloom over his life for many years.

One can hardly think of two poems of like occasion which would be more unlike in character. Adonais is so ethereal and fanciful that to attempt to grasp its thought and pin it down to prose is almost like an effort to grasp the rainbow or a sunbeam. The poem is pastoral, modelled upon Greek pastoral poetry; and indeed in parts, Adonais is almost a translation of Bion's elegy. Its spirit, too, is Greek. Nature puts on a Grecian garb, and we are transported to the days of nymphs and nature gods.

Very different is In Memoriam. While it by no means lacks imagination and displays now and again enchanting touches of fancy, yet throughout, reason controls it. There is no super-refinement of delicate ideas such as we see in Adonais. It is not Greek in thought like Adonais, but is essentially the creation of Tennyson who, more than any other poet, represents his age. It is an English poem of the nineteenth century. While Shelley is soaring in mid-air, seldom touching earth nor yet reaching heaven, avoiding all sternly practical subjects, Tennyson with divine touch is dealing with man in his doubts and his life struggles. Adonais is the prismatic colorings of the sunbeams flashing through dew-laden gossamers, In Memoriam the genial life-giving sunshine of the spring.

In their attitude towards nature Tennyson and Shelley are

very different. Shelley has a wayward abnormal taste, not shrinking from the worm and the snake. He often lets a natural force or phenomenon change its natural use from the shock of grief; spring throws down her flowers and becomes autumn, pleasure is turned to sadness. He revels in nature and lets his soul absorb itself in its dreamy spell till his aerial spirit is able to catch at the sunbeam and hold airy nothings in its magic grasp. Tennyson, on the other hand, though he often uses nature in his verse, never thus absorbs himself but always stands out above it and simply uses it for his purpose.

Tennyson, too, always moves forward calmly, mightily, while Shelley is turbulent. We never find in Tennyson the bold, surprising figures of Shelley. Shelley forgets in a few lines what he said before, and often has incongruous and inconsistent details, whereas Tennyson is always master of his details and groups his thought consistently around some well fixed centre.

Both Adonais and In Memoriam are philosophical. Tennyson was driven by his grief to doubt everything, but he set about straightway to search for truth. All the while he had a fixed anchor of love to hold him steadfast, and it was by love that he tested every theory and doubt, till he got back to true faith again. But poor Shelley had no sure anchor, he drifted about and was tossed by every theory that he met. Now he fancied he was a pantheist, yet thought of the dead as having a personal existence still; again he thought that death ended everything but rallied to a belief that "that which knows" does not perish with death. Then again he passed to a thought that life is really the dream, the death, and death, the awakening to life. He fancied he was an atheist, yet, however unsettled he was, he was no atheist. Indeed in the closing stanzas of Adonais he proclaimed love as the basis of all, the guiding principle of life.

> "That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
> Which through the web of being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
> Burns bright or dim as each are mirrors of
> The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me
> Consuming the lost clouds of cold mortality."

As Adonais soars above the practical problems, it naturally has not an ethical character. On the contrary In Memoriam is essentially ethical. The idea of duty to God and man, a sensitiveness to right and truth, guided Tennyson's whole thought and action.

When poor Shelley looked upon life he saw death and sadness everywhere.

> "As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
> Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
> Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

See too the pathetic stanza of To a Sky-lark.

> "We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not,
> Our sincerest laughter,
> With some pain is fraught,
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

He is struck by the pain of life and its transience, and he sees no hope in these thoughts. In Tennyson, however, even though he says,

> "Never morning wore
> To evening but some heart did break."

there is a note of hope. However bitter the sorrow is, it serves a sacred purpose; in his thought.

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

The unfortunate Shelley had no fixed hope, no faith in a kind and loving God to make life sacred, and sweeten all its bitternesses. Tennyson's whole thought is colored by a warm light of faith in a righteous God.

> "Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

He trusts in

> " . . one far off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

He cannot remain buried in his sorrow, centering his thought upon himself, but must arise and go forth into life to help others; for, to him life is sacred.

In their elegiacal thought the two poems are also very different. In Memoriam is just the free natural outburst of Tennyson's emotion. There is nothing strained or overwrought, but all flows forth as the expression of a noble, sorrowing soul. Adonais, on the contrary, is highly wrought, a wonderful flight of fancy. Indeed, it is so highly refined that we feel that it is artificial. Of course, in contrasting the two poems, we must remember the characters of the two writers. Shelley was a creature of fancy and air and rainbow, so his natural expression was in this highly fanciful thought. But Tennyson was calm and self-possessed, so that it would be unnatural for him to give any other expression to his feeling than that of "In Memoriam."

Furthermore, the friendships were different. Two men so different could not love in the same way. There are as many different kinds of love as there are people in the world. We can hardly suppose, either, that the friendship between Keats and Shelley was so intimate and so entirely sympathetic as was that of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Such was the love between Tennyson and his friend, that only his own perfect expression of it, is at all adequate to depict it.

Moreover, the character of Adonais is affected by Shelley's feelings toward the persecutors and murderers of his friend, whereas Tennyson had no bitter memories to rankle in his breast. There could be no bitterness therefore in In Memoriam such as one sees in Adonais.

The elegy Adonais remains an elegy to the end. The poet mourns for his friend throughout the poem, and the death is its central thought. But in In Memoriam, though the thought starts from the sorrow over Arthur's death, yet it broadens in an ever-widening angle until it comes out into universal truth, and the poet loses himself and his grief in man and man's sorrow. When we have read In Memoriam through we remember that it started as a lament for Arthur Hallam, but only vaguely, for we have been swept forward into the grander themes of truth and life. Rising from Adonais on the other hand, we are pleased with the wonderful journey we have taken into fancy-land, and are half afraid that a human movement may dissipate the rainbow and cloud creations. Yet we have not received any strong spiritual benefit or any ethical stimulation.

The two poems are as far apart as the characters and faiths of the authors. Tennyson was firmly anchored to truth and a loving God, but poor Shelley drifted without an anchor. He was impatient of all that was established, and wanted to revolutionize everything. In boyhood his peculiarities were not understood, and he was misused until the habit of waywardness was fixed upon him. Because everyone believed in a God, he thought he did not; yet he was drifting back to truth when his short life was tragically ended. It must be with infinite pity that we think of his wayward, drifting life.

Tennyson's theme in In Memoriam is the immortality of love, and Shelley too, though he hardly realized it, made love the basal fact of his world. So then, widely diverse as are the poets and the poems, they unite in proclaiming the god-like principle of love.

A. Grace Iler, '98.

GLIMPSES OF AN HEROIC LIFE.

History has no nobler lesson to teach than the heights to which human nature may attain in glory and virtue when purified by the grace of God, and it furnishes scarcely any example of moral sublimity more impressive and pleasing than that found in the life of Henry Martyn. Crowned with the highest academical honors, with the broad road to scientific eminence, professional distinction, and ecclesiastical preferment open before him, deliberately departing from it and from his native land forever, and making the high sacrifice of a pure and a reciprocated affection, that he might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in distant and burning India,he presents a spectacle of the truest sublimity. How mean are all other conquests compared with the conquest of self!

Henry Martyn was born in February, 1781, at Truro, in Cornwall. The family was not wealthy, but in comfortable circumstances, the father being a successful mining agent. Though the family of children was quite large, none of them lived to old age, all inheriting consumptive tendencies from the

mother, and falling victims of that dread disease in the prime of their manhood or womanhood.

Martyn's early education was received at the grammar school of his native town. Here he showed no particular brilliancy, but proved himself to be a careful student. At the age of sixteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and there began to show his great ability as a student, being so successful that in 1801, a month before he was twenty, he was declared senior wrangler of his class.

Though the atmosphere of his home life was deeply religious, Henry Martyn seems not to have had any serious thought of becoming a Christian until he was well along in his course at Cambridge. Of a restless, ambitious spirit, the aim that occupied his attention most fully was that of gaining honor in his pursuit of learning, his purpose being to become a lawyer. A consecrated sister at home took the deepest interest in his spiritual welfare, but it was not until his father died that he began to think seriously of his need of God, and to seek for Him. During this time of doubt and heart searching, he became acquainted with the Rev. Charles Simeon, who helped him into clear gospel light, and was throughout Martyn's life a firm friend and adviser.

Immediately upon becoming a follower of Christ, his interest in the foreign work was aroused, the lives of Carey in India and David Brainerd among the North American Indians filling him with a great zeal for similar work, and his highest aim in life came to be to carry the Gospel to the heathen of India. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," may be applied often to the better impulses and influences of men. The ardent flame of one brave life is frequently the torch at which many lamps of surpassing and far penetrating power are lighted. It is not so much sermons as facts, not precepts but lives that mightily move men. Thus he who fights in God's name not only wins a victory over his enemies, but animates with heroic energy his comrades under the banner of the Cross. Thus it was that Carey and Brainerd, toiling away in their far off fields for the salvation of souls, were at the same time kindling the flame of missionary enthusiasm in the breast of Henry Martyn.

In 1803 he was ordained deacon of the church at Ely, acting as curate to his friend Simeon; it was not until shortly before he sailed for India that he was made a priest. His first intention had been to offer himself as a volunteer to the Church Missionary Society, but unforeseen losses of property made it necessary that he should give some thoughts to the support of his unmarried sister and himself. It was about this time that he was offered and accepted a position as chaplain to the troops and civil servants of the East India Company in India.

When the time came for him to leave his beloved sisters and his home land, and to face with his weak frame the trying climate and more trying work in India, the strain nearly prostrated him, but not for an instant did he waver or doubt his call to the work. With resolute face he pressed on to a service which he knew in his heart must shorten his life; yet, he faced it gladly, undertaking it in his Master's name, and for the sake of his fellow men in heathen darkness.

In a remarkably brief time Martyn became able, by his intense application, to speak and write the native language, and his time was fully spent in translating the Scriptures and speaking to the natives, when his duties as chaplain did not demand his attention. But it must be borne in mind that his position was peculiar and exacting, giving him little promise of success. He had been sent out by the East India Co. not to preach to the natives, but to the English people resident there. Besides this he held an office which placed him under the control of the military authorities, and he must work within certain limits, and obey orders as chaplain with the same fidelity and docility as any private soldier in the ranks,—a strictly tied-up condition of service which could scarcely be otherwise than as fetters to a spirit yearning to have free course in proclaiming the Gospel.

Nor was this limitation of service his greatest hindrance. Though thoroughly evangelical himself, he soon found that the professing Christians of his own and some other denominations represented in India, were not generally of like character, and even his brother clergymen put obstacles in his way because he was disturbing them in their false security found in forms and ceremonies.

But the antagonism of others always made Martyn stronger

for the right and more determined to proclaim the truth. Though his preaching to the natives seemed to produce but little effect, he consoled himself by saying that if he should never see a native converted, he would yet toil on, since God might design by his patience and continuance in the work, to encourage other missionaries. Nor was his patience in vain, for his life of self-denying toil has been an inspiration to many a missionary since the bright lamp of his life went out in the loneliness of a pestilence-smitten city.

Meanwhile he kept almost incessantly at his favorite occupation of translating parts of the Bible into various languages. In the little over six years spent in India he succeeded in translating the New Testament into Hindustani, and Hindi, and into Persian twice. The Psalms he translated into Persian and the Gospels into Judaeo-Persic, and the prayer-book into Hindustani. So stupendous was his work in this regard that he is said to have placed portions of the Bible within the reach of all who could read over one-fourth of the habitable globe.

In 1810 his health became so shattered that he obtained leave of absence and started for an extended tour through Persia and Arabia; intending, while in these countries, to revise his Persian New Testament and compose an Arabic version. Reaching Persia he had many discussions with men of learning—Mohammedans, Jews, and Armenians,—all anxious to test their powers of argument with the first English priest who had visited them.

Having made an unsuccessful journey to Tabriz to present the king with his translation of the New Testament, he was seized with a fever, which so thoroughly prostrated him that after a temporary recovery he found it necessary to seek a change of climate. Accompanied by two Armenian servants he crossed the Araxes and rode from place to place, urged on continually by a cruel Tartar guide, until, reaching plague-strickened Tokat, he was utterly prostrated by fever and compelled to remain there. In this place, on the 16th of October, 1812, he breathed his last. How, or from what cause Martyn died, will be forever unknown. Alone, completely shattered in health, surrounded by friendless servitors in the walls of a city smitten with pestilence, his soul returned at His summons to its God.

All the record we have is a scrap of his writing penned by a trembling hand just before he passed away. One can hardly read these words save through a mist of tears,—

"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my friend and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts —none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

The great Macaulay writes this touching epitaph of him,—

"Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom,
The Christian hero finds a pagan tomb,
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies he has won.
Eternal trophies! Not with carnage red,
Not stained with tears, by helpless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross! for that dear Name,
Through every form of danger, death and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death and shame assault no more."

How despicable is all earthly glory compared with that to which God, in the Gospel of his Son, calls the very humblest of His faithful servants! How pale the lustre of the most honored of the sons of men compared with that of the righteous, when they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father! The successful general, returning in triumph to the metropolis of his country and the mistress of the world, with royal captives chained to his chariot wheels; Homer, with seven cities contending for the honor of having given him birth; Petrarch receiving the envied poetic crown at the hands of his enthusiastic countrymen—these are all vulgar spectacles beside that of the lovely Martyn going forth to live and die for the spiritual interests of unknown heathen men. To be of the first is to be of the earth, earthy; to be the last is to be like the Lord from heaven, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty, might be rich.

J. S. LaFlair.

A CANADIAN POET.

We should feel proud, and justly so, of the increasing excellence of our native literature. Literary genius is not confined to any race, nationality or language. "We are the heirs of all the ages." But nevertheless, to many the efforts of our own countrymen are over-shadowed by the splendour and greatness of the great masters. "Sweetest Shakespeare," the immortal Milton, and the divine Dante, appear to us as the priests of poetical lore, and the singers of other continents enthrall our imagination, and by their rythmic fancies "dissolve our souls into ecstacies." But if we will but listen, we shall also hear sweet singers in our own land, singers, whose themes are her people and landscapes, and whose verse shows the note of inspiration.

Not the least of these Canadians who have won a place in our hearts as writers of melodious verse, is Charles G. D. Roberts. He was born at Douglas, near Fredericton, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. His father, the Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, M.A., was rector of Fredericton, and the eldest son of George Roberts, Ph.D., a gentleman of English descent and formerly headmaster of the Fredericton Collegiate School, but afterwards professor of classics in the University of New Brunswick. His mother was Emma Wetmore Bliss Roberts, daughter of Judge Bliss, of Fredericton, who came from an old Loyalist family, of which Emerson's mother was a member. Thus it will be observed Roberts comes from an ancestry of scholars.

He was educated at the Fredericton Collegiate School, where he took the Douglas medal for classics. In 1897, while at the University of New Brunswick, he took a classical scholarship with honors in Greek and Latin, in 1878 the alumni gold medal for an essay in Latin, and in 1879 graduated with honors in Metaphysics and Ethics. In his university career he was a very successful student, but even at that time he had also won distinction by his poems published in *Scribners' Magazine.*

In 1879 he was appointed headmaster of the Chatham Grammar School, New Brunswick. One of his scholars at that

time, writing later of his aspect then, says, "We were amazed to find him little more than a boy," and of his influence, "He was a man who could not fail to reach the young heart, joining in our games with all the vigour of his athletic nature, and giving us personal help in our studies with his keen young intellect. His influence over the minds of the older pupils was very great, and the hour of his arrival gave some of us our bent. From that one hour we loved literature." While at Chatham he published his first volume of verse, entitled, "Orion and Other Poems." This volume of verse is distinctly marked by genius. The inspiration and music of the poet are visible in delicate touches throughout. Such lines as these from his verse, "Off Pelorus," give us an exquisite piece of word painting, combined with the very soul of song.

> "Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus,
> Burning crimson tops its crowning crest of pine,
> Purple sleeps the shore, and floats the wave before us,
> Each wave from the oar stroke eddying warm like wine."

The imagery of the artist and the music of melodious verse here walk hand in hand.

In 1881 he took his degree of M.A., and completed his university studies. In 1882 he left his school at Chatham to become head master of the York Street school, Fredericton. In 1883 he accepted a position on the "Week," a Toronto paper, but severed his connection with that paper after four months, and returned to New Brunswick, where he was engaged in several literary undertakings until 1885. In that year he was called to the professorship of English and French Literature and Political Economy at King's College, Nova Scotia. In 1887 he published a volume entitled "In Divers Tones," which was very favorably received. He has since been a contributor to most of the prominent magazines of the present day, in which his verse frequently appears.

In 1893 another volume of his verse appeared, entitled "Songs of the Common Day." In reading this volume one feels the heart-beats of a man thoroughly in sympathy with his fellow-men, and in love with nature. Honest toil is ennobled, and earth throbs and pulsates beneath the master-stroke. Rus-

tic scenes, the ploughman, and the sower with summer breezes fanning his brow, the kine lowing in the meadows or on the hills, the frogs croaking in the pools, the harvest field with its ripened grain, and fir-tree woods with their resinous perfume lingering in the fancy, pass before one in a panorama of poetical beauty.

He had early been filled with the soul of song, which no one will doubt who has read any of his poems, especially the following extract from his lines, entitled "To the Spirit of Song."

> "Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
> Beauty, might and splendour of the soul of song,
> Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
> Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong."

But not only had he felt the soul of song. Two other agencies have had a great influence upon his verse, an ardent love of nature, and a great admiration for Shelley. In what is considered one of his finest poems, "An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth," he tells us of his beloved Tantramar and of his love for Shelley.

Such lines as these give us a glimpse of his communion with nature, and almost picture the boy wandering in the tranquil grassy meadows of Tantramar.

> "You know my confident love, since first a child
> And your wastes of green I wandered wild."

Then closely linked with these youthful scenes is the influence of Shelley, for just as Tantramar has been the means of awakening the poetic spirit within him to the beauty of nature, so Shelley has been to Roberts a source of never dying music.

> "Therefore with no far flight from Tantramar,
> And my still world of ecstacy, to thee
> Shelley, to thee I turn, the avatar
> Of song, love, dream, desire and liberty.
> To thee I turn with reverent hands of prayer,
> And lips that fain would ease my heart of praise,
> Whom chief of all whose brows prophetic wear
> The pure and sacred bays,
> I worship, and have worshipped since the hour
> When first I felt thy bright and chainless power."

In 1896 his latest volume of poems appeared, "The Book of

the Native," and the desire expressed in the exquisite lines on "Kinship" seems to have been realized, for he has gone

> "Back to the bewildering vision
> And the border land of birth,
> Back into the looming wonder,
> The companionship of earth."

Throughout the volume are the delicate touches of one pouring forth the song of nature. A May morn itself might have breathed these lines,

> "The airs that blew from the brink of day,
> Were fresh and wet with the breath of May,
> I heard the babble of brown brooks falling,
> And golden wings in the woodland calling."

It is a book of nature. He has caught the inspired note and has felt earth's caress. As to his place among poets, Edmund Clarence Stedman in his volume on Victorian poets writing of Roberts and his verse says, "Of the few rising British Canadian poets, Roberts, the author of "In Divers Tones," seems to be foremost. His verse is thoughtful and finished, and conveys a hopeful expression of the native sentiment now perceptible in a land so long only "a child of nations."

Mr. Roberts is now literary editor of a New York paper, and his poems frequently appear in the current magazines. His verse is true to his native land. It not only portrays his country but it glows with the spirit of freedom and liberty which unites a nation. It aims at shaping a national sentiment that shall produce not merely "a child of nations" but a nation. His songs are his country's songs and his love hers also.

GEORGE. L. SPRAGUE, '00.

Editorial Notes.

The recent visit of President Strong of the Rochester Theological Seminary to our University, under the auspices of the Theological Society, was highly appreciated by Faculty and students alike. The practical address to the students in the forenoon was deeply impressive in its simplicity, wisdom, and spirituality. The more formal address in the evening on a subject that had been previously announced, embodied the application of philosophical principles which with his name has for some time been closely associated to some of the most vital points in Christian doctrine. That his handling of the subject was that of a master, goes without saying; that it was highly interesting to his hearers was evidenced by the closeness with which he was followed; that all would accept his conclusions, so far as they involved innovations, could hardly have been expected. It is probable that the address will prove to have been more helpful by way of stimulating thought than by way of furnishing an assured solution of the great problems discussed. Whatever Dr. Strong may publish is sure hereafter to find many interested readers among the members of our University. We are glad to be able to publish this month a photogravure of Dr. Strong and a short account of his busy life, and we are grateful to Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, for his kindness in writing for our readers.

Rev. A. B. Reekie has set out on his great enterprise of giving the gospel of grace to Bolivia. He has been a student both at Woodstock and McMaster, and has come into contact with large numbers of our present and future pastors. Throughout these years he has won for himself a good name among his fellows. As a student he has been earnest and painstaking, rather than brilliant; as a man he has shown goodness, sound sense, and quiet energy. He has won and holds today the respect and confidence of both Faculty and students. The same qualities have given him a still wider circle of friends and supporters. His contribution to the work in Manitoba in the establishment of the Boissevain church remains as a perpetual proof of the success of his mission work at home, and is a standing pledge of the interest which Manitoba is likely to take in his Bolivian mission. The agreeable impression he made in the Council that ordained him last May is another factor that makes for confidence in the man, and prayerful support of his work.

But perhaps the best proof he has given of his fitness for the work

he has undertaken, is the fact that he has done so much of it already. It is safe to say that three years ago there was but little prospect of Canadian Baptists opening a second foreign mission. But Bro. Reekie felt called of God to do this very thing. He convinced his nearest friends and relatives of that important fact, and in 1896 went and spied out the land. That somehow made the whole enterprise seem more feasible and desirable to us all, and last May our brother had the happiness of seeing the denomination in convention assembled commit itself heartily to the new mission. The man who can become thus possessed of a great purpose and succeed in bringing large numbers of others into sympathy and co-operation with him, has already demonstrated his qualifications for carrying out that purpose itself. And so he has gone as our representative, bearing our confidence and upborne by our prayers.

It was fitting that there should be a large gathering of students and teachers at the station on Friday, March 4th, to join Secretary McDiarmid in bidding Bro. Reekie an affectionate farewell and an earnest Godspeed. On such an occasion it was a model leave taking—one which the missionary in his lonely hours may well recall as indicating at once sympathy with his great purpose and a sober sense of the seriousness and difficulty of the task undertaken. And it is a serious task. It will not be without its perils. There will be need of all the tact and wisdom, all the patience and love he can command. The need for the work is not to be measured by the people's sense of need, nor by the welcome they may accord him. The need is even greater than in Quebec, for the darkness is more unrelieved. And as Bro. Reekie sees it, so we also must see it, and be sure that Bolivia's need is like Israel's need—Israel, to save whom Paul would have been willing to become a curse himself. Be it in our aims to back Bro. Reekie in the great purpose of his life with the breadth and the narrowness, the intensity and activity, the love and faith of a genuine Pauline conviction.

And may we not hope that our brother may live to clasp hands with a score of McMaster men in the land of the Southern Cross, and with them join some sweet day in singing in an associational gathering of Bolivian Baptists:

> "Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
> And crown Him Lord of all."

Book Reviews.

LIBERTY AND CREED.

The current number of the American Journal of Theology contains an able article on "Liberty and Creed" from the pen of Dr. Newman, of our University. The subject is an interesting one, and Dr. Newman's presentation of it is in every way admirable. For the benefit of those of our readers who may not have access to it we make the following digest of the article.

There is no determinable relation between liberty and creed. We are not justified in saying: Given a man's creed, his attitude toward liberty, civil and religious, may be infallibly inferred. And yet it is universally admitted that a relation exists. Liberty is, of course, a relative thing; in society it can never be absolute. To secure liberty in one direction, liberty in other directions must be surrendered. True liberty for each individual is that which enables him in the highest measure to realize his ideals. To this end a man may submit himself to a régime that to one of different ideals may seem like intolerable slavery.

The Jewish theocracy was utterly and fundamentally opposed to individual freedom apart from sympathetic identification with the theocratic scheme. Under the papal theocratic system liberty in our modern sense was impossible. The only freedom obtainable was that which involved complete and hearty co-operation with the hierarchy in the realization of its aims. Luther was one of the most enlightened men of his age as regards the rights of man in general and liberty of conscience. He saw with remarkable clearness the impossibility of forcing conscience and the futility of efforts to make men orthodox by fire and sword; he set forth with wonderful clearness and power the doctrine of justification by personal faith, the doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers, and the doctrine of the freedom and dignity of the Christian man. And yet he was led by the force of circumstances to become one of the most relentless persecutors of the age. Calvin, on the other hand, was intolerant on principle. The Jewish theocracy was his model, and he would have thought himself unworthy to be the leader of a Christian community had he allowed himself for a moment to use his influence in favor of toleration of the dissemination of pestilential heresy. Examples show that state-church systems, whether theocratic or Cæsaro-papistic, Protestant and Catholic, are inherently antagonistic

to civil and religious liberty. How, then, are we to account for the rise and growth of liberty in modern Christendom? It may be ascribed to two distinct influences, or sets of influences, that have often appeared mutually antagonistic, but have in a wonderful way co-operated to produce an atmosphere in which liberty has been able to flourish. These are, first, a resolute and unconditional return to primitive Christianity, and, secondly, the remarkable advancement of modern science, with its pervasive influence on political and religious thought.

The spirit of the religion of Christ is the spirit of freedom. While the Gospel proclaims itself the only way to blessedness, it vigorously excludes the use of any but moral means for the securing of its acceptance. No one who takes the Sermon on the Mount at all seriously can conceive of a true disciple of its author seeking to compel men to come into the Kingdom at the point of the sword. The golden rule, rightly interpreted, should make it impossible for a Christian to persecute. It was only after Christianity had been corrupted by centuries of contact with paganism and degenerate Judaism that persecution became possible to professed Christians. Pagan doctrine and practice once introduced, it was natural that the Old Testament scriptures should become an arsenal for their defence and justification. But protests against the violation of the spirit of the gospel in the persecution of dissent arose from time to time; these protests grew louder and louder, and the old-evangelical party, in its many branches, was always and everywhere characterized by its uncompromising opposition to the use of force on behalf of religion, and by its insistence on a complete and unconditional return to the Christianity of Christ. The Waldenses and Bohemian Brethren were the great exponents of this view, though they carried it at times to an extreme of quietism. This quietistic tendency, the spirit of world-flight, the lack of aggressiveness, the unwillingness to use even legitimate means for the advancement of the cause of Christ, excluded the rich and the noble, and many of the learned and influential, and in connection with the persecuting spirit of the age, tended to produce in these Christians a spirit of narrowness and bigotry that savored of misanthrophy and brought upon them the hatred and contempt, not only of the godly, but of many of the truly pious. Yet in this old-evangelistic theology is to be found the principal source of civil and religious freedom.

The other set of influences were those that gathered themselves up in the Italian Renaissance, and that have been designated by the term humanism. The Protestant revolution of the sixteenth century was itself a product of the Renaissance. Erasmus was, perhaps, the most

complete embodiment of the spirit of the new learning that the sixteenth century possessed. His influence in favor of toleration was undoubtedly great, but it was wholly inadequate to prevent Catholics or Protestants from entering upon a career of the most cruel and exterminating persecution. The influence of Socinianism in favor of toleration was more pronounced and effective than that of Erasmus. The tendency of this humanistic rationalism was to weaken conviction as to the exclusive validity and the supreme importance of any particular doctrinal statement, and to produce with a demand for toleration of their own views a willingness to concede it to others.

Mennonism in Holland was another strong factor in favor of toleration, though for a time its influence was overwhelmed by intolerant Calvinism. In England Lollardism was a survival of the old-evangelical theology, and this was reinforced by the incoming of Mennonites and others from Holland. But the great mass of English and Scotch Calvinists of the age of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts were absolutely anti-tolerationists. Robert Brown (1580 4) was the first to break away from this position. After the Puritan revolution Calvinistic Baptists and Calvinistic Congregationalists became the chief advocates of liberty of conscience. Calvinistic doctrine, in a moderate form, without Calvinistic theocratic ideas or Calvinistic church government, proved the most effective form of Christianity in the subsequent struggle for civil and religious liberty in England and America. It must not be forgotten, however, that these ideas came from the old-evangelical theology, as represented by the Mennonites, and from the humanistic theology, as represented by Socinianism and Arminianism. Calvinism tended to produce a sturdiness of character that, once transformed by the infusion of the milder spirit of the old-evangelicalism and the "sweet reasonableness" of humanism, would prove mightier than any other form of Christianity in overthrowing tyranny and oppression, and in winning the world for Christ. But we must not ascribe to Calvinism, as such, what has been accomplished by way of reaction against primitive types of Calvinism and in the face of its most deadly opposition.

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98,
S. E Grigg, '00.

Skating for the season is done. We have enjoyed the rink this year and sincerely hope that next season may be more favorable for the manufacture of ice.

The Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology have to thank Chancellor and Mrs. Wallace for a pleasant evening spent with other guests at their home on Thursday, 18th ult.

The Glee Club, under the leadership of H. M. Fletcher, sang at the Y. W. C. A. Conversazione, on the evening of Thursday, the 18th ult. The humorous recitations by Brophy at the same function were much appreciated.

The Reception at Moulton College on the 19th ult. was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The tediousness usually attendant on such functions was conspicuous by its entire absence. The teachers and students of Moulton are certainly to be congratulated upon the success of their Reception.

The distinguished gentlemen who have won so much of the confidence of their class-mates as to be appointed representatives in the Literary Society's Oratorical Contest on the 25th, are hard at work. The characters of St. Chrysostom, Mr. Gladstone, and other great men will receive honor at the hands of our orators.

The Tennysonian Society held its closing meeting on Friday evening, 11th instant. The programme was opened with a few introductory remarks by the President, T. H. Cornish, '00, in which he reviewed the work of the society during the term, and was gratified to be able to report progress and to point out various members of the Freshmen and Sophomore years who had given the first intimation of their forensic abilities from its rostrum. The program consisted of a violin solo by Miss Boggs, '01 ; a vocal solo by Miss McLaurin, '01, and a piano duet by Misses Cohoon, '00, and McLay, '00. The Argosy, the principal feature of the evening, was read by M. D. Coltman, '00, and A. C. Watson, '01, and was enjoyed by all the audience, including even the "roasted" ones.

The regular monthly meeting of the Theological Society was held in the chapel, Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd. The subject of the evening was "Theosophy." R. D. George, B.A., in an excellent paper, led his audience through the intricate mazes of the leading doctrines of the Theosophists. Dr. Goodspeed followed with a few impromptu remarks

on the "*simplicity*" of the doctrines, and the credulity of the believers. But he refused to criticise the "system" (?) He never criticised even his *own* dreams. Dr. Tracy of Toronto University was heartily received, as he always is by a McMaster audience. Every religion has won the attention of men by miracles, real or pretended. The Doctor showed that the miracles of Theosophists were "shams." Moreover, as a conclusive test of a religion we enquire concerning the moral results. What are the moral results of the doctrines of Theosophy? They certainly are not, nor have they been, conducive to the development of the moral nature.

On Thursday evening, 10th instant, the Theological Society held a sort of Echo Meeting of their meeting on the 1st inst., in which Dr. Strong, the speaker at the first meeting, received some friendly criticism from Dr. Rand and others. The students had all been pleased with Dr. Strong's masterly presentation of his theme, but were anxious to hear the supporters of the opposite theory present their views. This opportunity was given them when Dr. Rand appeared before the Theological Society. In his criticism he dwelt chiefly on two objections, one to the theory of evolution as presented by Dr. Strong, and the other to his explanation of the Atonement in the light of evolution.

Dr. Goodspeed, Dr. Ten Broeke, Prof. Farmer, and Dr. Welton were all present, and at the hearty invitation of the audience arose and presented their views. From these it would seem that, though Dr. Strong has many warm friends on the Faculty, his theory can not claim the same distinction. By these two meetings the Theological Society has provided a great deal of material for discussion, and we may add that the material is being rapidly utilized.

The evening of Feb. 28th was made the occasion of a very delightful sleighing-party under the auspices of a few of the students. The day dragged wearily on, eventually closing into a night of beauty and serenity. The moon seemed to exult in gladness, while the glittering stars sparkled with glory. In harmony with the glad evening was the melody in the hearts of sixty or more of the elite of the University and her sympathizers. In due time the party was on its way. A long van drawn by three teams of horses scarcely served to accommodate the happy occupants. Previous arrangements had been made to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bessey, of Little York, and thither the party was directed. To attempt to describe the trip would be unwise. Every person was happy. Some shouted and sang, some told stories, while some talked politics and reviewed the prospects of the coming election. In a seemingly short time the party arrived at its destination, and received a very warm reception from Mr. and Mrs. Bessey. After refreshments were served, a very spicy programme was rendered. "Jemmie Brown and the Baby," by Miss Gile, made many think of by-gone youthful days when domestic cares traced furrows in their brows. The next number was a solo, by Miss Lugsdin. Mr. Brophey then followed with a recitation, entitled, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." The programme was ended by a trombone and guitar duet,

by Messrs. Phipps and Brophey. The evening's proceedings were much enlivened by the captivating wit of Rev. P. Charles McGregor, of Chilliwack, B.C., who officiated as chairman. After expressing its appreciation of the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bessey, the party started homeward. The midnight air was bracing, and the drive seemed only too short. Soon "good-byes" were heard floating through the frosty air, and the sleighing party gradually dissolved itself into a thing of the past.

Student Volunteer Movement.—The regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society that had been arranged for February 18th was set aside, in order to give an opportunity to the travelling secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement to address the students of McMaster. Mr. Mott, in a very systematic and comprehensive manner, set forth the attitude of students all over the world in reference to Christianity. It was pointed out that, as in other branches of progress, the educational centre is the strategic point in Christian work. To turn the student-world in the direction of missionary enthusiasm and enterprize is to turn the world, for the world's leaders must come mainly from the student ranks. The facts of the case unmistakably show that the tendency in the minds of students the world over, is far removed from the customary charge of scepticism. Instead, there is a most earnest response to Christian appeal, and the number of students who name the name of Christ becomes increasingly gratifying year by year. Students in every quarter of the globe are standing shoulder to shoulder, in solid phalanx-fashion, in their endeavor to foster and further this missionary interest.

The Inter-Collegiate Y.M.C.A. has been the means of organizing the Christian activity of the students of the world. Wherever Universities are found—America, Great Britain, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, India, China, and numerous other places, China being worthy of special comment by reason of its gigantic difficulties and unparalleled prospects—there the World Student Christian Federation has won its way. This great organization, numbering 33,000 students and professors, merely indicates the current of university thought. Regular private Bible study, in particular, has been greatly emphasized in this world-wide missionary movement.

Mr. Wilder, in a few suitable statements, drew attention to the spirit of union permeating the World Student Christian Federation—a unity, "not in dry, dead detail, but in active, living principle."

At the close of these inspiring addresses, the students present considered the advisability of accepting the proposal that McMaster University should identify herself with this movement. Though in no way regarded as final, a spirit of favor and unanimity was manifested in this informal conference.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The February meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was postponed until March 2nd. This arrangement made it possible for the society's delegates,—just returned from Cleve-

land—to be present and give their report of the Student Volunteer Convention. The morning session opened with a short devotional meeting. In consideration of the number who were to address the meeting, it was decided to omit the regular business. Prof. Campbell read a paper on "Prayer": a paper that could not fail to be helpful and inspiring to all who listened to it. After this, the programme almost assumed the form of an "Echo-meeting" of the recent great Convention. It was so arranged that Mr. Menge gave the general setting of the Convention, leaving it to the others to fill it out in detail as far as time would permit. Mr. Menge drew attention to the fact that at least as far as the Toronto delegation was concerned, on the trip to Cleveland, each sought to get into that prepared spiritual condition which would enable them to derive the most profit from the Convention. One after another of those who had been privileged to attend these great gatherings spoke with interest and earnestness of the missionary claims there set forth. The various speakers so dealt with their respective reports that a panoramic view of the whole Convention was presented in miniature.

This was the nature of the exercises both in the morning and afternoon. Among the speakers, in addition to the delegates, were Rev. A. P. McDiarmid and Rev. Elmore Harris. Professor Farmer, who was also one of the delegates, towards the close of the afternoon session gave a helpful talk upon the "Impressions received from the Convention." The meeting was brought to an appropriate close by Mr. J. G. Brown speaking on "What shall we do about it?" In a very impressive manner the personal responsibility of every Christian, and particularly pastors, in reference to the great present-day missionary movement was pointed out. What the outcome of the whole matter shall be depends upon what the individual Christian does. The meetings were well attended, and were filled with great spiritual inspiration. The memory of this day will long carry with it much spiritual encouragement.

VALE, VALE.—The evening of February 22nd, 1898, is one which will be long remembered by the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, as the occasion of the farewell meeting to Mr. Reekie, the first Canadian Baptist missionary to South America. It is peculiarly memorable to McMaster University since Mr. Reekie goes to Bolivia as her representative, and takes with him the well-earned respect, admiration, and affection of his college friends. The meeting opened with the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and this was followed by Scripture reading and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Webb. In a few suitable words Rev. S. S. Bates, the chairman, introduced the programme. He compared this circumstance to Paul's vision of the man of Macedonia. In Mr. Reekie's call the Baptists have a message, "Come down to South America and help us."

The first speaker was Rev. A. P. McDiarmid. He spoke of this night as ushering in a new era of Ontario and Quebec missions. In view of our empty treasuries, it may seem to some to be wrong to undertake new work, yet there are many reasons why the Board of

Management are justified in the step. Though the mission boards are in debt, they are surely solvent. We must widen our horizon and get a new incentive to work. If we wait for overflowing treasuries we shall come to stagnation, and we must therefore be aggressive. Greatest argument of all, Providence surely is starting the movement by putting this aim in Mr. Reekie's heart. He had surmounted many difficulties and now stood ready to go. Mr. McDiarmid spoke fittingly of the high esteem in which Mr. Reekie is held by his acquaintances and especially by those who know him best, his college friends.

Mr. McDiarmid was followed by Dr. Goodspeed, who represented the Faculty of McMaster University. He expressed the belief that the importance of this meeting will be more fully realized one hundred years hence than now, for all great movements start from small beginnings. This purpose of Mr. Reekie seems to be of God, and God stirs men for a purpose; therefore the movement will not die with this man, but will be a spark to kindle a great fire. Dr. Goodspeed spoke especially of the relation of the education of our denomination to missions. Since right thinking must be the basis of true missionary enthusiasm, McMaster's duty is to inspire men by teaching them the truth concerning men's lost condition and the power of the Gospel to save; and if McMaster fails to inspire in her students true zeal and strong inner life, she had better close her doors. The students going forth are to be leaders of our denomination, and if they in college learn the truly unselfish spirit, which is the fountain of missions, they will inspire the denomination with the same. Dr. Goodspeed spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Reekie's fixedness of purpose, no transitory impulse, and expressed the admiration of the Faculty for his heroism in going forth alone and against the appalling difficulties of a nation steeped in error, ignorance, and treachery.

As representative of the students of McMaster University, Mr. C. H. Schutt, B.A., then gave a short address. His thought was, "Our age is the era of missions." All over the world students are thrilled by the spirit of missions, as is strikingly shown by the great Student Volunteer Movement. We have reached a crisis. Commerce has opened the heathen world to missions, the cry of the heathen's need comes to us. Shall we listen to the cry? Shall we enter the open door? McMaster is answering the appeal. Mr. Reekie will be another link in the golden chain that binds our college to missions, and it is our prayer that South America may become a rallying ground for our students.

Mr. Reekie, in his speech, gave a sketch of his interest in South America. As a small boy with large ambitions, South America had always been the goal of his romantic hopes. But when a lad of about sixteen, something new came into his life and transformed the boyish interest in South America into a desire to carry the Gospel to that benighted land. Many difficulties arose to hinder the execution of the plans, but the desire grew into a fixed purpose, until at last it was realized. He then gave a sketch of his journey, and of the population of Bolivia, with its physical, moral and religious

condition. No missionary has ever been settled in Bolivia, and only a little colporteurage has been done. Many of the people do not trust the priests and eagerly receive the Bible, often even defying their priests. They are longing for light, and the spirit of independent thought is growing. Now is the moment to bring them the Bible, and God wants us to bring it to them. Though the dangers of the undertaking are great, they do not worry him because he is safe, if he is where God wants him. He has an Almighty God in whom to trust in the dangers. He asked us all to bear him up by prayer, and his parting hope was that McMaster would send many men after him to Bolivia.

On the evening of Thursday, March 3rd, a large number of the students marched down to the Union Station for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. Reekie on his departure for Bolivia. Arriving at the station a few minutes before the train left, all went down to the platform where were most of the Professors, as well as Mr. McDermaid, Foreign Mission Secretary. The time was spent in singing some favorite hymns, the boys taking advantage of the delay to have a last handshake from their old college-mate. Mr. Reekie was a general favorite at McMaster, we boys all follow him with our kindest wishes and most earnest prayers for his success in his new and difficult work.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Miss Thrall, Ethel Thompson, Marion Taylor, Editors.

Miss Lina Gibson's resignation as correspondent to the McMaster Monthly, having been tendered and accepted at a recent meeting of the Heliconian, Miss Ethel Thompson was appointed to take her place.

Miss MacDonald and Miss Botteril, Dominion Secretaries of Y. W.C.A., were welcome visitors at our prayer meeting on Tuesday night, March 8th. Miss Botteril gave an interesting address.

We were all delighted when Miss Dicklow announced that Miss Wright, a day student, had invited all the resident pupils to spend an evening at her home. All had a "lovely" time.

One of the young ladies has a novel conundrum: Why is Sunday morning, in a college, like a saloon? Because it's full of ales (ails) and champagnes (sham pains).

During the last month we have had Mrs. MacDougal, Dominion President of Y.C. W.A., Rev. Mr. Weeks, and Chancellor Wallace to conduct chapel exercises. Their visits were much enjoyed.

The following programme was given at the Junior Division of the Heliconian, February 25th.

Song, ... Glee Club
Essay on Byrant . . . . . Miss G. MacGregor
Recitation . . . . . Miss G. Johnston
Vocal Trio . . . . . Misses Burke, Wrigley & Cocks
Reading . . . . . Miss Burke

Tableaux . . . . . Courting Under Difficulties
Mrs. Cartwright, Misses Taylor, Cocks, G. MacGregor.

Heliconian Paper . . . . . Miss Cocks
Duet . . . . . Misses Wrigley & Cocks

On February the 25th a recital was given by Mr. Vogt. Those taking part did both themselves and their teachers credit.

Dr. C. E. Saunders gave a lecture on "Development of Vocal Methods," Friday evening, March 11th. This, the last of the "Moulton College Lecture Course," proved most enjoyable, and fully sustained the excellent character of a course that has been of unusual interest and benefit.

The following programme was given at the Senior Division of the Heliconian, March 11th:

Piano solo . . . . . Miss E. Hume

Debate—Resolved that Portia was justified in reproving Bassanio for giving away the ring:
Aff.: Misses Edwards & Spencer. Neg.: Misses Kerr & Brophey.

Piano Solo . . . . . Miss A. Nicholas

Dialogue . . . . . "Two Lunatics,"
Miss A. Eckardt. Miss E. Thomson.

Recitation . . . . . Miss M. Devitt
Heliconian Paper . . . . . Miss F. Edwards

We all regret to hear that Miss Shultz, who on account of ill health was obliged to return to her home, is not yet much improved.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: S. R. TARR, M.A., . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

THE Judson Missionary Society held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, the 24th ult., when Rev. Mr. McGregor, of the Congregational church of this town, spoke to the meeting upon "Some of the Benefits that the Missionaries carry to the Unevangelized." His address was of much interest and, we hope, of lasting profit.

Another "At Home" to the graduating class was the exceedingly enjoyable event of Friday evening, Feb. 25th. Mrs. McKechnie's kindness as hostess was highly appreciated by the members of the Fourth Year.

On the morning of March 16th, the Rev. Elmore Harris, of Toronto, who has been assisting Pastor McKay, of the First Church, in special services, delivered an interesting and inspiring address upon the recent missionary Convention in Cleveland.

An evening of Mock Parliament proved an interesting and instructive departure from the usual proceedure of the Literary Societies. In introducing a prohibition bill on behalf of the government, D. D. Calvin was strongly supported by H. McDiarmid and —— Coutts. A vigorous opposition from E J. Tarr, V. Ray, and A. J. Welch failed to prevent the passage of the bill on its second reading.

An inter-school debate is the *pièce de résistance* upon the interesting programme promised for the open meeting of the Collegiate Institute Literary Society, to be held in the College Chapel, on the evening of the 18th inst. Our college champions, Messrs. Coutts and McLean, are able debaters, and will doubtless make a good showing against their rival stalwarts, Messrs. Carlyle and Ramsay.

We have been able to welcome, of late, several visitors to our morning chapel. The Rev. W. J. McKay, of Stratford, left some helpful words with us, as did also our genial "old boys," Revs. T. A. P. Frost and J. J. Ross. A flying visit from Mr. J. J. McNeill, B.A., of Tilsonburg, a few days since, was a pleasant surprise. His rousing reception from the boys evinced their joy at his recovery from a dangerous illness.

The recent change in the weather has caused the students to lay aside their hockey skates, and bring forth catching gloves, shin-pads, etc. The base-ball enthusiasts have organized for the term, with Mr. McNeil, Pres.; V. Ray, Capt.; O. Lailey, Sec.-Treas., and W. A. Damen, Custodian. The foot-ball players have chosen the following as their officers, viz.:—Mr. McNeil, Pres.; W. Lailey, Capt.; P. Beckett, Sec.-Treas.; R. McDonald, Custodian. The sports have always been a prominent feature of our college life, and this term they promise to be, if possible, of a higher standard than ever.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. Norman, B.A., Editor.

On Wednesday, February 23rd, was held a conference of the Grande Ligne Missionaries, and other workers, to discuss the work of the different mission fields, and to suggest changes or improvements.

The practicability of opening up several new fields, and of touring in unoccupied districts was favorably considered. Several recommendations were passed, to be laid before the Board and considered again before being acted upon.

A PLEASING surprise came to us on the day of the Alumni meetings. During the morning Mr. A. E. Massé and a company of strong boys were seen returning from the station with a large and mysterious-looking box. On arriving at the school however, it did not take long to find that the box contained a beautiful, highly finished, and perfect toned Karn Piano. Of course Mrs. Massé and all her pupils were in ecstasy. Everybody that saw it and heard it was delighted. We are deeply indebted to Mr. D. W. Karn, of Woodstock, Ont., for his generosity in giving us such an excellent instrument at such an exceedingly low price. May Mr. Karn's liberality in this, and in many other instances, be abundantly rewarded.

ON the afternoon and evening of Thursday, February 24th, took place the annual meetings of the Alumni Society of Feller Institute. Though the roads had been badly blocked with snow just a day or two previous, the beautiful weather that followed brought out a larger numsber of visiting friends. The afternoon meeting was devoted to businesof a routine nature, and to the election of officers for next year. Messages of sympathy were read from Rev. Mr. Roux, of Saxon's River, Vermont, and from H. C. Sené, of Newton Centre. Principal G. N. Massé was kept from meeting with us on account of ill-health. Rev. T. Brouillet takes the place of Mr. E. Norman as President for the coming year. The attendance at the evening meeting taxed our space to the very utmost. In fact our chapel was not nearly large enough, and has not been large enough for several years past, to accommodate the crowds that come to our public meetings. A very good programme of music, readings, etc., was rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Here and There.

L. BROWN, B.A., EDITOR.

I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death to die,
Nor need I wait till science give
All doubts their full reply.

Nay ! while the sea of Doubt
Is wildly raging round about,
Questioning of life, of death, of sin,
May I but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat !—*Ex.*

A RIME OF LIFE.

FAILURE.

High in the sunlit vale where field-flowers nod
My castle builded fair. Lo ! down there trod
The crushing foot of Fate. My triumph ruined,
I cursed the laws of everlasting God.

DESPAIR.

Dark the dragging day may be or fair ;
On crumbling ruins brambles gather where
My castle builded. Fate in life is all,
To Fate I, weakling, bow in dull despair.

HOPE.

Green the grasses are where meltsthe snow,
Out from the brambles budding roses grow
Where stood my castle. Death breathes life again.
Perhaps my castle—ah ! but who may know ?

REGENERATION.

Fair in the vale the field-flowers bloom again :
High in the sun, my castle grows as then,
Turrets gleam and spreading roses blow ;—
What good God gives we do not know, nor when.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

"A Non-Enthusiast's View of Athletics" in the "*Owl*" for November, is an article well worth reading.

That University students now-a-days die of starvation is hard to believe. And yet President Harper, of the great Chicago University, says that such things have happened in late years. He said that of five deaths at the University in the last years, three were directly traceable to starvation, due to the poor food supplied in the neighbourhood to students.—*Ex.*

Two Great Poets Who Were Blind.—In the roll of the great poets of the past, two who hold the very highest places, were for an important period of their lives unpossessed of the power of vision—Homer and Milton. Happily these renowned followers of the muses made good use of their eyes in youth ; otherwise it is scarcely possibly that they could have left to us the finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found among their compositions. Homer had reached manhood and had written a considerable portion of the "Iliad" before he was attacked by that disease of the eyes which robed them of their wonted powers. But the whole of the "Odyssey" was composed after the occurrence of this great mishap. Milton is stated by most biographers to have permanently lost his sight in 1654 after a progressive and warning decay of several years' duration. "Paradise Lost" was not published till 1667, and it was composed when the poet was perfectly blind.—*New York Ledger.*

SO LIVE.

I do not know what heavenly joys
Beyond the skies, may some day meet
My wondering gaze ;
The nature of that awful blaze
I do not know nor care.

I only know that I must live
Where God in his eternal plan
My fate has spun ;
So live, that He shall say, " well done,"
When I lie down to rest.

—*Brunonian.*

THIRTY students of Cambridge, England, have taken oath not to take their degrees at Commencement, if women are permitted to do so.

THE SIBYL for February is an especially interesting number. " Where Strength Is " is a subject of a very suggestive and well written poem. The " Sibyl " is one of our most welcome exchanges.

PROFESSOR Alexander Agassiz has arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu after having spent several months in the Southern Pacific studying coral formation. It is the opinion of Professor Agassiz, as a result of his studies, that coral is a comparatively thin crust formed upon a mountain that has been submerged, or upon a volcanic pile, instead of being formed at the surface and continually subsiding, as held by Darwin and Dana. In nearly every instance were borings were made by Professor Agassiz the coral was found to be shallow.—*New York Evening Post.*

CARDINAL MANNING had a strong sense of humor, and delighted in telling Irish stories. One related to an Irish laborer, who was thus addressed by a passing Englishman :

" What's that you're building, Paddy ? " " Shure an it's a churrch, yer honner." " Is it a Protestant church ?" " No, yer honner." " A Catholic church, then ?" " Indade an' it is that same, yer honner." " I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat." " So's the devil, yer honner."—*Westminster Gazette.*

AFRAID HE COULDN'T PASS. — Cases of nightmare doubtless would be alarmingly frequent were all of us compelled to " pass " on that in which we are supposed to be competent to " pass " others. There were great rings under the eyes of the president of the university. His cheek was pallid and his lips were dry and cracked. His expression was haggard, and every now and then his whole body twitched nervously as he turned and glanced furtively back of him. " You look ill," said his wife. " Is anything wrong, dear ? " " No," replied the president of the university. " Nothing much, my dear. But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—." Here his mind wandered off. It was evident his nervous system was shattered. " What was the dream ? " asked his wife, soothingly. " I—I dreamt the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the Freshman examination for—admission," sighed the president.—*Golden Rule.*

FOREVER AND A DAY.

I little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now ;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May—
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day.

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight ;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again,
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week !
Is forever and a day !
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in October *Atlantic.*

"TENNYSON'S VIEWS ON RELIGION," by J. A. Nicholson, M.A., in the Presbyterian College Journal for March, is an article well worthy of reading and is sure to be of special interest to all students of Tennyson.

"TALENT AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT," is the title of a very interesting article in the February number of the Ontario Ladies' College Monthly. "The Sunbeam" is a fitting appellation for this bright, newsy and wholesome exchange.

"GENTLEMEN, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste." And with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot, and then put his finger in his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen—taste it," said the professor ; "and exercise your perceptive faculties." The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation ; for had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."—*Home Journal.*

F. M. McLean

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

APRIL, 1898.

HECTOR McLEAN.

The family to which the subject of this sketch belongs came from the Isle of Mull, Scotland. There they lived on a little rough farm beside the sea; but the patch of stony ground gave such meagre returns that they were driven to amphibious habits. From the sea they got fish and fowl enough to make up a living, and were enjoying a healthy, though narrow, contentment, when their nest became too small for the growing family. The boys began to talk of becoming sailors or soldiers. Then the parents, to save themselves the pain of a dispersion, and to give the ambitious youths elbow room, began to cast about for larger quarters. After careful inquiry, they decided to follow some friends to the bush farms of Canada.

In 1829 Donald and Janet McLean, with their eight children, sailed westward, and after a seven weeks' voyage reached their destination in the township of Lochaber, Quebec. Here they bought a section of unbroken forest bordering the Ottawa, and planted the goodly vine that has since spread far and wide, and that now numbers its members by hundreds.

These new settlers met the hardships incident to pioneer life and endured them cheerfully. God gave them health, material plenty and great spiritual blessing. The family of eleven became strong men and women without the assistance of a doctor, and settled conveniently, so that until recent years many happy re-unions were enjoyed. It was their custom to assemble

each New Year's Day at the old homestead. Sometimes the grandchildren and great-grandchildren would swell the company to large proportions. The rare and beautiful sight of such occasions was the unbroken family of thirteen as they were seated at the table. The aged parents occupied the ends, and ranged on either side were the eleven gray-haired boys and girls. The circle was one in spirit as well as in form. All owned the same Heavenly Father, and spent the day in praise and sweet foretaste of the eternal home.

Taken as a group, the McLean family form a beautiful, if not a brilliant, cluster. No one is a very lustrous gem, nor yet dull and small. They are all above the average, in physical strength, intellectual gifts and moral virtues. It is seldom that as much time, health, sound sense and practical godliness can be found in a family of like number.

While five of them are living, and likely to live for years, it is too early to settle their average length of life, which is now nearly seventy-seven years. The father died at ninety-three. The mother survived him six years, and "slipit awa" at ninety-five. Neil, the eldest son, after serving his generation by the fear of God, "fell on sleep" at eighty-five. John, the second son, is buoyant at eighty-seven, and appears to have momentum enough to keep him going to the hundred.

The chief glory of the family is not length of days, nor yet well-balanced minds, so much as genuine sympathy and goodness. They overflow with "the milk of human kindness." "Hospitality without grudging" is well illustrated in them and their posterity to the third and fourth generation. McMaster students who have labored in the Ottawa Valley know to their joy and comfort the abundance of this grace in Clan McLean. The mother and daughters were like Dorcas, always clothing and caring for the destitute, and the men folk were like Barnabas, sons of consolation. The McLean home in Lochaber since its beginning has been generally recognized as the centre of cheerful beneficence. If the young people of the neighborhood wished an evening's reviving fun; if the poor and afflicted needed relief and sympathy; if a tramp wanted a meal and lodging; if a family of emigrants needed a home for a month until a spot in the bush could be cleared and a house built, all

came with confidence to the McLeans and received good measure, pressed down and running over. Hundreds glorify God for the light coming to them through the "hilarious" giving of that one household.

Hector, the fourth son, was a boy of twelve when he came with his parents to Lochaber. During his teens he was strongly influenced by the teaching and examples of two godly uncles, Neil Campbell and Duncan McCallum. The former was the spiritual leader in the settlement, who conducted Sunday School, prayer and temperance meetings, and never tired advocating the new birth and the temperance pledge. The latter was the school master, who taught in the fear of God, and had an eye for "the lad o' pairts." When nineteen, Hector, with seven others of the family, were led to Christ and baptized, during the great revival under Revs. Gilmore and Edwards. The older brother, Allen, soon after his conversion studied for the ministry, and spent his life in the pastorate. Hector began active Christian work as soon as converted, but did not decide to preach until six years later. When he asked the Church to recommend him for the ministry, all recognized his exemplary life, love for souls, and knowledge of the Word, but some thought his hesitancy in speaking would preclude success as a preacher. Persistence, however, prevailed, and Hector went to Montreal College for five years, studying hard during the winter and working on the farm by the river during summer. His college-mate, Rev. W. K. Anderson, speaking of him as a student, says: "Mr. McLean was deservedly regarded as a good student, an excellent thinker and sermonizer. I do not know that he was brilliant in any special branch, but he was a failure in none. He was always to be found in his proper place during study hours, at family worship and at recitations. He had a well-balanced mind, a high sense of honor and a tender conscience. He was regular in his habits, honest in his purpose, truthful in his statements, moral in his deportment, friendly in his intercourse with his fellow-students, and a judicious critic. During our last year at College he and I engaged a hall, where we preached alternately on Sabbath evenings to good congregations, who seemed to enjoy the services."

After graduating, Mr. McLean spent sixteen years in the

pastorate. Osnabruck, Oro, Brock, and King were the chief scenes of his ministry, but his field reached from Montreal to Detroit. More than once he drove from end to end of the Province, visiting isolated Protestant families or settlements, preaching in homes or schoolhouses, and enduring considerable hardship from bad roads, rough weather and poor accommodation. His work was done with persistent joy, and unseen foundations were thus laid, upon which have since been reared quite imposing structures. Wherever he went he exalted Christ by word and conduct. Though not a fluent speaker, his intense earnestness and faithful personal work made deep impressions. Sometimes to meet expenses he combined school teaching with preaching, and eventually he decided to divide his time between some business pursuit and the Gospel. This course was adopted for two reasons: He had learned that his impediment in speaking could never be overcome; he also believed Paul's example of independence suited his case.

In 1866 he moved to Ottawa, and after a little experimenting in groceries and ready-made clothing, he found paying work in buying hides on the market. This business was followed with considerable success until he retired. During the former part of his business life he preached in suburban missions or destitute country places almost every Sunday, but as cares increased sermons decreased. For thirty years he was deacon in the First Baptist Church, and proved a good counsellor, a liberal giver and loyal friend of every good work.

When, in 1890, the great sorrow of his only daughter's death came, he decided to retire from business, and devote the remainder of his life to preaching and philanthropic work. He visited the home of his childhood in Mull, found some of his old school mates, preached in Gaelic in the old schoolhouse, and, after an invigorating voyage, returned to Ottawa. Business and home cares seemed to multiply instead of diminish, so that his cherished desire for mission work was never realized. He appeared to have strength for years more of active life, but on Sept. 18, 1897, death came suddenly, giving time for only a few parting words to his only son and beloved wife.

A few days ago Mr. McLean's business partner was visited in his office by the market and asked the question: "What is

your estimate of the man whose name stands for this firm?" In answer he said: "Though Mr. McLean's character and works are well worth remembering, no one would shrink from being eulogized more than he. Like the great missionary Carey, he would say, 'Speak not of me but of my Master.' Few men, however, have left as clean a record and wielded as continuous an influence for good as my late partner. In his business life he was attentive, punctual and strictly honest. It was through his uprightness he succeeded so well. When he came to Ottawa he was past middle life and had no capital. To compete with active and strong opposition seemed foolish. But his persistence and impartiality won the respect and confidence of the people. If you wish now to know his reputation, ask the hundreds of farmers, hucksters and butchers on the square, and, without exception, they will bear witness to his integrity. Remember, too, that Mr. McLean did more here than buy and sell. His presence was a constant rebuke to evil. He preached more sermons, and to larger congregations, on this market than he did in the pulpit. Profanity, intemperance and vulgarity, even in mild forms and mixed with humor, never met with his smile. He was bold and faithful in warning and reproving the sinner. Even when he said nothing his presence made bad men good. His piety was genuine and did not vanish like a will o' the wisp. He was always better than appearances. Another striking characteristic of Mr. McLean's was strong and steady hopefulness. His health was always good, his faith in God was firm, and loss or gain in business moved him but little. 'He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' In spite of his failings the memory of his life of honesty, joy and purity will suggest to many the saying: 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.'"

A. N. Frith.

"GLORY-ROSES."

"Only a penny, sir!"
A child held to my view
A bunch of "glory-roses," red
As blood, and wet with dew.

(O earnest little face,
With living light in eye,
Your roses are too fair for earth,
And you seem of the sky!)

"My beauties, sir!" he said,
"Only a penny, too!"—
His face shone in their ruddy glow
A Rafael cherub true.

"Yestreen their hoods were close
About their faces tight,
But ere the sun was up, I saw
That God had come last night.

"O, sir, to see them then!
The bush was all aflame!
O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,
That is their holy name.

Only a penny, sir!"—
Heaven seemed across the way!
I took the red red beauties home—
Roses to me for aye,—

For aye, that radiant voice
As if from heaven it came—
"O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,
That is their holy name"!

THEODORE H. RAND.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE.

II.

The memory of a happy period in our life is perhaps more deeply intensified when, in anticipation, we have drawn quite a different picture of what may be in store for us. In hours of pleasure derived from looking back upon the delightful year we spent in Cambridge, with its wealth of happy experiences, we wonder that, even in looking forward to the time, we could have had any but the brightest thoughts concerning it.

I had read much, heard much, of the coldness and reserve of the English people, and I shrank from meeting persons who might increase my already too painful feeling of being an exile. But where did the dreaded coldness and reserve go? It never appeared; instead we found kindness, thoughtfulness, charming hospitality, friends whom to know was to love.

A peculiar and particularly fascinating impression which we received of the people when first in their midst in a social way, was the marked tranquillity of their countenances, which we ceased to wonder at as time went on and we became more acquainted with the calm life with which we were surrounded.

Perhaps the College society, in its exclusiveness, is too much a world of its own, but it is so rich in completeness that one could wish to live always in its atmosphere of culture and learning. Its very conservatism makes it the more pleasing to recall, for we know that the homes in which we were guests are still entertaining others and giving the same pleasure in dispensing hospitality with the quiet ease and graceful cordiality which marked all occasions.

A striking feature of the social life of the College people is the afternoon visiting of the gentlemen. For a few hours between luncheon and dinner everybody seeks recreation. The sports in their seasons have their participants, but all alike are fond of tea drinking. When paying visits one meets many students in the drawing-room, always ready to assist the hostess in relieving her of passing a cup of tea, talkative, bright and entertaining. It seemed to me that the cup of afternoon tea

with the conversational opportunities it afforded, more than all else in the way of social functions, was the stimulus of their happy relations to each other.

The question of tea drinking was apparently a matter of comment by the young ladies. At a debate at Girton, to which I had the pleasure of going one evening, it was resolved that "Athletics form too prominent a feature in the education of the modern young man." One young lady was of the opinion that the average undergraduate who was proficient in few, if any, of the arts embraced in the curriculum, was thoroughly versed in the arts peculiar to the river, tennis court and tea drinking. But the student who is up to row and the student who is up to read alike are fond of tea, and serve it in their rooms, of their own making, in a very delightful manner, as experience has shown us.

It has always been a source of pleasure to us of the new world to seek the haunts of England's greatest men, and we were not long enough in Cambridge to grow oblivious to that subtle charm which touches so many places and makes them of particular interest. Persons were constantly drawing attention to some new spot, something to allure us to wander about and seek the choice bits with which the Colleges abound. When going along King's Parade, I never failed to look up at 55 Corpus Building, in which Tennyson kept; nor, further on, to notice the iron bars across the window ledge in the third storey of Peterhouse, where the poet Gray kept at one time. There is a story that Gray was afraid of fire, and had the little iron railing made in order that he might attach a rope and descend in case of danger. Lovers of practical jokes placed a tub of water beneath his window and then gave the alarm of fire. Gray descended to a cold bath, and immediately afterwards moved across to Pembroke.

Trinity College claims a long list of distinguished men. Newton kept in the rooms of the gateway tower. Very near this were Thackeray's rooms, and those of Macaulay, Byron and Hallam, with many others.

The quiet town was suddenly transformed into a scene of life and activity when the students returned in October. One met isolated members about the streets through the long vaca-

tion wearing cap and gown. But we were greatly impressed with the strength of the student life when in two or three days the whole town took on a brighter and busier appearance; the tradesman displays his best wares, and perceptibly brightens with the coming of the students.

Undergraduates are compelled to wear cap and gown the greater part of the time, so that they seem to come in and possess the place. The quaint old streets present a strange and interesting spectacle in the early part of an evening when at times they walk leisurely about, in long gowns, short gowns, in the trim new mortar board of the freshman and the broken, much-abused looking mortar board of the men who have been there several terms—withal orderly, business-like, in fact, gentlemen.

We fully appreciated the privilege of having friends whose hospitality afforded us opportunities for meeting the persons whose fame in the world of science made it the greatest pleasure, as well as profit, to become acquainted with; but unique and long to be remembered visits were those paid to the Fellows whose rooms in the Colleges were their homes. At one time a meal with them and a tour of inspection through the buildings, with all the attractions pointed out to us; on other occasions, afternoon tea in the rooms and, best of all, an hour in the Fellows' garden. Visitors are only admitted there through courtesy of a Don, and upon entering the secluded retreat you feel that a bit of paradise still remains. All is perfectly kept; magnificent trees, plants of the rarest and most beautiful kinds, with a lawn like velvet, on which are laid out tennis courts, croquet grounds and bowling greens. Vine-covered summer houses and seats placed here and there complete the most perfect resting place I could imagine. There, shut off from sight or sound of the outside world, the Don goes to be alone if he so wishes. With apparent pride did they draw our attention to peculiar attractions, which might have passed unnoticed by us in admiring the garden, amongst them the great ages of old oak trees, bound and chained together that they may the longer offer shade, the number of feathered songsters and the quality of their singing, which find in the luxuriant foliage an unmolested and happy retreat.

Reluctantly we turned our steps toward the gateway. It

is so delicious there, and the time has gone all too quickly. The ladies of the party having been given a bunch of the various kinds of roses, the hedge is reached which in addition to the trees and tall iron fence surrounds the garden. With a last lingering look at the vision of loveliness which the garden presents, we go merrily back over the bridge, through the courts, and on our way home, and invariably say that it is no wonder that a Cambridge Don loves Cambridge as the apple of his eye.

With the return of summer we realized that our year was over. Much had been crowded into the time, and it had contained infinitely more than we had dared hope for, and now for a few weeks after lectures closed there only remained the pleasure of enjoying the much talked of "May Festivities," which in reality occur in June. In the earlier spring Nansen had come and gone, and the exciting vote had been taken on the question of women's degrees. The reading of the Tripos lists and the examination results closed the college year, and then Cambridge literally became *en fête.*

To the uninitiated the river might seem a sleepy stream of but little consequence. But what would the Backs appear without the river? There it plays a pretty part in softening the beauty of the landscape, and onward as it flows and broadens through the meadows, it becomes from the beginning of term until the end of "May week," a scene of great interest to all, for it is there that the thirty-one crews row every afternoon in preparation for the final exhibition of skill on the last three days of the gay season. The culminating event is the races, which are historic and of much importance to the student world of England. A party of us spent a delightful afternoon with one of the Dons in his boat, drank tea, and enjoyed the bright scene the banks presented with throngs of gaily attired people. All admired the skilful rowing of the oarsmen, who, in bright hued boating suits, as they pull their long, steady, resolute stroke, are cheered on by their fellow students who accompany their several Colleges, running alongside on the opposite bank.

When the last race has been rowed, and the winning crews have been borne off on the shoulders of the College men with banner and song, the boats filled with spectators simultaneously endeavor to leave their positions and row homeward. They call

it the scrimmage. Under the skilful management of our friends we felt perfectly safe, and thoroughly enjoyed the exciting undertaking. Everybody seemed to carry a bright colored sunshade, and the appearance of the river as we looked back upon the long vista of boats was an animated picture which makes description seem impossible.

A picnic up the river to Byron's Pool, a distance of three miles, on a lovely June afternoon, left the memory of the beautiful, peaceful life of rural England vividly impressed upon our minds. There the little stream becomes almost a brook. It was oftentimes so narrow that we had difficulty in rowing beneath the leafy arches, and trees of pink and white May in full bloom which trailed their fragrant branches in the water on either side. The ivy covers the banks with its beautiful drapery, and the meadows sloping away with villages here and there marked by the parish church and white cottages with thatched roofs, aroused the greatest admiration on our part. When being hurried over the country by train we had often looked longingly at just such a spot and wished that we might have the pleasure of being there. Byron's Pool was reached. It was there the poet was said to go to bathe in the rushing water caused by a dam at a bend in the river. A portage and a row of another mile brought us to our friend's favorite grove for having tea. Then the leisurely row home again when the light was fading completed a day of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure, which was among the last of those spent in England.

ELEANOR P. MCKAY.

Toronto, April, 1898.

MORALS AND LIFE.

This article is composed of extracts from a personal letter received some time ago by an inquiring graduate of McMaster. The writer was Dr. Rand, and we see no reason why others should not profit by this pregnant message on morals and life, as well as the original recipient. The battle of life is common to all, and "the fight is always on."—EDITOR.

DEAR BROTHER,—

. . . . . .

Dr. Brown ("Subsecivæ" Brown) laid down four qualifications of a physician, and they are no less qualifications of every earnest student who means to bring something to pass: "Capax" —an open, roomy soul; "Perspicax"—sense, alertness, immediate vision, a seeing soul; "Sagax"—right-reason, wisdom, the power of knowing the worth of what is seen, and choosing, or selecting it—a judicial soul; and, lastly, "Efficax"—the power to turn the other three to account, mental nearness, the will and the way, effectualness, in short, an executive soul. These are abiding qualifications for life service of high quality. Their possession means conscious and prolonged self-culture. But there is a central qualification without which all these are naught, and which is eminently in the domain of self-education, the one open door into effectual being and doing in the only real and true sense. I mean the things of the spirit—the life elements which bulk as character. Moral law is an abstraction. It can have reality and authority only as it is embodied in life. Read the Sermon on the Mount if you would have this greatest of life's truths written on your soul forever with a pen of divine fire. The ethical and spiritual concrete is character. When moral law is thus incarnated, it wears the purple, and its authority is recognized by rational men, and even by devils. Each of us is a builder of his own character, and it is by far the greatest work we shall ever do in this world. To accept the teaching of Herbert Spencer, and Rousseau before him, that the discipline of natural consequences is sufficient for this work, is never to enter the realm of the truly moral at all, but to surrender our

selfhood to the dominion of physical law, and deny the "Father of our Spirits." To accept the teaching uttered so widely, and with such an air of philosophic authority and finality to-day, that selfhood, personality, character, are the well-nigh passive product of heredity and environment, is to shut the door of hope forever. That teaching has in it no seed corn of virtue, come from whose lips it may.

> "Unless above himself, he can erect himself,
> How mean a thing is man."

Heredity and environment do not necessarily make us what we are. Our wills are free—they are the mind in liberty. Worldlings, and philosophers so-called, may deny this, but the word of a divine poet and seer speaks to me, and I hope to you, above them all:

> "Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

Your will is imperial, and goes behind heredity. You cannot set bounds to its power, when guided by accepted principles. Spiritual law is the final law of the natural world, I doubt not. "Everywhere heaven casts its shadows upon earth, for the laws below are sisters of the laws above." An illumined Greek said that the highest moral freedom is found in subjection to law, as the freest civil government is found where all just laws are most completely obeyed. Obedience is the great condition of moral development and growth—it is to character what exercise is to the physical and intellectual; it *is* exercise in the spiritual realm. A completely-fashioned, rightly-motived will is the greatest of all products; it makes possible and includes all other vital products approved of heaven.

The training of the will through life-endeavor, daily action, is the great opportunity. One must moralize as well as mentalize oneself. The reef on which so many all about us, in business, in the professions, in the ministry, everywhere, go to pieces inwardly, is this: they *assent* but do not *do*. But the ground condition of all ethical and spiritual building is obedience. This sort of education, which is the flower of all education worthy of the name of Christian, may be very practically regarded as working against the chance influences of life. Will is educated and character formed by effort, not by acquisition. The consciousness of effort, the outputting of overcoming energy, de-

velops and fashions the will, and counts for character. It is steady, energetic, every-day use, in accordance with settled principles, that makes the sterling will-quality of mind. Through habit there is woven a plexus that serves as the very web of character.

The education of the conscience—one's own conscience—(I say "education" advisedly) is central in character-making. The power to feel ethical emotions in view of right is to be sacredly cherished. *Find out* the right, hour by hour, *choose* the right, *do* the right, these are your soul's imperatives, and cannot be disregarded save under penalty of utter loss and defeat. Conscience is the supreme imperative, and to be reverenced in all things as king. But the possession of a conscience does not make one virtuous—(look about you!)—any more than a theory of morals makes one moral.

The habitual doing of what one feels to be right, energizes the moral faculty, and gives it life-issue. Acting conscientiously educates conscience, and obedience to its dictates is the condition of its becoming the controlling energy in the life. The late Matthew Arnold declared conduct to be three-fourths of life. Yes, it is the whole of life, for all life worthy of the name is rooted in the nature of the "Father of the spirits of all flesh," the all-perfect archetype of rational being. His revealed nature is our supreme rule of right. Utilitarianism, reinforced to-day by evolutional ethics, has in it no power sufficient to preserve the individual or society from moral degeneracy. Even Huxley, in his Romanes lecture, said, to the confusion of his friends: "The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. . . . Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. It depends not on imitating the cosmic process; still less in running away from it, but in combatting it." Just so. And you will not forget that we are not left to fight single-handed. We must be enamored of moral excellence, through and through, and fix our eyes on the sunlit summits of character exhibited in the life of that Divine One

who was made flesh and dwelt among us, and who has made it possible for us, despite every contrary teaching of the philosophy of the hour, and despite the paralyzing example in high places, boldly to say:

> So close is glory to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
> The youth replies, "I can."
>
> . . . . . .

THEODORE H. RAND.

LIKE UNTO HIM.

"We know that when He shall appear we will be like Him."

Like unto Him—God's fair and sinless Son!
O soul, how far removed thou art to-day
From such a likeness, in thy garb of clay!
Thy oft repining for the faces gone,
His patience who the winepress trod alone;
Thy readiness to blame, thy Lord's to pray—
"Father, forgive them!" Thine to love *thy* way,
While graced His cup of death—"Thy will be done!"

Like unto Him! O soul, if soon or late,
What miracle must needs transform thy dross
Into such pureness; thy uncomeliness—
Uncomeliness that merits e'en God's hate,
Into thy Saviour's perfect loveliness?
What but the grand fulfilment of the cross!

M. A. MAITLAND.

Stratford, April, 1898.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

W. B. H. Teakles, '98, D. Bovington, '99.
Editors.

WHAT AN ALUMNA CAN DO FOR McMASTER.

At first it seemed as if it would be a comparatively easy task to enlarge upon this subject, but after some consideration it became evident that it was worded in a manner which circumscribed it most provokingly. "What *an* Alumna *Can* Do for McMaster." Had it only been "What Some Alumnæ May do for McMaster," what a charming margin there would have been for speculation,—what ample room for daring flights of the imagination!

Suppose for example that some one of our Alumnæ should distinguish herself in the field of literature,—should even prove to be a second George Eliot or a Mrs. Browning, what fresh lustre might she not shed upon the already shining name of McMaster! By celebrating it in song or story she might render its immortality doubly certain. Or, suppose again, a young artist of wonderful genius should one day leave our halls; what subtle touches might she not introduce with magic strokes upon her canvas suggesting the inspiration received from her Alma Mater! to say nothing of the magnificent portraits of the various dignitaries of the University that she might from time to time present to adorn the Chapel walls! Or, better still, suppose that an Alumna rolling in wealth (she need not necessarily be a Baptist) should decide to give substantial evidence of her love and loyalty, what a magnificent Woman's Residence she might erect,—containing a beautiful Chapel, in which all the audience could both see and hear the speaker. This Chapel could, of course, be loaned for all public occasions of the University, until some enterprising Alumnus, following her example, should do similarly for his own side of the house.

But alas! my subject is not "What Some Alumnæ May do

For McMaster," but "What an Alumna can do." This evidently means, "What can any ordinary, well-meaning, hard-working, but perhaps not specially-gifted Alumna do to further the progress and uphold the standard of her University?" Now, the first thing that occurs to an ordinary intelligence would seem to be, "She can be loyal to it." Trite as this injunction sounds, it is not one that is universally heeded. Graduates as well as undergraduates are occasionally heard to speak in slighting terms of the place to which, more than to any other, they owe the development of their mental powers. No doubt, many of these disparaging words are spoken thoughtlessly; but consider the effect they must have on outsiders! If we do not show regard and respect for our own institutions, who will? It is certainly the duty of any Alumna, not only never to speak slightingly of her University, but also to lift her voice in its praise when she can conscientiously do so.

Again, it seems to me that a University graduate, whether she have to take an active part in the world's work, or whether she find her place in the quieter life of home, owes it to her University as well as to herself, to use as fully as possible the mental power she has acquired. If her intellectual weapons are not kept bright by constant use, they must by degrees become dull and lose their power. If, for example, on leaving the University she drops all her habits of study, and limits her reading to the daily paper and an occasional novel; if she never writes anything beyond a chatty letter, never takes up a French or German book, and confines her thinking strictly to bread-and-butter regions, she must lose gradually much of the benefit of her college training. On the other hand, if she resolves that at least she will not retrograde, she will find, even with a very limited amount of leisure, that she can do much mental work that will not only be helpful to herself but also to others. This hardly needs illustration. We all know that in many lines of church work, in charitable organizations, in reading clubs, and in literary societies of all kinds, such as are found in almost every community, the woman who is always in demand is the one who can write a paper, conduct a class, make an address or draw up a systematic, well-ordered plan of work. True, many women who have never seen the inside of a University, do these

things and do them well,—the more to their credit; but is it not natural to expect more of those who have had special educational advantages, and should they not be willing to do more, and to give freely of their abundance?

In this connection it has occurred to me that it might be helpful to us Alumnæ to know more of the College Settlement work that is being done by our sister graduates of American colleges. This is a labor of love among the poor and working classes of the large cities, carried on by graduates of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other of the important woman's colleges who have formed themselves into an incorporated College Settlements Association. Space forbids me to give any adequate account of the work accomplished by these women, or of the methods employed. The idea of the Settlement is neighborliness, with all that it implies. The work consists largely of teaching in its manifold branches, according to the needs of the community. Kindergartens, sewing-classes, singing school, lessons in domestic economy and hygiene, lectures in English literature and composition, lending libraries, social gatherings, debating clubs; all these means and many others, are employed by these bright and self-denying women to help raise a little the physical, mental and moral standard of the tenement-house dwellers by whom they are surrounded. The head workers and their assistants, who give their whole time to the work, are paid very modest salaries; while the "Residents," as they are called, who come to the Settlement to stay one month, three months, or perhaps a year, and who share the work, each according to her special gift, are not paid; but on the contrary, pay their own living expenses while they remain. This fact shows how largely the work is the outcome of the highest motives, and speaks volumes in favor of higher education for women.

Though the day when the McMaster Alumnæ may be able to start a College Settlement, may be far distant (and if so one may hope that the need for such institutions may then have passed), yet perhaps some of us may profit by the example set us herein to do a little individual work of a similar sort when opportuity shall offer. By way of suggestion, might it not be possible for some one to start at her own home a reading club among a few young girls of limited advantages. Such a club

begun without pretention or ostentation would be a source of interest and pleasure to all connected with it; and since the study of good literature is one of the most potent factors in character-building, it is no small thing to turn a young mind, open alike to influences for good and evil, in the right direction, and in addition to provide it with resources of enjoyment and strength for all future time. We sometimes hear it said that a certain amount of education and culture is necessary before the master-pieces of literature can be appreciated. This opinion is not borne out by the experience of a Wellesley professor of some note who is a worker in the Boston College Settlement. She, speaking of a class in literature that she has conducted recently among working girls, says that she found their instinctive sense for poetry remarkable; that they read enthusiastically the modern poets, set in one instance a Wordsworth lyric to music, and "couldn't see why people think Browning hard"; while on being asked the same questions that had been propounded by a professor in a College Graduate Seminary to his class, they answered them much better than the graduates. The reason is not far to seek. To these girls in their poor circumstances, with their monotonous lives and barren surroundings, this class was a delight and an inspiration, a glimpse into an ideal world which brightened the real one, and they threw their whole souls into it.

But perhaps some one may think that I have wandered far from my starting point, and may ask how such work as this could benefit McMaster University. I think it must benefit McMaster for two reasons. First, because everything that raises the intellectual standard of Canadian women, thus awaking a truer and more general appreciation of the meaning of higher education for themselves and their children, cannot fail to benefit our educational institutions. Why, if our Canadian Baptist people were fully alive to the needs of higher education among us, the foundation stone of our new University building would be laid to-morrow.

In the second place, all such efforts must help McMaster because the future of our University depends largely upon the character of the students who go out from it. If they show by helpful and unselfish lives that their training has been of the

truest value to them, not only as an intellectual discipline, but also in developing noble character, then McMaster will never want for students, and students of whom she may be proud.

Finally, I think an Alumna should use her influence to induce more of our Baptist girls to attend McMaster. The present preponderance of young men is quite unfair, and we should do all in our power to bring about a more equal division of the good things that have been bestowed upon us. The idea prevails too widely that a girl may be the better of a university course if she intends to teach or enter a profession, but otherwise it is quite superfluous, and even a waste of time. "Four years is such a piece out of one's life," they will tell you. "Why, I should be awfully old (perhaps twenty-one) when I got through, and just think of all the fun I'd be missing!" It is doubtful whether the last point, namely, missing all the fun, would strike many of our Alumnæ as well-taken. It may be safely said, that so far, we have been, as a class, a rather cheerful and light-hearted set, finding plenty of fun as we went along to lighten our burdens, and thoroughly enjoying University life except at examination time. At all events, we may do much to stir up our younger sisters to follow in our footsteps, and it should be our aim to do what we can to show them that they cannot be too well fitted intellectually for their work in the world, that the best education they can get is none too good, and will always be a help, never a hindrance, whatever sphere of life they may be destined for.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add just here that it is a very good start on the road to McMaster to get a girl to spend a year at Moulton College. Many of our Alumnæ are former students of Moulton, and I am sure they will uphold me when I say that there are influences at Moulton which tend to bring out the best that is in a girl, to make her thoughtful, self-reliant and nobly discontented with present attainments. Let us all, then, feel a little personal responsibility in this matter, realizing that each one of us can and ought to do something in the interests of McMaster and higher education. After all, the main thing is to get our girls to think. Once get a girl seriously considering what she intends to do, and what she intends to be in the world, and the desire for higher education will follow a

a matter of course. It will be a good day when the majority of our girls decide to do a little more rowing, and not so much drifting with the current of public opinion. We Alumnæ of McMaster University may all have a part in this work of raising the life ideal of the girls with whom we meet. Prejudice, environment and training, are in many cases opposed to progress in this respect, and yet, the day cannot be far distant when many of our Canadian Baptist girls will desire a university education, and will have it given to them as freely as it is granted to their brothers.

ELIZA POND WELLS, '94.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION—A GLIMPSE.

The Student Volunteer Movement has become one of the greatest missionary enterprises of recent years. Rising at Mt. Hermon, Mass., in 1886, and assuming organized form in 1888, it has since held three international conventions—Cleveland, 1891; Detroit, 1894 and Cleveland 1898. Its sphere is limited to the development of a missionary enthusiasm and study in all the higher institutions of learning throughout the world. Its watchword has been "The evangelization of the world in the present generation." Yet it has never independently sent out a missionary, but claims to be simply a "recruiting agency," to serve as an assistant to the various Missionary Boards, and hence "has received the endorsement of every leading Board on the continent."

It has already touched 839 institutions, in which it has been instrumental in organizing 267 classes, with a present attendance of 2,361 students for the systematic study of missions, in increasing the volumes of their libraries by fully $20,000 worth of missionary literature, and in securing a present enrolment of over 4,000 volunteers for the foreign field. Over 1,100 volunteers have already gone out under 46 societies, and are distributed through 53 countries in all parts of the world. Though primarily American, the movement has influenced students of other lands, so that to-day there are Student Volun-

teer Movements in Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, French-speaking Europe, Australasia, South Africa, China, India and Ceylon; and, under the efficient leadership of Mr. John R. Mott, there is promise that the Christian students of all lands will be permanently united through the "World's Student Christian Federation."

As we glance backward toward the recent convention, we may conveniently get a good glimpse of its impressive features through the eye-gate of the convention sermon on Rev. 7 : 9, 10, by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall. Dr. Hall, in his able discourse, considered the three elements essential to every successful undertaking:—an end in view, belief in the possibility of attaining that end, and a practical confidence in the means that were being employed for its attainment—elements which he briefly denominated vision, faith, and energy.

Missionary conferences differ widely in their relation to these three elements, and their success as conventions is usually measurable accordingly. Some content themselves with investigating a few of the facts, and so in widening their vision; others, while leaving their vision of the needs and of the end as indefinable as ever, concern themselves chiefly with an endeavor to develop a greater energy; while still others are almost exclusively concerned with establishing a stronger faith from the spiritual side through prayer and a fuller knowledge of God's revealed purposes. The convention in Toronto in 1894 was largely of the latter character, though it aimed also to widen the vision. But the Cleveland Convention seemed mightily pregnant with all three. It enlarged the vision and more clearly defined the end in view. It succeeded in establishing in the most thoughtful minds a stronger faith in the possibility of attaining that end. And as a consequence there was abundant evidence of the development of a deeply-rooted and irresistible energy.

The Cleveland Convention enlarged and defined the end in view. It made, as it were, a horoscopic survey of the heathen world. It widened the horizon, but at the same time brought its lens to bear upon every important point and enabled the eye to penetrate to the farthest recess. It appealed to both the physical and mental organs of vision. By its exhibition of

relics, its collection of literature, its convocation of eighty-three representatives of Mission Boards and eighty-nine returned missionaries, together with a host of the best informed students of foreign history and conditions, it became a vast reservoir of missionary information. Nor was this information simply available, but for five days it came systematically pouring into our minds from all sources. The field was scanned from over twenty different denominational points of view. The different channels of activity—evangelistic, educational and medical—were all brought to our notice. It was as though we had entered a prospect tower to look through its whole circle of windows out upon the various avenues of approach to the non-Christian world; to observe the movements of the various detachments now in the field; and to include in one all-comprehensive survey the inter-relation of the mighty forces of Christendom that are now engaged, the various methods of operation that are evidently their guiding principles of action, and the definite purpose which seems to be, or which should be, the end which they are striving to achieve.

From a contemplation of the numerous forces everywhere at work, as seen through the Section Conferences and Denominational Rallies, it became evident that in general the great end of all was the evangelization of the world. But this had long been too indefinite and vague, and needed more careful defining. Robert Speer's address clarified our vision considerably, and caused the end to stand out in bold relief. To regenerate the world may not be our business or within our power; but in this generation to evangelize the world is both within our power and to be the definite object toward which we must strive.

The Cleveland Convention gave evidence of the deepening faith in the possibility of attaining this object. All seemed to believe in the watchword. There was not one dissenting voice. There was no elder Ryland to say, "Sit down, young man." This was a theme which occasioned no jarring sound of a conflict of opinions. All the speakers, without exception—and they were numerous—seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this one thought. Moreover there had been such careful and thoughtful pre-arrangement of the programme from both the intellectual and the spiritual aspect, as to carry the convictions

of the whole convention from point to point, while answering only from time to time the rising objections just before they should formulate themselves in actual expression; so that, being led on gradually, all were ready to accept the completed conclusions without question. No one can thoughtfully review the proceedings of the convention without feeling that, though no printed programmes had appeared, there was an almost indefinable underlying connection, which, like a fibrous thread, ran through every meeting from first to last, and branched out logically yet easily and naturally into the minutest details. It was like an extensively planned campaign, or a Waterloo, in which the end to be achieved was ever kept prominently to the front while for the time the plan lay in concealment.

A deepening conviction in the possibility of realizing the "motto" gradually crept over us as we listened to the scholarly, powerful address of Dr. Burrell, through which we saw one after another of the great non-Christian religions sink into inadequacy with reference to man's salvation, while the Christian faith arose to undisputed supremacy; as we listened to the reports of Mott and Thornton, and heard the sounds of the advancing tread of hosts hitherto reserved, and the echoes of triumphal shouts for victories already achieved in the student sphere; as we followed such scholarly and confident men as Thornton and Zwemer and Beach and Wilder through the intricate mazes of the various problems of the non-Christian world—the African, Mohammedan, Confucian and Indian—and became convinced with them that there were no longer in existence obstacles insurmountable; and as we learned that "the Church has had means enough, men enough and opportunities enough to evangelize the world fifty times over"; and because powerfully convinced both theoretically and practically that it was possible to enlist much of this wealth at once in the cause of missions, and to send forth immediately, as self-sacrificing heroes to the foreign field, some of the best men that the world can produce.

But what is most remarkable, this conviction was forced upon our minds not by outbursts of enthusiasm, not by intensity of feelings, not by arrogant assertions of imposing personalities, but as the result of calm, deliberative, simple, spiritual utterances of intelligent Christian scholars. No wonder the

convention is spoken of as the most extraordinary since apostolic times. Its influence cannot be fleeting. Based, as it is, so substantially, it must have permanence. Nor is it any wonder that there should have been manifest a full confidence in the means that were being employed, and a prevailing sentiment that success would be best assured by the simple proclamation of Gospel truth—"the maximum of influence and power being sought through prayer." This latter feeling became specially marked on Thursday morning when the intellectual and spiritual qualifications of the missionary were being presented. We all felt that Dr. Ewing's address contained most valuable truth from the human point of view. But the change in feeling was electrical when Bishop Baldwin in his first few sentences overshadowed the human with the divine. "The Lord calls His own." "Obey the voice of God, not of man." "The man called by God is overcome with his sense of utter unfitness." "The Lord never wants the self-sufficient." And yet an agreeable harmony between these two thoughts was felt to prevail by both the speakers and the hearers—a harmony which renders the human necessary, while this remains always subservient to the divine.

Though dispassionate and unemotional in its essential features, the Cleveland Convention gave evidence of the movement of an irresistible energy. That practically $40,000 in subscriptions should have been raised in the quiet manner that characterized the giving, and that over sixty volunteers should have testified of their purpose to sail to the foreign field during the coming year, was surely evidence of a deep-seated energy which had commenced to roll forth in power ere the convention closed, and whose influence we may expect to increase in volume until it shall be felt in the remotest corners of the inhabited world.

Whatever may be critically said of its supposedly visionary schemes, the convention was certainly a very unique and significant gathering. That 1,717 students and 106 presidents and professors from 458 institutions of learning (of which only 80 were professedly religious and only 19 exclusively missionary) should spend a week in company with a body of veteran missionaries from over 80 different portions of the globe, and with the

official representatives of 71 Mission Boards of over 20 different denominations, and during that time should hold with perfect unanimity a deliberative, dispassionate, intelligent and spiritually fervent consultation concerning the world's evangelization, is enough to compel the most cynical sceptic to pause and to stagger at the possible influence which such a gathering must exert upon the whole student world in its relation to the missionary movement. And still more significant does this gathering become as an indicator of the far-reaching, world-wide enthusiasm that characterizes modern missionary activity everywhere. The convention was felt to be but the pulse beat of the great heart of all Christendom in the sphere of missions.

GEORGE J. MENGE, '96.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUSINESS.

One of the marked features of the past history of the world is the struggle of commerce to establish conditions of security to enable it to carry its operations into distant parts. In ancient days the conditions under which foreign trade could alone flourish frequently exceeded the resources of civilization itself. Commerce demanded not only that the laws of nations must give a guarantee on which traders could proceed with their operations with reasonable confidence, but that governments, while protecting the commerce of their subjects as if it were their own enterprise, must in their fiscal policy and in all their acts be endued with the highest spirit of commercial honor. Every great breach of this security has stopped the continuous circulation which is the life of traffic and of the industries to which it ministers.

Thus, in order that it might flourish, the commercial spirit has had to find for itself places of security and freedom, now in one country and now in another, until in modern days the striking example is presented to us of a great nation, possessing those conditions that are specially favorable to commercial activity and development, preserved from hostile invasions by its insular position, and able by its fleet and arms to protect its goods on the seas and its subjects in foreign lands.

The business interests of any country are its greatest interests, and in proportion as a sound basis of commercial honor is established will capital be attracted, enabling its inhabitants to develop its resources and foster its trade. Legislation along certain lines is also necessary, but we cannot legislate honorable and upright motives into the hearts of men.

We find commercial dishonor everywhere. The lust of gold and position is as powerful as it is universal, and is one of the greatest evils with which the Church of Jesus Christ, both inside and outside, has to contend. "If the commercial status is weighted with low moral standards, fraudulent methods and paralyzing defects, trade is handicapped and there can be little financial confidence." The government that grants monopolistic rights to individuals or corporations, extracting from them in return funds for party or campaign purposes; the artful merchant who considers it a clever stroke of business to defraud the government of its customs duties; the unscrupulous dealer who tampers with his counter scales and accepts hard earned money for sixteen ounces giving in return only fifteen or fourteen; the firm that ingeniously imitates the trade symbols and patent reservations of its more successful rival, sacrificing quality and genuineness to cheapness and fradulent imitation, these are but samples of the interests that create public distrust and inflict almost irreparable injury to the very conditions of that security it should be the aim of every people to establish.

The most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that we are surrounded with men who are trading on the principle of securing the greatest advantage to themselves, even at the cost of reputation. On almost every hand we meet with deception and fraud. Goods are exposed for sale and ticketed "*35c., worth 50c.,*" that are actually not worth 25c.; a book is marked "*Special to-day, 50c.,*" that sells any other day at 40c.; "*Travellers' samples,*" that have never been handled by travellers; goods brushed up and ticketed, "*quite new and very stylish,*" that are old and shop-worn; and scores of other petty devices that are calculated to deceive the public.

Unfortunately, this list could be continued at very great length, implicating many branches of commerce and finance. And if these things exist—and they do exist in a more aggra-

vated form than I have suggested—the tendency is to create a feeling of unrest, suspicion and distrust. Surely then we may conclude that a revival of righteousness in business is necessary. That revival can only be accomplished by the living and presenting of the principles enunciated and put into practice by Jesus Christ, principles that were intended to, and will, meet the requirements of this age and of this country, principles first presented in a homely and direct manner in order that they might set the then existing wrongs right, and place the trading of His own people and then of the whole world on an equitable and just basis; principles that, whatever be the form of opposition, whether it be trickery, swindling, lying, or any other evil that goes to create insecurity and depression, will confirm and prosper what is right and reject and trample under foot all that is of the devil.

But we are told to-day by ministers of the Gospel and others, who doubtless are perfectly sincere in making the assertion, that a business man, and especially a successful one, cannot be a consistent Christian. They argue that the conditions of trade are such that unless one can take unfair advantages in the buying, and resort to unscrupulous methods in the selling of goods, it is quite impossible to compete with men who will, and do, take these advantages, and that the golden rule, of which they approve, cannot be carried out in up-to-date trading establishments I am not quite prepared to accept that position, for I think it is not only inconsistent with Christianity, but is not founded on fact, and I have never heard it advanced by any man who is diligently striving to carry out the command, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." In fact, it is contradicted by the living examples of thousands of active, progressive, money-making Christian men throughout the country.

Speaking from a worldly standpoint, comparatively few men succeed either in commercial or professional enterprise. The few would succeed anywhere, the many nowhere. If, then, two men of equal ability and energy engage in business, the one a Christian and consistent, the other an unbeliever and unscrupulous, are we to believe, other things being equal, that the Christian, because he holds to what is right and true, must fail

or abandon his principles, while the other flourishes? For my own part, I not only refuse to accept this belief, but confidently assert that, working with the same energy plus a clear conscience, the Christian man will have the advantage, and prove the more successful, even from a worldly point of view. But, unhappily, too frequently in the commercial world the prominent church member is the greatest trickster, and evidence is not lacking to confirm the already accredited belief that the golden rule is not most consistently applied by the loudest professors of Christianity.

There is much petty trickery and unscrupulous dealing especially in those concerns that directly serve the public, but this is only the ripple on the surface, and underneath flows the great volume of commerce, conducted in the main, I believe, on the principles that we should like to see prevalent in every detail of mercantile pursuit.

I am unable to take a pessimistic view of our trade conditions and prospects. Our country is a new one, and has had to contend with conditions peculiar and incidental to a nation's youth, conditions all the more disadvantageous on account of our great geographical area, but we have established a credit, and banking and monetary institutions that are creditable alike to our country and her great ambitions, and which command respect in the money markets of the world. Our large trading houses and financial corporations are mostly conducted on a fair, sound and equitable basis, and they are the great influences that in times of trial, in the country's hour of need, when sweeping fiscal reforms would have resulted disastrously to her commerce as well as her national credit, by their fidelity to our interests have turned our attention to our magnificent heritage and pointed out the possibilities that lay in its development.

Had we not a reputation for soundness and integrity on the money markets our loans would not be so quickly subscribed at the rates we have recently obtained, the money chests would not be thrown open to us, enabling us to extract from the frozen earth her treasures of gold, and the commerce that has in past ages gone to and fro seeking conditions of security where she might establish herself, bringing to the people comfort and happiness and wealth, would not to-day stand knocking at our

door, asking admittance and claiming protection in the highest sense of commercial honor.

The Canadian preacher of to-day who does not rise to the occasion, practicing and proclaiming the ideal of Christian integrity, stamping out deceit and trickery and fraud, and implanting in the hearts of men those honorable and upright motives which alone can create and perpetuate that tone of buoyancy and assurance that is the sign of commercial confidence, is not only failing in his duty as a follower of Jesus Christ, but is betraying his citizenship in the great Northern country, destined in these latter days

> "To take occasion by the hand
> And extend the bounds of freedom
> Wider yet."

R. C. MATTHEWS.

Editorial Notes.

OUR readers will welcome the sympathetic biographical sketch of the late Hector McLean, of Ottawa. The Baptist Church in Canada owes much to such men as Mr. McLean, and the editors of THE MONTHLY believe that they are performing no inconsiderable service in giving its readers a permanent record of such good men. Mr. McLean was a stalwart among the many stalwart Baptists that have come from the Ottawa Valley, and was a familiar figure throughout the Eastern provinces generally. Here in the West, too, he was well known by reputation as a bulwark of the Church at Ottawa. We are indebted to Rev. A. N. Frith, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Ottawa, for his excellent account of Mr. McLean's life and character

AT the last apportionment of Fellowships in the University of Chicago, ten were given to graduates of Ontario Universities. Of this number four fell to the share of McMaster. Messrs. Cross and Smith were re-appointed Fellows in theology and botany, respectively; and Messrs. R. D. George, '97, and H. H. Newman, '96, were appointed in geology and zoology respectively. We heartily congratulate these young men upon the well-merited honor conferred upon them. Their success in competition with College graduates from all over America is

in the highest degree creditable, and is one in which their *Alma Mater* may share as well as rejoice. We trust that the timid friends of our University will not overlook this additional proof of the kind of work done here, and of the ability of McMaster's graduates to compete for academic honors with those of any other Canadian University.

In an article entitled "A Layman's View of the Sermon," a writer in *The Outlook*, discussing the failure of the sermon to win attention and influence conduct as it ought, asks "What is it that the pew wants and does not always get in a sermon? Four things: the man behind the sermon, a plain man's knowledge of this world, a specialist's knowledge of the other world, a peremptory message. These four needs are seldom clearly or accurately stated even by those who feel them most keenly. They generally insist, on the one hand, that all they want is sincerity; on the other, that they must have good literature. A little inquiry shows that in both cases something more and something different from what has been said is really required. They both demand a natural, inevitable appearance of sincerity, and an appeal so efficient that it is a form of art, whether recognized as such or not. All hearers wish to be made to feel their own manhood, and the value of life and the importance of its problems, by a glimpse into the life of the man who stands as God's messenger before them. I said glimpse, but a glimpse does not satisfy them. They really demand a revelation, through a man's thoughts, of the highest and deepest realities of existence. Therefore they are impatient of set phrases and of anything that smacks of a performance. They find orderly and aggressively systematic presentation of truth running dangerously close to platitude, and they scorn it while they yawn. They find eccentric and brilliantly disorderly presentation of truth running dangerously close to vanity, and they scorn it while they smile. They ask for the bread of life, which is neither chemistry nor jewelry. In short, they wish a sermon that they cannot praise nor abuse without blasphemy. They want a sermon such that they must try conclusions with the man behind it. Next they insist upon such knowledge of the world they live in from the sermon that they may feel their kinship with the writer. A heaven and a hell unrelated to the intelligence that sins or triumphs in this present world would soon become meaningless, and so does the warning or proffered help of a man who takes a ghost's attitude towards breakfast, dinner, and tea, and the pocket-book and the polls. Yet official superiority here is fatal. A sermon that dictates or talks down to the audience, escapes sentence for bullying only by the indifference

of the hearers. Sympathy, intelligence, power, acceptance of the same human limitations under which the rest of men work, are some of the qualities that here make a sermon tell. As one habitual sermon-hearer said to me, "I want to hear some things that I have known before, so as to find my way around."

Further, they ask—and few know how earnestly some of the apparently most indifferent desire this—an evidence of greater spirituality than their own. They ask, above everything else, that the reality of all the goodness and other-worldliness which they doubt, and wear their lives away in bitter lack of, shall be answered for by an attitude of personal conviction. To speak the things he knows, and to testify what he has seen of that other world which is at the very least a new dimension of this, and, at the most—who can say?—is what the pew demands of the preacher. If there be no life of the spirit into which our living death may be resurrected here and now, then we are indeed most miserable. The pew asks that the preacher shall never belittle his whole work by making a given effort seem less than the serious expression of his profound conviction. There should be no attorney-preaching, no ground-out sermons, if the pew is to be anything better than the stocks or a rocking-chair. And here is the place for the something new that every sermon ought to hold. Men who live in the spirit, who, in the strict sense of the word, are experts in the things touching on righteousness, can never be bankrupt of interest. The new light thrown by the world-old truth is what the pew seeks from generation to generation. The pew wants evidence of a vocation, a calling, and it wants it from the preacher himself. It asks for the same kind of evidence that it would accept from a man in the business of the world it knows so much more intimately and, it hopes, so much more sorrowfully. And it does not wish to see the minister figuratively hanging on the palings of the fence between his harvest field and the world's pleasure garden, casting envious glances across at what he may consider the broader prospect.

And, last, the pew demands that the sermon shall be a message. It is not enough that the sermon should be true in general. If no more than that, it will be efficient—in general. The hearer goes to church hoping that he may hear something that must be said then and there, lest the very stones cry out. He may be in these things too superstitious, but this is what he hopes. Of course he will resist the effort to convict him of sin, or of anything else, for that matter, involving change in his way of life, but all the same he hopes it may be accomplished. Creeds, programmes, he thinks he knows all about

these, but reality under the shows of things, abiding happiness through the fleeting panorama of life, these he will gladly hear of.

The worst, perhaps, is when the pew and the pulpit agree that there isn't much to be got out of sermons. Surely this must be because they are looking for the sermon in the wrong place. A sermon is not compassed by a good delivery, nor contained in a logically ordered discourse, nor identical with an original essay. It may be where the preacher cannot lift his eyes from his closely written pages, and it may be where there is not a scrap of paper or even ability to read the Bible text. As in the times long ago, there is now no open vision, but the pew still believes in its heart that there are men of God, and such it wishes to hear. To vary President Eliot's words, men still, as in 1630, wish to be taught their duty and to be urged to do it; they still wish their thoughts carried out of the monotonous round of their daily lives, beyond the sea, above the sky, to the dwelling-place of the Most High."

The following incident, narrated by a correspondent of *The Outlook*, is so characteristic and significant that we believe we are doing a favor to our readers by giving it in full: "While I was at a wharf-landing on Lake Joseph, in the Muskoka region of Ontario, one morning, getting some provisions from the supply-boat, a small steam launch came puffing up and stopped alongside, and among the first to spring aboard was the author of "The American Commonwealth." Although Mr Bryce is in his sixtieth year, he is a man of wonderful physical activity, and steps about with the agility of a boy of ten. As a mountain-climber I was aware that he had, many years ago, broken records in different parts of the world, and I was not, therefore, astonished to find him so vigorous on his feet; but what surprised me was the interest he took in everything around him. A supply-boat on the smaller Canadian lakes is a curious little craft, being practically a floating general store, with accommodation on the upper deck for a number of excursionists, who appear to the spectators on the wharf landings to be continually engaged in eating dinner. As soon as the boats touched, Mr. Bryce leaped on deck and began to take in with his eye every object on board. Darting hither and thither, he reminded me very forcibly of the description he gave of his friend John Richard Green, a short time after the historian's death, in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' In speaking of the way Green explored a foreign town about which he intended to write, Mr. Bryce said that he moved through the streets like a dog trying to find a scent. In the same manner did he himself

scamper over the boat, peering keenly into this corner and then into that, the important-looking little engine, that kept up a rumbling growl altogether out of proportion to its size and power, holding his attention for a moment, while he seemed to enjoy the absurdity of the thing. Then, jumping upon the landing, he glanced rapidly over the bank, his trained eye picking out here and there in the wild bush the more valuable botanical specimens. These he hastily gathered until the whistle of his boat called him aboard. I am sure that no more than two minutes elapsed between the moment the launch stopped until it started again, and yet in that short space of time Mr. Bryce saw probably more than an ordinary observer would discover in an hour. As the launch steamed away I heard him questioning the man at the wheel on the various specimens he held in his hand, asking what this or that was called in Canada, and then giving the name by which it was known in England. In striking contrast to this eager interest in everything that fell under his eye was the attitude of two or three athletic young men in his party, whose only concern on board the supply-boat was the purchase of a few packages of cigarettes."

We should like to bespeak a careful reading of Mr. Menge's admirable account of the Cleveland Student Volunteer Convention. That Convention, in our judgment, was the most significant and promising that this age of great conventions has yet seen. It means something to see hundreds of missionaries and missionary secretaries of all denominations gathered for counsel; but it means much more to see nearly two thousand students and seventy professors from the colleges of this continent taking a solid week from the pressing demands of an all too brief college session for the purpose of planning the conquest of the world for Christ.

But the most significant and hopeful feature of all was the character of the meetings themselves. The calm, resolute purpose declared in the motto, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," and voiced again and again in the course of the convention; the intelligent survey of the world field with the false religions to be dislodged, the social problems to be solved, the strategic points to be seized, and the present strength of the Christian and anti-Christian forces; the deep conviction of the leaders and speakers that a richer spiritual life, manifesting itself in warmer love, firmer faith and more unreserved surrender to the will of God, is the one great requisite of the churches to-day if the world is to be speedily evangelized—these things made the Cleveland Convention great and clothed it with power. Never has it been our privilege to see a finer blending of sound sense and fervent faith.

There was an utter absence of rollickingism and spectacular demonstration. The all-pervading spirit of earnestness and the eager waiting upon God rebuked and banished all lightness and frivolity.

That Convention makes two things certain: (1) That from our colleges are coming a host of young men and women, the flower of the land, equipped in mind and prepared in heart to go everywhere among the nations preaching and teaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God. (2) That Christians at home will be under more solemn obligation than ever to face life in the spirit of the Lord Jesus, and be willing to work hard and live humbly that they may be able to give largely and furnish the munitions of war for these eager young soldiers of the Cross.

Book Reviews.

*THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

We have heard for a long time that the old psychology, whose method was self-observation and comparison, with descriptions of mental states and processes, had gone by the board. The qualitative has been superseded by the quantitative. Experimentation is the method, and we have reached measurements of mental facts and mental processes. This book brings everything under space, time and energy. Here we have at last a valid and scientific psychology!

Physicists will, perhaps, find music in the clatter of myographs and chronoscopes, and chronograps and sphygmographs, and kymographs and pneumographs, and even ergographs; for the time thus measured is nothing more than that of the processes of our physical organism. The mental facts are no more measurable in time than energy or space. There is no finer example of the mountain in labor with a funny little mouse as the result than this New Psychology. In fact, there is not even a little mouse. The whole thing is an illusion—a "scientific" illusion. This book has an illustrated section on space, but it does not tell us in feet and inches the dimensions of our emotions, nor whether our wills are triangles or squares in space? We are to be shewn the space of thought, but we find only the thought of space. So of energy, nothing but our feelings of energy and effort are shewn. Juggling with words is not a new science. It has been known almost

*The New Psychology. By E. W. Scripture. Charles Scribner Sons, New York. $1.25.

from the time of Adam that we can measure space and energy of the physical world. This book offers merely qualitative analysis of mental states related to measurable physical facts. If this is to bring experimental psychology under space, time and energy, the New Psychology is a mare's nest.

Although this book is from Yale University, it affords a striking example of modern illusions having a history behind them. Herbart and Fechner attempted to introduce into psychology mathematical methods, but their psychical measurement was an illusion. Wherever mental facts have been measured, either physical facts were substituted, as in present day tendencies, or mental facts themselves have been falsely thought after the analogy with physical objects. The new "Child Psychology" is also an illusion, in so far as it assumes that the child mind is fundamentally different from the adult mind. Teachers have rushed wildly after the New Psychology, and are all agog with expectation. They will do well to assure themselves that there is no measurement of psychical facts, after the fashion of such advanced psychologists as this book represents, and, therefore, no psychology antagonistic with that of introspection—a qualitative analysis of the inner life.

THEODORE H. RAND.

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98,
S. E Grigg, '00.

The following have been elected to act on The Monthly staff for the coming year:—C. L. Brown, '99, Business Manager; A. M. McDonald, '99, Advertising Department; S. E. Grigg, '00, Secretary; R. C. Echlin, '01, Subscription Department; W. B. Tighe, '99, Here and There; F. J. Scott, '99, and F. H. Phipps, '01, College News; D. Bovington, '99, and J. S. LaFlair, Theol., Students' Quarter.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society held on Thursday, April 6th, was one of especial interest, since it was the last meeting for the year. After the reports from the various missions had been received it was decided, in order to attain greater permanency in the mission work in the city, to place the work in the east end in charge of G. N. Simmons, B A., for the summer.

After the business had been disposed of, Mr. Routledge read an interesting letter from Rev. A. B. Reekie, who had just arrived at a port in South America on his way to his mission work in Bolivia. Brief reports of the Cleveland Convention were then read by W. S. Fox and W. E. Robertson. The Society then listened to an address by P. D. Warren, Esq., of Georgetown, his subject being "The preacher from the layman's standpoint." The address was exceedingly helpful and practical.

In the afternoon Superintendent McEwen spoke a word of counsel to the students. His words were well chosen, and he presented in plain language evils to which he had found from experience students were liable. After a discussion upon topics relating to the work for the coming summer, the last monthly meeting of the Fyfe Society for the present year was brought to a close.

The last regular meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held on Friday evening, April 1st. The principal feature of the program was the reading of the "Student." The editors, Messrs. C. L. Brown, '99, A. W. Vining, '98, and W. Daniel, '98, are to be congratulated upon the success of this year's paper. A reading by J. Nicol, '00, was well received, while the singing of Miss Lick, '01, was enjoyed by all. One must not forget to mention the *noise* furnished by the top flat orchestra. But though there may be some doubt as to the harmony of the productions of this organization, it is absolutely certain that they take first place as entertainers. After a number of specially prepared cartoons had been exhibited by means of the stereopticon, the meeting closed with the singing of "Thy praises, McMaster."

Open Meeting.—On Friday evening, March 25th, the McMaster University Literary and Scientific Society held its Open Meeting for the Spring term. The Chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience. The principal feature of the programme was an Oratorical Contest, which was participated in by representatives from the different classes in Arts, and a representative from Theology. After a hearty welcome had been extended to the visitors by Mr. Teakles, the President, the Glee Club opened the programme with a chorus, in which they showed the good effects of Mr. Fletcher's training.

Mr. George T. Webb, representing Theology, was the first speaker. His subject was "Frances E. Willard," and it received admirable treatment at his hands. He spoke of the heroic, persevering, self-sacrificing life of this great woman, and thrilled the hearts of the audience. Representing the Freshman class, Mr. Gazley spoke on "The Way to Success." In his well thought out and enthusiastic address, he showed how others had won success, and pointed to them as models for us to keep in mind. Very much to the regret of all present, Century class was not represented, on account of the illness of Mr. Grigg, the Sophomore orator. Had he been present, he would certainly have done credit to his class. Mr. MacGregor upheld the honor of class '99. His thrilling address on "Chrysostom," produced a profound impression. In his whole hearted, vigorous way, he spoke of the true, fearless life of this old-world preacher.

Mr. Cohoe, the last of the orators, represented the graduating class in Arts. He stirred his hearers with his earnest and forceful address on "Abraham Lincoln." The banner of '98 certainly did not droop in Mr. Cohoe's hands. After an admirably rendered song by Miss Pugsley, which was followed by a very sweet encore, the Judge's decision upon the orators was presented by Dr. Thomas. The laurels were laid upon Mr. Gazley amid great applause. To Miss Pugsley and Master Edgar Rathbone is due great credit for the way in which they carried on the musical part of the programme, and the feelings of the meeting were expressed to them in a hearty vote of thanks.

The last meeting of the L.L.L. for the year 97-8, was held in the Chapel, Friday, March 12, the Vice-President, Miss Dryden, '00, in the chair. The meeting took the form of an oratorical contest, and the following programme was presented:—

Instrumental		Miss Whiteside, '98.
Oration	"Aims,"	Miss Armstrong, 01.
Oration	"Influence,"	Miss Cohoon, '00.
Song		Miss McLaurin, '01.
Oration	"Frances Willard,"	Miss Newman, '99.
Oration	"Sociology,"	Miss Iler, '98.
Violin Solo with Piano Accompaniment		Misses Boggs and Clemens, '01.
Judge's Decision		Miss Burnette, B.A.

From both subject and treatment these orations were widely different, and each peculiarly able in its own field. As coming from the Freshman Year, Miss Armstrong's oration demands special recognition. Miss Armstrong has a most pleasing manner in speaking; her address was earnest yet tender, and had that quality which, winning

tribute from hearts rather than lips, seems to debar the congratulation that her success in speaking won her.

In speaking on "Influence," Miss Cohoon dwelt parcticularly on a subdivision of her subject, "The Influence of the College Girl." This brought her address into immediate sympathy with her hearers. Miss Cohoon's delivery was good; her oration was pointed, well developed, complete, and satisfied most fully, perhaps, the rules of oratorical speaking.

Miss Newman was most apt in her choice of subject. The recent death of this world-famous woman has stirred the hearts of women over the American continent. Miss Newman portrayed the beautiful life, crowned by a beautiful death. Her task was both serious and delicate. And it is the highest compliment to say that she did her subject justice.

The subject of Sociology is not one commonly chosen by women, but Miss Iler's abilities are such as to fully warrant her undertaking it. Her oration was unequalled for its intellectual acumen. Her whole address was marked by breadth of grasp, logical reasoning and unbiased judgment.

The position of judge on this occasion was no sinecure. The League was most fortunate in having present a former president. In her criticism, Miss Burnette was kind and appreciative, but not blind to faults. She decided the contest in favor of Miss Newman.

After the decision Miss Iler took the chair, and gave her valedictory as out-going President. Miss Iler has proved herself an efficient President, and under her the year has been one of great success. The usual "Maple Leaf" was sung, and then in the afternoon sometime the members of the League joined hands and sang, "Auld Lang Syne," in bidding, some "Adieu,' some only "*Aufwiedersehen*," to the delightful Friday afternoons in the Chapel.

On Monday, March 7th, the Camelot Club met in the Chapel and listened to a most interesting programme. The Club this year has taken up the study of Canadian poets, and the poet under consideration for this night was Charles G. D. Roberts. The programme was as follows :—

Instrumental Solo		H. W. Newman.
Paper	"Sketch of the Poet's Life,"	G. L. Sprague.
Reading	"The Silver Thaw,"	Miss Dryden.
Vocal Solo		A. C. Newcombe.
Paper	"Acteon,"	J. T. Jones.
Paper	"The Poet's Style,"	Miss Whiteside.

The programme was one of marked excellence throughout, the papers being exceedingly well prepared. It is hoped they may appear in print that they may have a wider hearing.

MOULTON COLLEGE

Miss Thrall, Ethel Thompson, Marion Taylor, Editors.

On the evening of April 1st the Senior and Junior Divisions of the Heliconian united, and a programme of unusual interest was presented. A debate upon the subject, *Resolved*,—That Nicholas Nickleby was a nobler character than David Copperfield, was the chief feature of the evening. The affirmative was sustained by Misses Burke and McGregor, representatives of the Juniors, and the negative by Misses Devitt and Thomson, representatives of the Seniors. Miss Iler, who acted as judge, after congratulating all the debaters on the creditable manner in which they had acquitted themselves, gave her decision in favor of the affirmative.

An interesting programme was given by the Junior Division of the Heliconian on the evening of March 18th.

The first open meeting of the White Shield Society was held March 25th. It proved to be one of special interest.

Rev. Mr. Bishop led our weekly prayer meeting March 22nd. He gave an earnest address which was much appreciated. At the meeting of April 5th, Mr. Weeks gave a helpful talk upon missions.

During the month we have been pleased to have with us Rev. Mr. Eaton and Rev. Dr. Thomas, to conduct chapel exercises.

The Easter vacation, though a short one, proved a pleasant and helpful change, that is manifesting itself in the renewed vigor with which work has been resumed.

A very happy feature of the month was a "party," given for the students, at the home of Miss Ethel Thomson. A most enjoyable time was spent.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editors : S. R. Tarr, M.A., . . Wm. Partridge.

The large group photo. of the graduating class is considered a prime success. The Hockey Club picture is an excellent one also.

Baseball, football, lacrosse and tennis have all of them their devotees at present. The many days of early fine weather have given unusual zest to spring sports.

READERS of THE MONTHLY will be glad to learn that Master Fred. McKechnie, son of our English master, who was unfortunately shot in the eye about six weeks since, is now able to be out-of-doors as usual. Great sympathy has been felt with regard to the matter, both here and throughout the Province.

A VISIT and talk from an old boy, Rev. Chas. Segsworth, of Wyoming, was a pleasant feature of our chapel service a few days since. On the following morning Pastor R. R. McKay gave us a short address on the Unending Warfare of Life, illustrating his remarks by pointed and interesting references to present international events.

THE short Easter vacation left our corridors well-nigh deserted for a few days. Cut-rates proved too strong a temptation to even the fourth-year men, who had firmly resolved to stay and finish their graduating essays. Both Literary societies were closed before Easter, after a successful and enjoyable year of work and entertainment.

THE debate between the Collegiate and the College, to which reference was made last month, resulted in a victory for the latter. Mr. Coutts, the boys all think, made the speech of the evening, and was ably supported by Mr. McLean. Mr. Carlyle, the leader of the visiting orators, proved an exceedingly clever and pleasing speaker, while Mr. Ramsay seconded him efficiently. Mr. Geo. Smith, M.A., a prominent town lawyer and a former College master, made an acceptable chairman.

THE following programme was rendered under the direction of the Collegiate Literary Society:

(1) Male Chorus ..... W. C. I. Glee Club.
(2) Vocal Solo ..... Miss Farrel.
(3) Debate:

Resolved,—That Departmental Stores are detrimental to the Public Interest.

Aff.—Messrs. Carlyle, Ramsay. *Neg.*—Messrs. Coutts, McLean.

(4) Piano Solo ..... Miss Crooks.
(5) Vocal Solo ..... Miss McMullen.

GRANDE LIGNE.

E. NORMAN, B.A., EDITOR.

SINCE Christmas a quiet but deep spiritual interest has made itself manifest in Feller Institute. This has resulted in the conversion of quite a number of students. On March 27th Pastor Parent baptized fourteen persons, of whom thirteen were students. The following Sunday he baptized thirteen other students, in all twenty-seven baptisms. Nearly all of these were recent converts, and several of them had been Roman Catholics until recently.

Principal Massé has just returned from Saratoga Springs, where he has been spending a few weeks trying to regain his strength. All will be glad to know that he looks better, and that his strength is gradually returning.

Another hard term's work is over and examinations are done. Their load is lifted from our shoulders, and even those who have not passed are glad to be free from the heavy burden. Many of the students now return to their homes for the summer, to take up a far different work on the farm. Some forty or fifty will remain for the Summer Term of six weeks. For these the Easter vacation seems all too short, for they must resume their work on Tuesday, April 12th. But 24th of May soon comes, then liberty, and home again.

Contrary to the usual practice in most schools, we hold our Annual Closing Exercises at the end of the Winter Term, instead of at the end of the College Year. This is owing to the fact that so many of our students are obliged to leave us before the College year ends. this year we had these exercises on April 7th. Though the weather, was perfect and the roads good, the attendance of visitors was not large. The programme was simple but very enjoyable. To the students perhaps the most interesting part of the programme was the reading of the results of the recent examinations. Instructive addresses were given by Revs. Lafleur, Gregoire and Lebeau, and Acting-Principal A. E. Massé. This closed a very successful and happy term's work.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

EASTER LILIES.

Like sweet white brides that kneel a-row
  Each folded in her veil,
They stood, the Easter lily-buds,
  Beside the altar rail.
On slender stems of clearest green,
  Divinely pure and fair,
Each folded flower its secret kept,
  Nor breathed it to the air.

Through purple panes with crimson crossed
  A shaft of sunlight came,
And lit the gilded organ-pipes,
  And touched the buds with flame.
And *then* the waxen lips unclosed,
  The petals burst apart,
A shadowy form angelic rose
  From every creamy heart!

Above me in a shining throng,
  With rainbow colors kissed,
I saw their faces faintly gleam
  Like moonbeams in a mist;
And through the open door they went,
  And o'er the fields and fells,
For, lo! in every lily-bud
  An Easter angel dwells.

When lay the dead, the holy dead,
  Within the rocky tomb
Long centuries since, the angels found
  The earth was bare of bloom,
And watching in the silver dawn,
  Though chilly were the hours,
They took their shining mantles off,
  And changed them into flowers.—*Ex.*

We welcome to our exchange list during the past month, "*The Quill*," of Bowdoin College, the "*Sacred Heart Collegian*," of Waterdown, Wisconsin, and the "*High School Record*," of Buenos Aires.

Acadia Athenæum has a very interesting biographical sketch of our much respected Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, D. M. Welton, Ph.D. The April number, in which this photogravure and sketch appear, is a very creditable issue.

It is proposed to consolidate Harvard and Massachussets Institute of Technology into one University, which would be among the largest in the world.—*Ex.*

THE University of California is to establish a Chair of Norse Language and Literature.—*Ex.*

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY will soon form a College of Commerce and Politics, where practical business, politics, trade and insurance will be taught.—*Ex.*

REST.

How brief the step 'twixt pain and pleasure is—
A look, a word, a briefest act the change has made,
Which turns our former joy to sorrow's shade.
Yet such is life! we do, we love, we hope—
When from our lips is snatched the expectant draught,
And soul athirst—we feel the withering shaft
Of hope delayed consume our purposed life.
Oh, say, is there no rest, no deadening sleep
Where grief forgets to groan and love to weep?
Where hydra-headed troubles never come
And hungering hope's gaunt hounds refuse to roam?
One such there is, of only perfect Rest,
Open to all who have the rightful Key.
Jesus is rest; the Key humility?

—*Acadia Athenæum.*

EUROPEAN EDUCATION FOR CHINESE GIRLS.

An English and Chinese education is to be given to Chinese girls at Shanghi. This was decided by a recent meeting of influential Chinese papas at the treaty port. It was resolved to establish a school, and a considerable sum of money was subscribed in the room and annual subscriptions promised. The movement is a remarkable one, and it emanates from the Chinese themselves, and is to be supported entirely by them. Foot-binding will be discountenanced, a spirit of greater freedom for the women of the family circle is to be encouraged, and the education of women is to be promoted in every possibly way. It is to be hoped that Canton and other large cities of the empire will follow the good example set by the Celestials of Shanghi. China is certainly moving!—*London Daily News.*

THE University of Göttingen has decided that women who wish to be admitted to any of its faculties must show either by testimonials or examination that they have the necessary preparation. The professors report in each case to the one pro rector with whom rests the final decision. Other German universities are following the example of Göttingen in this respect. The tendency, whether so intended or not, will be to put women on an equality with men in respect to university training, and in this view it is a distinct gain for women.—*Ex.*

THE Missouri Supreme Court, in an opinion by Judge Gantt, has declared the Missouri State University free-scholarship law unconstitutional. This law provided for the collection of a special tax on

corporations and on patent machines, and a collateral-succession tax on inheritances to establish free scholarships in the State University. The corporations paid the tax under protest, and executors of estates resented the collection of the tax on inheritances.—*Ex.*

AFFINITY.

Strange my past was unaware
Of thy presence anywhere ;
  That we meet as strangers meet,
  Moving with reluctant feet
  Toward this passion new and sweet.

Loved so late, can years atone
For the past we lived alone?
  Hands and lips have touched and wed,
  Hands and lips will soon be dead,
  Grasses waving overhead.

Yet, O Love, thou wast and art,
And shalt be a changeless part
  Of my being. Glad and free
  Is our nature's harmony,
  As when perfect chords agree.

Past and future both are here
Folded in the present, Dear,
  Like a rose that parteth wide
  Petals in the summer-tide
  When the bud is glorified.

Life was hidden in its breast
Ere the fragant lips confest ;
  Life remaineth,—though it lie
  In the dust ;—eternally,
  Beauty was not born to die.

When we leave the shadow-land,
Passing outward hand in hand,
  Into summer and the sun,
  Where all restlesness is done
  And the perfect peace begun,—

Will it matter that the years
Dealt us doubt and pain and tears?
  Death can only set us free:
  Wide and sweet to me and thee
  Opens our eternity.

—Hopestill Farnham *in Ex.*

" For life with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear,—believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all."

Browning, *A Death in the Desert.*

THE following anecdote concerning a preacher well-known to us all at McMaster will be interesting to our readers: "When I was first married," says the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, "I had my strict ideas about Sunday observance. Mrs. Lorimer had a colored 'aunty' for cook, and on the first Saturday after she came I went into the kitchen and told her I did not want any Sunday work, so she could prepare all meals for that day beforehand. She didn't say one word while I was talking; then she looked up, and, pointing to the door, exclaimed: 'Now, look hyar, Marse George, you jest go in dar and 'tend to your Christianity, and leave me 'tend to mah kitchen!' I went, and as near as I can remember she had hot dinners Sundays as long as she stayed with us."

"BROWNING as a Religious Teacher," is the title of an excellent article in the *Presbyterian College Journal* for April, from which we quote the closing paragraphs: "Browning never ignores wickedness, never ignores sin, nor does he call them by other names, but deep down in the heart of the deepest human wickedness he sees the loving touch of God, and in that is his faith, his hope—his interpretation of the world and life. Evil is part of the Divine scheme, and the whole scheme is 'love.' Gain is enhanced by loss, ignorance leads to higher knowledge, truth springs from error. That life here should end all would be a thought absolutely impossible to Browning, for it would mean injustice to men and injustice with God. Soaring far above this earth and time he weaved his song of hope right amid the wail and woe of wretchedness and sin, and in the love of God found assurance that 'Heaven's shall be' comes from 'Earth's has been.'

"His creed is optimism, failing, perhaps, in many a solution, and leaving, though greatly sweetened, many a difficulty unexplained; but if his creed errs, it certainly does not err in want of reverence toward the Infinite Love or in want of charity to man. Let me close with a challenge which has never been easy satisfactorily to answer save as the poet answers it himself:

> "Wherefore should any evil hap to man
> From ache of flesh to agony of soul,
> Since God's all mercy mates all-potency?
> Man's sin accounted such? Suppose a world
> Purged of all pain, with fit inhabitant,
> Man pure of evil thought, word and deed—
> Were it not well? Then, wherefore, otherwise."

A BLIND STUDENT'S REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

Franz Joseph Dohmen of Austin, Tex., ranks above any of his fellow-students of the present senior class of the University of Texas. This is only remarkable because since his tenth year he has been blind. While he was studying in the blind asylum he received training in a system of writing that has been invaluable to him while a student in the university. This system consists of piercing full of small holes a stiff waxed paper by means of a sharp instrument, the position of the

hole being determined by a small metal frame held on the opposite side of the paper. This furnished projections which the blind learn to read as readily as they do raised letters. Mr. Dohmen writes as rapidly as an ordinary writer does long hand. He comes to the university daily with his note-book, attends classes, takes notes, and goes about the building so easily and naturally that the loss of his sight is scarcely noticed. When a term examination occurs he writes his answers to the questions according to his short-hand system for the blind, and then takes his replies home and makes a neat copy himself upon his typewriter. Mr. Dohmen graduated from the blind asylum in 1895 with the highest honors, and has now been a student of the University of Texas for five years. His greatest delight consists in delving in the problems of higher mathematics, philosophy, and political science. He speaks and writes English, German and French. He is a fair Latin scholar and knows a smattering of Greek. Upon these studies next June he will receive his degree of bachelor of literature and will leave immediately for Germany to pursue for further investigation in some of the great universities there. He intends to become a teacher.—*Correspondence Baltimore Sun.*

CUT IT SHORT.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down.
Make it short, and crisp, and snappy—
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—
Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better—
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain; express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it;
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—
Boil it down.
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings—
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and *we'll* begin to
Boil it down.

—*J. Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.*

LADY enters barber-shop with a Skye terrier. "Mr. Barber, can you cut my doggie's hair?" "No, I can't; or, rather, I won't." "Indeed! You seem to hold yourself pretty high for one in your position." "Perhaps I do; but I'm no Skye scraper."—*Household Words.*

In her article on "What an Alumna can do for McMaster," published in another portion of this issue of The Monthly, Miss Wells, of the Class of '94, refers to the College Settlement work of the graduates of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and other American colleges for women. The following poem, by Florence Earle Coates, will be interesting in this connection as well as for its intrinsic merit.

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The sights and sounds of the wretched street
Oppressed me, and I said: "We cheat
  Our hearts with hope. Man, sunken, lies
In vice; and naught that's fair or sweet
  Finds further favor in his eyes.

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,
To elevate a savage brood
  Which, from the cradle, sordid, dull,
No longer has a wish for good,
  Or craving for the beautiful."

I said; but chiding my despair,
My wiser friend just pointed where,
  By some indifferent passer thrown
Upon a heap of ashes bare,
  The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,
Beheld, while pity grew devout,
  A squalid and uneager child,
With careful fingers picking out
  The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,
With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose;
  And, bending down, I whispered, "Dear,
Come, let us fly, where no one knows,
  To the country—far away from here!"

Upon the little world-worn face
There dawned a look of wistful grace,
  Then came the question that for hours
Still followed me from place to place:
  "Real country, where you can catch flowers?"

John Ruskin, the English art critic, once criticised in his fearless way a picture of a well-known painter, who was very much grieved at the effect. Later, on hearing of the sorrow he had caused, he wrote to the artist that he regretted that he could not speak more favorably of the picture, but hoped it would make no difference in their friendship. The artist, it is said, wrote in reply the following note: "Dear Ruskin: "Next time I meet you I shall knock you down, but I hope it will make no difference in our friendship."—*Argonaut.*

Nathan E. Wood.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MAY, 1898.

NATHAN E. WOOD, D.D.

When Dr. Wood appeared upon the platform at the closing exercises of the University those who had never seen him before were struck with his resemblance in face and form to Dr. A. J. Gordon. While this similarity is not so marked as first impressions would indicate, in point of spiritual temper the two men were much alike. There is the same reverence of attitude, the same warmth of personal experience, suffusing all thinking and doing, the same calmness and poise of disposition. Here, however, the two characters part company. Dr. Wood approaches his problems from an altogether different standpoint and builds his argument upon a different front of the four square rock of truth. Like Dr. Gordon he is a great believer in missions and, a year ago, presented a statesmanlike scheme to the Northern Societies at their anniversary meetings, the discussion of which is still on. In his theology he is equally evangelical, less pietistic and more philosophical than Dr. Gordon. In a community like Boston the two men would admirably supplement each other's influence.

Dr. Wood illustrates a great movement in the social forces of the United States. He was born in 1849 on a farm in the fertile and fecund middle west. His father was a preacher, of New England ancestry. It is this New England stock moved west which gives to Ohio and surrounding States their tremen-

dous mental and moral influence in the national arena at the present. And, singularly enough, it is from this source that New England is recruiting many of her leaders in church and education. The old Puritan blood is still virile, and although scattered over an enormous territory its presence is felt at every point. It was only natural that the young westerner, after successful educational work as the head of Wayland Academy in Wisconsin, and fruitful pastorates in Chicago and Brooklyn, should find his way back to New England, the home of his fathers for many generations. Western warmth and elasticity wonderfully brighten and quicken the somewhat granitic type from the sombre North Atlantic sea-board. A gentleman being asked at a public assembly in England if he were an Irishman replied—"I am sir, but I was not born in my native country." Dr. Wood is a Yankee who was not born in his native country, but his sojourn in the west long enough to be born, and educated, has not injured his flavor in the least.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing the Baccalaureate Sermon must have been struck with the happy union of intellectual virility and spiritual insight which it presented. This is Dr. Wood's strength. He is an evangelical preacher and an evangelical educationalist. Already he has had to decide between the pulpit and a college presidency, and it is almost inevitable that sooner or later his learning and administrative ability will have to be given to the great work of Christian education. Canadian Baptists will follow his career with deep interest and good will now that they know him.

The history of the First Church, Boston, of which Dr. Wood is pastor, and the religious history of the community itself ought to be known for the instructive lesson which they teach. The church was founded in 1665. In common with all Baptists it suffered severe persecution at the hands of the Puritan Theocracy. Baptists were whipped on Boston Common and imprisoned for non-payment of parish dues to the established church. In the early part of this century retribution fell upon the Congregationalists. Their ancient alliance with the state created a prolific seed-ground for the growth of a non-evangelical section within the church. This section, by natural affinity and by the peculiar system of holding church property through a society

rather than through the church itself, early in our century developed into the Unitarian movement and, as they held the property, they were able in many cases to turn the Congregational churches out of doors and appropriate not only their property but their name. Dunster, the first president of Harvard, lost his position because he was Baptist in principle. To-day the Unitarians control Harvard University in fact if not in form.

Congregationalists persecuted the Baptists, and according to Scripture their candlestick was removed out of its place. Unitarians based themselves upon a negation of the supernatural and evangelical teachings of Christianity. One of their congregations, among the oldest and richest, built a magnificent temple on Commonwealth Avenue, in the Bock Bay district of Boston. A corner stone of their old church, laid by governor Hancock, was duly builded in, and their ancient bell was hung in the new tower. They did not thrive. That subtle paralysis which seems destined to extinguish New England Unitarianism laid hold upon them. The old First Baptist Church, redivivus, looking about for a suitable site bought their building, John Hancock corner stone and all, and history once more records one of those retributions which seem to point to the presence of a God of Justice in the midst of the doings of men. Baptists never have and never will persecute, but, with growth in wealth and culture, they may be tempted to minimize those distinctive principles which have constituted their reason to be. A sober study of that portion of the religious history of New England which gathers about the First Baptist Church of Boston ought to act as a powerful deterrent both positively and negatively.

Charles A. Eaton.

MOTHER GOOSE AS A POET.

In the full choir of poesy there is, or should be, a bird of every feather. Thus we have Burns, Shelley, and Keats, singing like their own thrushes, skylarks, and nightingales; Tennyson, pouring out his notes with the delicate modulations of a trained canary; Byron and Poe, two ravens, croaking, not unmusically, over prospective carrion; Browning, a philosophical owl, prowling about in the shade and turning the heads of plain-thinking people with his inquisitive tu-who's and tu-what's. And among the innumerable warblings and chirpings and twitterings besides, shall there not be a place for the strong, resonant note of an honest every-day fowl like the goose? Let those who cherish a latent prejudice against the homely name remember its high-born connection, the swan, which as every one knows, sings once in its life the most beautiful song in the world. And what is a swan, for all its fine airs and graces, but a goose with a college education?—a sort of new woman goose.

The poems of Mother Goose are easily and naturally arranged into three classes, corresponding to the three classes of people for whom alone it is worth while to write poetry at all,—children, lovers and philosophers.

The first of these classes comprises the nursery rhymes proper. They are sometimes called nonsense verses, because they are popularly considered to be a mere jingle of words, empty of sense, and charged with no higher mission than that of a rattle. If so, it is difficult to account for their hold on the childish imagination; for if agreeable combinations of sounds are all that is required, why is it, in these days of whole schools devoted to the art, that page after page and volume after volume of the most charming nonsense cannot succeed in supplanting the old favorites? Or, if the preference of the children depends largely upon the choice and influence of their parents, why do those elders persist in choosing this particular set of empty jingles? Is not one string of sounding emptiness as good as another?

The late Eugene Field's famous Hush-a-By-Song is a good example of the kind of rhyming nonsense turned out by recent manufacturers. "So, so!" it begins, with the same syllable a

milkman finds so efficacious with a fractious cow, and then the baby is rocked "off to the garden where the dreamikins grow," laden with kisses from mamma to the "fumfay (whatever that is) who dances all night where the dreamikins grow." The kisses are evenly distributed throughout the three stanzas, and are appropriate enough when imprinted upon cheeks that are "dimple-down," "rosy-red," and "peachy-pink;" but when it comes to pressing them upon "winkyblink eyes," "droopy-drop eyes," "weepydeep eyes," and sending the whole collection "off to the blinkywink garden where the dreamikins grow," we feel that there is a line even in jingles. Mother Goose in her most meaningless moods never descends to such droppyweep, weepy-drop sentiment as this. Her "Rock-a-By Baby on the tree-top" is a strong contrast in the matter of good English, and it at least contains enough sense to make it attractive to the mother who sings it.

It is only just to Mr. Fields to add that the verses just quoted from are the poorest of his best. His "Ride to Bumpville," by way of contrast, is an exceedingly clever little poem with a fine sense of humor, and a galloping metre wonderfully adapted to the sense.

> "Play that my knee was a calico mare,
> Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;
> Leap to the back of this steed if you dare
> And gallop away to Bumpville."

Yet even here Mr. Fields is indebted for both idea and metre to Mother Goose; and who doubts that long after the ride to Bumpville is forgotten, delighted little people everywhere will be trotted along to the good old

> "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
> To buy little Johnny a galloping horse."

The reason why is one of the mysteries of genius; and genius must never be questioned. The facts without reason should be sufficient for ordinary mortals.

The poems of the second class, however, come more easily within the scope and grasp of the average adult intellect. Though somewhat fragmentary in their nature, they are full of suggestion. As we read, we are carried back in imagination to the days when fair shepherdesses sat beneath every tree; when upon every green merry shepherd swains danced to the music of tinkling rivulets, and all the world went round to the tune of

" Curly locks ! Curly locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine.
But sit on a cushion and sow a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream ! "

—To the days when even the infirmities of age were no barrier to the most touching little passages of sentiment :

" Old Woman," says an aged shepherd, addressing his decrepit sweetheart in terms befitting her years—

" Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing ? "
" Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick o' hearing."
" Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly ? "
" Thank you, kind sir, *I hear very clearly.*"

—To the days when the most charming thing in the world was to be a milkmaid and rise very early in the morning; when all true gentlemen also rose very early and went abroad for the express purpose of asking the milkmaids where they were going; and when it was as natural and innocent and appropriate to kiss a rosy cheek as to bite at a cherry.

" Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red, rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair ! "
" I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir," says she,
" And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."
" May I go with you,
My pretty maiden fair," etc.
" Oh, you may go with me,
Kind sir," says she, etc,

" (And) if I should chance to kiss you,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red-rosy cheeks
And your coal-black hair ? "
" (Oh) the wind may take it off again,
Kind sir," says she,
" And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."

They know how to say no, too, these milkmaids, and could bear themselves like queens for dignity and self-respect.

" Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou ? "
" Down in the forest to milk my cow."
" Shall I go with thee ? " " No, not now."
" When I send for thee, then come thou."

Those were indeed the days of the youth of the world. The very dew of the morning is upon these exquisitely simple and natural pastorals. They are no more to be analyzed than are the charms of which they sing.

The transition from love to philosophy, though slight, is well marked by Mother Goose. Reasoning, all exercise of the critical faculty, she represents as fatal to the emotion of love. Thus we find some of her married lovers unhappy, and wholly occupied in assigning reasons for the existing condition of things —an occupation sure to result in increased unhappiness. From the man's standpoint, the trouble is a logical out-growth of marriage and its attendant evils.

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

To the woman the matter takes on a somewhat different aspect.

"My little old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about;
I had money, and he had none,
And that's the way the row begun."

But again the evil is not altogether evil, giving as it does an opportunity for the display of the most sublime devotion and self-sacrifice.

"Tommy Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws,
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking glass!"

Is not this the epitome of a thousand domestic tragedies?

When we turn to the philosophical poems proper, we shall find remedies suggested for these and other evils, as well as answers to some of the most perplexing problems of human life.

The "Woman Question" is settled in the twinkling of an eye.

"Peter Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and could'nt keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well."

The "Man Question," sure to arise unless the woman is settled in Peter's efficacious way, is just as readily disposed of.

"I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint cup, and there I bid him drum."

For those to whom such summary means are objectionable, there is yet a third way of arriving at an amicable understanding—Peter's method with his second wife.

Peter Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another, and didn't love her.
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then her loved he very well.

As for bringing up children properly, it is still easier.

"You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home."

In religion Mother Goose would allow no laxity. Only once in the book does she appear in her own character, and that is to state in emphatic terms her method of treating religious offenders.

"There I met an old man who would not say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs."

And for even incurable ills, there is not wanting a word of cheering consolation.

"For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none,
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it."

Passing now from the practical philosophy of every-day affairs to the deeper philosophy of life, we find Mother Goose equally clear-sighted. It will already have been noticed that like Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixote and other great world-books, her poems are mostly allegorical in form. They are all characterized by epigrammatic terseness, but at the same time invariably contain the precious bit of philosophy which raises them far above the level of ordinary epigrams. Indeed, it is this faculty of condensing a whole world of wisdom within the compass of a thimble which gives them their peculiar value. They display very few of the devices by which poets are wont to make their verses attractive to the ear and to the imagination; but as representations of typical situations, and as compendiums of the result of human thought and experience, they are without equal.

Here is the story of many a wrecked life. It goes to the root of failure.

"Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended—
My story's ended."

And another, even more pitiful, because it is more common.

"Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
And all the water that he had
Was in his mother's pail."

The secret of shrewd and successful effort, on the contrary, is thus pictured:

"Little Tommy Titmouse
Lived in a big house:
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches."

Universal truths, too, are set forth in a style so concise, and yet so vivid and picturesque, that it might well be imitated by more pretentious masters of thought. Carlyle, for instance, has somewhere a long chapter on Pig-Philosophy, in which he sets forth the points of resemblance between men and pigs. He might have put the whole of it into five sentences of Mother Goose. Is not the history of the pigs who went to market, stayed at home, got roast beef, got none, and squealed all the way home, also human history? Even Shakespeare, master-workman though he is, in this matter of terseness must bow to Mother Goose. She boils his "Seven Ages of Man" down to its quintessence:

"Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

What oceans of ink have been wasted by writers of every rank, in setting forth what everybody knows beforehand—that the world is at sixes and sevens, upside down, topsy-turvy, and at cross-purposes generally! Mother Goose gives the long and the short of it in a word, and that a not uncheerful one:

"See, see! what do I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be."

The explanation for this crookedness and perverseness of things in general is equally to the point, and eminently satisfactory:

Peter White
Will ne'er go right;
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry."

Children, lovers and philosophers! The Mother of Foolishness laughs at the classification, and shows us the truth in paradoxes. The child is a born philosopher. The true philosopher is a child for simplicity. Both are neither without love. Whoever thinks himself wise is doubly a fool. He only is wise who can say with our poet:

"When I was a little boy I had but little wit.
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I."

BLANCHE BISHOP.

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.*

Canada has been described as a land of hidden resources. This statement may have been true at the time at which it was made. Every day brings the discovery of some hitherto undiscovered object of interest or value. The far north has always been, until recently, a land of mystery, unpenetrated by man. This mystery has been in a large degree dispelled as a result of the journey of the Tyrrell brothers, but although not now to such a large extent a mystery, it is none the less interesting. Few books have such a general interest. To the ordinary reader it is a thrilling tale of a journey of adventure and discovery. To the scientific reader this interest is enhanced by its true scientific value. The possibilities of these vast stretches of country, in the way of mineral wealth have been discovered. A waterway through the barren lands has not only been found, but actually travelled. The book is a valuable addition to Canadian literature and science.

The details of this journey are interesting in the extreme.

*By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S. Toronto: William Briggs.

The author describes the territory explored as the great myterious region of *terra incognita*, commonly known as the Barren Lands, more than two hundred thousand square miles in extent, lying north of the 59th parallel of latitude, between Great Slave Lake and Hudson Bay. Of almost this entire territory less was known than of the remotest districts of "Darkest Africa," and, with but few exceptions, its vast and dreary plains had never been trodden by the foot of man, save that of the dusky savage.

Travelling as the party did in canoes there was naturally some very exciting adventures. One of these was the running of the Grand Rapids of the Athabaska.

"The three Iroquois took their places, Louis in the bow, Michel in the middle, and old Pierre in the stern. As the three daring fellows pushed off from the shore into the surging stream, those of us who gazed upon them did so with grave forebodings. They had started, and now there was nothing to do but go through or be smashed upon the rocks. Their speed soon attained that of an express train, while all about them the boiling waters were dashed into foam by the great rocks in the channel. Presently it appeared as if they were doomed to be dashed upon a long ugly breaker nearly in mid-stream; but no! with two or three lightning strokes of their paddles the collision was averted. But in a moment they were in worse danger, for right ahead were two great rocks, over and around which the tumbling waters wildly rushed. Would they try the right side or the left? Only an instant was afforded for thought, but in that instant Pierre saw his only chance and took it—heading his canoe straight for the shoot between the rocks. Should they swerve a foot to one side or the other the result would be fatal, but with unerring judgment and unflinching nerve they shot straight through the notch, and disappeared in the trough below. Rising buoyantly from the billows of foam and flying spray, they swept on with the rushing waters until, in a little eddy half-way down the rapid, they pulled in to the shore in safety."

Another exciting experience is thus described:

"As we proceeded the stream became fearfully swift and the waves increasingly heavy. We would have gone ashore to

make a further inspection, but this was impossible, as the banks were of perpendicular or even overhanging walls of limestone. So alarmingly swift was the current now becoming that we eagerly looked for some place on the bank where a landing might be made, but none could be seen. My brother's canoe, steered by old Pierre, being a little in advance of my own, gave me a good opportunity of seeing the fearful race we were running. Suspicions of danger were already aroused, and the outcome was not long deferred. As we were rounding the bluff, old Pierre suddenly stood up from his seat in the stern, and in another instant we likewise were gazing at what looked like the end of the river. Right before us there extended a perpendicular fall. We had no time for reflection, but keeping straight with the current, and throwing ourselves back in the canoes in order to lighten the bows we braced ourselves for the plunge, and in a moment were lost to sight in the foaming waters below. But only for an instant. Our light cedars, though partly filled by the foam and spray, rose buoyantly on the waves, and again we breathed freely."

One remarkable inhabitant of the North is the reindeer. Here they seem to exist in countless numbers.

"The next day, after descending the river a distance of five or six miles, and getting into a body of water named Carey Lake, through which we were steering a central course, one of the party called attention to something moving on the distant shore to our right. It turned out to be not one but a band of deer. Our canoes were headed to leeward of the band, that they might not scent us as we approached the shore. Drawing nearer we found there was not only one band, but that there were many great bands, literally covering the country over wide areas. The valleys and hillsides for miles appeared to be moving masses of reindeer. To estimate their numbers would be impossible. They could only be reckoned in acres or square miles."

Some of the hardship undergone by the party can be illustrated by a single experience on the great frozen lake.

"By this time, however, the wind was again blowing strongly, and a cold heavy rain setting in drove us to camp. During the night the wind increased to a gale, accompanied by

torrents of rain, which flooded the tents and saturated our clothing and blankets. Not a vestige of fuel was to be found in the country, but with a spirit lamp we made hot tea and appeased our sharp appetites with some remnants of boiled venison. For three days the storm continued. On the fourth it turned to snow and the temperature went down to freezing — rather inhospitable weather for the 10th of August."

One of the most interesting parts of the book is that describing the Eskimos:

"In appearance they are short and well-built, with fat, round faces, usually almost entirely devoid of hair; the eyebrows and eyelashes are so scanty as to be scarcely discernible, giving to their brown, oily faces a singularly, bare and homely appearance. Their hair, like that of the Indians, is black and straight."

"While the Eskimos as a rule are short and homely in appearance, still I have met with some very handsome, stalwart men, quite up to the standard height of Canadians, and a few pretty, charming women. Most of them have bright soft brown eyes, which of themselves are features of beauty; but they serve these savages a better and more useful purpose, furnishing marvellous powers of vision and enabling their owners to see objects clearly at great distances."

"The clothing of the Eskimo is made entirely of the skins of animals, chiefly of the seal and reindeer, the former being used for summer and the latter for the winter."

Much valuable and original information is given of the habits and customs of these natives of the North. Their laws and social life are also a subject for description.

Some of the hardships undergone must have been very disheartening. One often wonders in reading how they were able to keep up courage.

"The following morning, though a strong breeze was blowing, we determined to make a start, for to remain where we were meant that we must soon starve to death. We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. Churchill, the nearest habitation of man, was still fully three hundred miles distant. We had not one bite

of food. The country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold. No fuel was to be had, and worst of all, the weather was such, the greater part of the time, that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we kept up courage and pushed on."

But this was only the beginning of a battle between life and death:

"Eight more dreary days passed, six of which were spent in battling with the elements and two in lying storm-stayed in our tents. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse, dysentery attacked us, and it appeared as if one of our men would die."

"The ice had been all the while forming, rendering it more and more difficult to launch or get ashore. Our frail crafts were being badly battered, and often were broken through by the ice, and the low character of the coast had not improved. Still with hollow cheeks and enfeebled strength we struggled on, sometimes making fair progress and at others very little, until on October the 14th, as we advanced, the ice became so heavy, and extended so far out to sea, that in order to clear it we had to go quite out of sight of land."

"We could not hold out much longer; we must gain the shore or perish. At the time of high tide, the ice being somewhat loosened, our canoes were thrust into the pack, and by great exertion as well as much care we succeeded about one o'clock in reaching solid ice, upon which we were able to land and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts. We had been in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a chilling winter blast, our clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold. But we were now within reach of the land, and all of us who were able gladly scrambled out upon the ice to stretch our cramped and stiffened limbs. My brother was in a perishing condition from the exposure of the night. He had been barely able to keep his canoe afloat by bailing, and had sat in the icy water for seventeen hours."

This was fortunately the climax for in two or three days relief came from Churchill. Then followed a long tramp on snow shoes to the Nelson, which was crossed with great difficulty and hardship. Their route now lay through the forest to West Selkirk, which was reached on the 1st of January, 1894. This finished a journey by canoe and snow shoe of three thousand two hundred miles.

WALLACE P. COHOE.

Students' Quarter.

(Graduates and Undergraduates).

EDITORS—W. B. H. TEAKLES, '98, D. BOVINGTON, '99.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I should certainly be justified in the selection of my subject for this evening if I sought to recall the deed of a man who had by his wisdom and bravery been able to save his country from the danger and possible extinction that threatened it, and had thus earned for himself the praise of his fellow-countrymen and the admiration of every nation. Much more fortunate should I be did I seek to do honor to a man who had been able in the face of tremendous difficulties not only to save his country from the peril which assailed, it but also to lighten the burdens of the poor and oppressed, to uplift the down-trodden and degraded, and to deliver from bondage the helpless and the enslaved. Such a man is worthy to receive not merely the praise of his fellow-countrymen and the admiration of the world, but has written his name with indelible impress upon the hearts of all mankind.

Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Not only did he save his country from the destruction that overshadowed it, but he did that which was infinitely greater—he declared in the face of bitter opposition and of almost hopeless peril that a nation founded upon the principle of freedom should no longer sustain an institution of the most abject slavery. As leader of a great nation he would be worthy of our esteem; as the deliverer of his country in its hour of peril he would command our admiration, but his name will ever be cherished in the hearts of all mankind as the champion and martyr of freedom.

When the framers of the America Constitution provided for the traffic of human souls they little realized the significance of their action, or if they realized it, they basely belied their assertion that all men were created free and equal. Little did they dream

*Oration delivered at public meeting of Literary and Scientific Society.

that in less than a century that evil would have grown to such extent as to threaten the unity, yea the very existence of the government they founded; much less did they imagine that it would become one of the blackest blots that has ever marred their national record and a menace to liberty that has seldom, if ever, been paralleled by even the most despotic governments. For although we would not for a moment lay ourselves open to the charge of narrowness by asserting that all slave-owners were cruel and oppressive, we would most emphatically assert that the wickedness and injustice of the institution is revealed by the extremes which it protected. If the defender of slavery could pronounce it righteous to rob four million souls of their freedom and make them the burden bearers of the dominant race, what could he say when he was daily called upon to witness the horrors which that principle involved? Was it right that men and women, half-clothed and and half-fed, should be driven to the fields and goaded at their tasks by heartless overseers whose only motive was to please equally brutal masters? Was it right that a helpless and defenceless slave, with aching body and worn-out spirit, should be lashed and beaten until the blood spurted in streams from his lacerated body, simply because he failed to please an exorbitant driver, or because it furnished amusement for his diabolical tormenters? Could he defend a system that permitted a man to defile the bodies and destroy the souls of his slaves in order to cater to his own low, depraved and licentious nature?

These horrors he did not fail to witness and did not attempt to deny, but to what extent must he have fallen when he could gaze on the horrors that were daily enacted at the auction block, and in the face of such atrocities there committed defend the system that supported them. He must see the frantic struggle and hear the agonizing cry of the husband and wife as they are brutally torn the one from the other by a heartless wretch whose coarseness and callousness was equalled alone by his ignorance of the affections that bound them together. His ears cannot be closed to the stifled sob and muttered prayer of the slave-mother as she sees her daughters sold into a bondage ten thousand times more fearful than death. But even the defenders of the system must need close his eye when with brutal

cruelty the mother is lashed and bound because she cannot help from struggling, and because the tears and sobs will come when the child that she loves as only a mother can love is torn from her breast and taken she knows not where.

Awful, indeed, was the condition of the slave, but it became horribly hideous when hope was extinguished and when he must suffer in the darkness of despair. Bound by his color in a life-long bondage, dispersed and oppressed by his owners, hated by one political party and distrusted by the other, he found no champion whose conviction of the right was accompanied by the ability and determination to do the right. Is it any wonder that his cry of pain became a wail of despair? So hopeless had become the condition of the negro that Frederick Douglas, the most sanguine of their orators, in addressing a meeting showed that one political party had gone down on its knees to slavery while the other proposed merely to restrict but not to abolish it. He drew a picture of his race writhing under the lash of the overseer and trampled upon by brutal and lascivious men. As he went on with his despairing words a great horror of darkness seemed to settle down on the audience. Everything, every influence, every event was gathering not for the good but for the evil of the doomed race. Just at the instant when the cloud hung most heavy over the audience, there slowly rose in the front seat an old black woman known far and wide as the "African prophetess." Every eye was upon her as she reached her long bony finger toward the orator and cried, "Frederick, is God dead?" It came like a lightning flash upon that darkness, and let it be considered as another evidence that there is a God that cares for the downtrodden and the oppressed, that when every influence seemed against the right, and when all men were ready to bow to the evil, the overruling Hand had been guiding the destiny of a man whose sense of right was alone equalled by his inflexible determination to do the right. Unbelieving indeed should we be did we not fail to see the hand of God in leading a man from the poverty in which he was born, through the rowdyism of a frontier town and the corruption of Western society until He placed that man where he could not only preserve his country from the ruin which threatened it, but where he could break the chain that bound the helpless and the long-wronged

whose groans and sobs had been unheard of men, but whose prayers were already being answered by a just and merciful God.

But though Abraham Lincoln was placed in a position of authority the difficulties which he was called upon to face were so overwhelming as to try even his fearless and determined spirit. Mocked at and ridiculed as an upstart by the European powers; hated and despised by the South, who refused to recognize his authority; bitterly opposed and derided by his political enemies, and misunderstood and deserted by even his own friends, he must maintain his control in a country already divided, and purge his nation of the curse that threatened its existence. Great and experienced statesmen might well have trembled, but is it not still another evidence of the hand of God that in the face of these overwhelming difficulties Abraham Lincoln dared to stand forth and unswervingly perform the duties of his position?

To the world he declared his devotion to the cause of freedom; from the European powers he demanded and gained a recognition of the dignity due his position, while to the South he not only declared his intention to maintain the unity of the nation, but he appealed to their patriotism in words almost tender: "We are not enemies but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chord of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of Union when touched, as surely as they will be, by the better angels of our nature." When that appeal was met with indifference the heart of the great man was grieved, but when he saw that flag which he had sworn to defend trampled upon and dishonored he turned bravely, yet fearfully, to the hostile and distrustful North, and by an appeal of unparalleled wisdom and enthusiasm united friend with foe in one common cause—the defence of the flag they loved and for which their fathers had fought. His appeal for fifty thousand men was answered by the steady and resolute tramp of five hundred thousand. Then followed a conflict so fierce and a war so bloody that men, even now as they read its annals, shudder at

the awfulness of the time. But think not as you see the North arrayed against the South that it was merely a jealous combat for political supremacy. It was the beginning of that irresistible and deadly conflict between slavery and freedom, between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood, which wise men had foreseen, which even brave men had feared, and the significance of which Abraham Lincoln did not fail to see but the righteousness of which he did not for a moment question.

But though that good man had a heart as tender as a mother's, he had a will so strong that he did not falter in his duty nor turn from his purpose when he saw his country wet with the tears and blood of brave and heroic men. Instead, when the conflict was the fiercest and when he was exhausted with anxiety and worn with grief, he spoke to a people who had now learned the greatness of his spirit, in words determined though sad: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

But when the last drop had been repaid and the last blow struck, when the battle-stained heroes were returning with glad hearts to the homes they loved, and when the people, though in tears for the dead, were rejoicing because of the victory, then the victorious president is seen not glorying in his victory but offering the hand of a true and lasting friendship to the men whose institutions he hated but whom he nevertheless loved. Then, because he was the embodiment of freedom and because he warred against the principle of slavery, which is ever brutal, barbarous and treacherous, that principle by the hand of a cowardly villian struck him the blow which robbed a country of a president and mankind of a friend. But that blow though intended to shatter his cause has made his cause doubly triumphant and has made him to live in the love of all mankind as a conqueror and a martyr.

From that April morning, as the news flashed over the land

the rejoicing of a nation was changed into a sorrow and a sadness so universal and so sincere that the world wondered as it sympathized. Strangers with glistening eyes spoke of the loss of a common friend. Fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, wept for the man whose tears had fallen with theirs when loved ones had never returned. And the dusky children of the South with sorrow heartrending to behold and wails piteous to hear, mourned him whom they loved as an angel of God.

But for Abraham Lincoln death was not defeat but victory. Cities and states that but a few years before had ignored his presence and refused to listen to his words now vied with one another in doing honor to their departed chief. Kings and nations forgot their insults and ridicule and bowed in reverence as to a great and mighty statesman. All mankind mourned as for a friend. But though he has passed to a greater and grander sphere, his memory can never be forgotten; for as we fight against the oppression, the wrong and the falsehood which he fought against, and as we uphold the freedom, the right and the truth which he upheld, we will ever seek to be worthy the memory of the greatness and goodness of Abraham Lincoln.

A. B. Cohoe, '98.

"THE HERO OF THE DRAMA OF GENESIS."

I have before me a little volume neatly bound bearing the title, "The Hero of the Drama of Genesis, an Epic of Sacred Story." The author is Rev. J. Harry King, a student in the Theological department of McMaster. In the April number of The Monthly for last year was published a short review of Zerola of Nazareth, a story by Mr. W. J. Thorold, a graduate of the class of '95. Zerola of Nazareth and The Hero of the Drama of Genesis are, I believe, the most pretentious writings which have yet been published by any students of the University.

The poem of Mr. King's is a narrative in blank verse of the life of Joseph, depicting the main incidents of that career which for its beauty and its interest is unsurpassed in Old Testament

records. Usually it is with some misgivings that a reader takes up a book purporting to give a new rendering of a Biblical narrative, and especially of one of such importance as that dealing with the life of Joseph, hallowed as it is by numerous sacred associations and familiar to a great many from earliest childhood. The difficulties which beset the author of such a book are neither few nor insignificant. There is the constant temptation to elaborate unduly and to draw upon the imagination further than is justifiable. Mr. King, it seems to me, well deserves congratulation for his success in avoiding such difficulties as these. He has told the story of Joseph with a strict adherence to the Biblical account, and has enlarged upon it only when the addition of conversational or descriptive passages seemed to lend an increased interest or where he has paused for a moment to give expression to some of the great truths which find so clear an illustration there.

The aim of the poem, the preface tells us, is "interestingly to disclose a divine purpose in the affairs of men, to set forth many sublime truths, and to arouse a greater interest in Sacred literature." It is more fully stated in the closing lines, which I quote:

> Full often we are placed in custody
> To circumstances, fraught with vast concern
> To other's interests and God's designs;
> Yet all too slowly grasp their full import,
> And struggle to evade environments,
> Which seem to militate against our good;
> God makes us span the breach, though darkened with
> Uncertainty, that others might be saved;
> That men in turn might know the mystery
> Involved in many of His mighty schemes,
> To benefit the children of His care,
> And bring them to eternal blessedness.
> A nation, or a world enthralled, cannot
> Emancipated be, lest souls are found
> Heroic for the task, and yield themselves
> To God's directing Hand to work His will.
> Do thou thy given work, it shall succeed,
> In thine or in thy fellow's ripened day,
> E'en should'st thou be a martyr to the cause.
> For every human life supplies a link
> To make the chain of Providence complete;
> And everyone shall just reward receive,
> From Him who fashioneth immortal crowns,
> And placeth them upon each victor's brow.

The providential direction of God is never lost sight of, and Joseph's life from birth to death is presented as a grand commentary on

> His mighty schemes,
> To benefit the children of His care.

The didactic passages are nowhere prolonged and are introduced with good effect. One of the finest, in my opinion, is the following, not because of any special poetic merit, but as the simple expression of a true and noble thought. It is prompted by a consideration of the royal forgiveness accorded by Joseph to his brethren.

> Could we but read the secret history
> Of our enemies, in each one's life;
> We would discover misery enough
> To quite disarm us of hostility,
> And cause us to be kind and merciful.

After an account of the Butler's restoration to favor with Pharaoh and his ungratefulness to Joseph occur the following lines which are worthy of attention.

> Ingratitude is base, it mocks the good
> Bestowed by hands concerned in others' weal.
> It broods in selfishness, to vaunt the head
> With absolute forgetfulness of those
> By whose endeavors many gain the heights
> They oft attain. It is the hidden cause
> Of ill reward and inequality
> Of many noble, well deserving souls.
> If man were grateful for the half of life,
> And half the lavish mercies which the Hand
> Of God bestows, his heart would quickly yield
> Him rightful service, and his life flow on
> In one sweet song of praise, nor good nor ill
> Would ever operate to win him from the One,
> Who knoweth best the course his life should take.

Many similar passages might be quoted, but these will suffice. In description the author shews himself possessed of considerable imagination, and master of an easy, graceful style. He thus describes Joseph's vision of the sheaves.

> One lovely night as shone the golden worlds,
> And gentle zephyrs floated o'er the land,
> Quite wearied, Joseph sought repose in sleep.
> The heat, the toil, the envy of the day,
> In phantom forms preyed thick upon his mind,

Till horrid darkness spread him round, and hope
Of breaking day and beauteous scenes were lost,
When, suddenly, the darkness disappeared
And spectres fled before the full-orbed light,
Which angels flashed upon their revelry;
And clear before his startled vision rose
A harvest scene. Beneath the azure skies
He with his brethren bound the golden sheaves,
While songs of plenty floated in the air;
And lo! his sheaf stood upright in the midst
Of theirs, which made obeisance 'round about,
As subjects bow submission to their king;
And then, the vision faded from his view.
And soon in slumber's arms he fell asleep.

As a final quotation I give the description of Israel's journey to Egypt.

Bright shone the sun from out the azure sky,
And flung his beams upon the sacred vale,
Bereft of promise of abundant yield;
When Israel, with all his sons and kin,
Set hard upon their journey to the south.
E'er all the scenes familiar to him long,
Had full receded from the range of sight,
He paused, and backward turned his weary gaze
For one long farewell look; then deeply sighed
His soul's regret to leave the favored land,
His heritage so long with Heaven's smiles.
But hope soon urged him with alacrity,
Begotten of a soul of younger years
Upon his way; until loved Beersheba
Was gained, where, gladly halted for the night,
They rested from their toil and worshipped God,
Who, in the midnight hour, in love appeared
To Israel, and reassured him of
His tender care and purpose to recall
His children to their own inheritance,
When all concerning them had been fulfilled.
At daybreak, once again they journeyed on,
All confident of Heaven's watchful care.
And day on day their courage was renewed
To hie upon their course o'er desert waste
Till Egypt was attained with thankfulness.

This passage, in my judgment, displays the author's style to its best advantage. There is a naturalness and ease about it which renders the whole poem very readable and entertaining. The poem is now in its second edition, and has had hitherto a

very successful sale which must be gratifying and encouraging to the author. Expressions of praise have been bestowed on it by many, some of whom are well qualified to be received as reliable critics. I trust that it may continue to have the large sale which it deserves, and especially among readers of THE MONTHLY.

W. B. H. T.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

When Frances Willard passed away, thousands of women in all parts of the world felt as if the sun had gone. The sense of loss was overwhelming to all who had felt the power of her marvellous spiritual magnetism as well as to her personal friends. During the past thirty years no woman in all America has wielded so vast an influence as she.

She was fortunate in having a mother who firmly believed that the world was in need of consecrated Christian women, and that woman's hitherto narrow sphere should and could be widened. This is the watchword that she gave to her daughter: "My child, enter every open door." Frances Willard looked about her and saw everywhere the sorrow, degradation and vice resulting from intemperance, and she felt that surely here was an open door that she must enter. Accordingly she used every means in her power to advance the temperance cause, becoming a zealous agitator and reformer. Although at that time it was an almost unheard-of thing for a woman to speak in public, with wonderful moral courage she took the platform and entered upon a crusade in behalf of the wives and children of drunkards. Her power in moving an audience we all know, for she was universally recognized as the foremost orator of her sex; but with all her success as a public speaker she remained always a womanly woman. To hear her was to love her. Though aggressive she was gentle, and though pronounced in denunciation of intemperance she was at all times full of sympathy for its victims. Her intelligence made her a wise teacher of men, while her reverent spirit made her a humble pupil of the Christ.

What wonderful executive ability was hers! It was she who drew together and directed that host of noble women, the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has been instrumental in lightening the curse everywhere. In it she united the women of the East and the West, of the North and the South, and at the head of this grand army bravely challenged King Alcohol. Onward, through trials and success, she led them on a crusade in behalf of suffering humanity. She became the foremost woman in the public life of the century; but although success and fame were hers they were not the objects for which she strove. Love for God and pity for sin-cursed men impelled her and made her life thoroughly unselfish.

Through the work that she began, thousands of men are freed from the bonds of intemperance, thousands of our once wretched homes are now thrifty, prosperous and happy, while thousands of grateful women thank God for the life of her whose influence has saved them and their children from the sorrow and disgrace of the drunkard's family. Thus her motto "For God, the Home and Native Land" is being fulfilled. She, "being dead yet speaketh" for her works live after her.

Although her death is felt to be a severe blow to the Society and although hearts are grief-stricken at her loss, hands were never more ready for service. She left the work so thoroughly organized that others can take it up where she left off, and the cause of Temperance will not die with its beloved leader, but will be carried on with ever greater zeal, because the sense of responsibility is now the more keen in those who remain.

Frances Willard was a woman of *such* sweetness, tenderness and childlike trustfulness. Her last words were an echo of her life spirit: "How beautiful to be with God." And now she is with Him, for God called her unto Himself. Her toil on earth is over. Bowed down with grief her friend Mary Lowe Dickenson said of her:

"We cannot talk of her yet simply as one of God's beneficent agencies for lifting man from degradation and redeeming our land from shame. It is not yet midnight and only to-day while 'there drooped upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain' in a sacred place where, under palm boughs, stood an

altar fragrant and fresh with bloom, we looked down upon a white face through which, even in sleep, a regnant spirit shone. Half hidden under the flowers rested a still, white hand. We know it has not yet laid down its invisible sceptre, for its touch is upon our hearts. How like a conqueror she looked, sceptered and robed and crowned, and resting after the strife under the shadow of palms."

BESSIE N. NEWMAN, '99.

Editorial Notes.

FOR several years the poor quality of English used by Freshmen at Harvard in their compositions and examinations has been a matter of comment and concern. After considerable discussion a committee was appointed to consider the whole matter, to investigate the causes and to suggest remedies. Some time ago this committee presented its fourth and final report. A writer in an American journal, in discussing this report, says some things that to no little extent apply to Canadian students and that may be read with profit by parents as well as by teachers and students. The responsibility of parents is well indicated in the following quotation:

"Many of the facts one gathers from them are worth more than a passing notice. One, however, of which they make no mention, and, perhaps, the most formidable, is the hindrance the teacher of English in America receives from the belief of both parents and children, that they know English well enough. Very many of the parents and of the boys who go to college, have found that the kind of English they speak and write has served their purpose through life, and they, therefore, are not deeply impressed with the necessity of better English for their children. Speaking or writing bad English does not discredit a man or woman here socially, as speaking or writing the language of the country badly would in England or France. In most American towns success in life would furnish an ample answer to criticisms on one's speech or letters; in Europe it would only make the want of education more annoying. For somewhat similar reasons, the boy is not apt to carry the teacher's corrections far out of the school-room. He rushes back to his playmates and repeats joyously with them the solecisms against which the schoolmaster has just warned him."

Continuing, the writer refers to some of the chief reasons disclosed in the report for the deplorably bad English used by those entering the college. We quote some of the more significant passages, and particularly commend the last paragraph to the attention of every student of our own University.

"The thing in which nearly the whole body of students seem to agree as their chief hindrance in acquiring skill in English composition at school, is want of *practice*. They all, or nearly all, say that the main reason why their themes and compositions did them so little good was that so little time was given to them. Once a week or twice a week only, were they called on to write English correctly at school. Next after this comes the futility of much of the instruction—the reading and memorizing of classic and imperfectly understood English authors, and the listening to exhortations about 'style' and method, and the correction of English sentences made bad for the occasion. In fact, much of the instruction, considering that it was furnished to mere boys, appears to have been, according to the report, of extraordinary absurdity. The courses of the schools seem to be largely courses in literature given to persons who have still to learn the language. The teaching of the proper use of the language, therefore, has been left to the college, which ought to be able to give all its powers and time to the teaching of literature.

"What is probably most surprising in all this discussion is that the supreme importance of practice, in learning to do anything well, with which everybody is familiar in nearly every pursuit in life, has not made more impression on teachers of English. To ride or row, to play billiards, or fence, or make speeches, or make music, practice is well known to be the essential condition of excellence. But a raw boy, who most of his time talks slang with slangy playmates, is expected to acquire a ready and correct use of the greatest instrument of human expression, through which one rises from an Australian savage to Plato or Shakespeare, by two or three hours of drill and attention a week, in most of which he is called on to talk about things of which he has only a vague or hazy understanding. Even more surprising than this is the small impression which seems to be made on the mind of the teachers by the difficulty of learning to speak a foreign modern language. Most teachers have tried to learn to speak French, or German, or Italian. No man who has ever tried it has failed to find that he might read any one of these languages for years, and study the grammar, and yet be unable to write a decent letter in it or carry on a conversation respectably. If he were asked the reason,

he would almost invariably reply that it was want of 'practice'—that is, that to speak fluently or write correctly, he must do it every day, must live in the country so as to be obliged to do it, or live with some one with whom he spoke it incessantly, in order to make any progress. That this patent fact, with which everybody is familiar, has not had more influence on school instruction in English is very surprising. The English of youths does not greatly differ from any language in the mouth of a foreigner. Many meanings of words, turns of expression, and idiomatic ways of saying things are all strange to him, and he has to cure himself of his faults of expression, exactly as a foreigner would, by frequent repetition and continuous attention.

"Another matter to which the report calls attention is the tendency of the sort of instruction given by the schools to lead young persons to suppose that what they are being taught is to make literature, not simply to use English easily and correctly. All theme and essay writing has this tendency in a certain degree, but when it is literature that is being studied, it is difficult to avoid it. The desire and ambition of most young people who try to write or speak is to be eloquent or make a mark of some kind. The letters in this collection from the Radcliffe students show how strong this tendency is among women. The answers are not plain statements of fact. They are adorned with flowers of rhetoric, with playful illustrations, with striking analogies and reductions to absurdity. Newspaper reporters, as all editors know, labor under the same difficulty. They cannot bear to narrate or describe simply. They love to give the story literary form or ornamentation, and the result is often that the account of a small accident or offence becomes a large structure of fabulous matter, resting on a small basis of fact. In some papers the story is stripped of these accidents, but they are mostly let pass to save trouble, and the result is the prevailing want of confidence in newspaper descriptions. This matter is more important than it seems, for there can be little doubt that the value of truthfulness would be greatly enhanced if the earliest lessons in English were lessons in the importance of seeing things as they are, and telling simply what happened."

The Acadia Athenæum for May contains a biographical sketch of James E. Wells, I.L.D., by Dr. Rand, of McMaster University. We quote this significant and suggestive passage:

"In college, as in the academy, he was a diligent, careful, and rapid worker, an all round student; yet having special delight in moral and philosophical subjects. He was an independent thinker, and was prepared to follow where honest thinking led. A liberal in politics,

with very radical tendencies, with unbounded confidence in the capabilities of man for progress, and a passion for bringing the Sermon on the Mount down into the plains and valleys of human society and life —an 'out-and-outer,' in short—such was Mr. Wells in his college days. He had surpassing faith in argument as a means of arriving at practical truth. 'Let us reason together,' was his process and method. His own conduct was wonderfully regulated by his ideal standard, and was the expression of an equable and noble spirit—a man of principle in all things. He was the most fair and open-minded student I have ever met, with ethical response as true as the needle to the pole"

Those who have had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Wells in his mature life will see from the above, that in his case, as in that of so many other earnest men, the youth was "father of the man." They will also endorse the following tribute to the ability of his pen:

"He has frequently entered the field of the publicist, and with commanding success. His articles on the Manitoba School question were unapproached in Canada for their keen analysis and logical conclusiveness, and moved deeply the public mind. His exposition and defence of the policy of New Testament churches, and the spiritual mission and freedom of the churches, as opposed to state-churchism in any form, has always been noble and adequate. Anyone who has followed the voluminous issues of his pen will be prepared to believe that no other journalist in Canada has within a given period, often covering years, produced work of such uniformly high character both in ethical quality and literary form."

College News.

A. B. Cohoe, '98. Miss E. R. Whiteside, '98,
S. E Grigg, '00.

Annual Commencement Exercises.—The annual Commencement Exercises in connection with the University were held on May 10, 11, 12th, and were in every way a brilliant success. The generally expressed opinion is that the exercises this year surpassed those of almost any previous year in the history of the University. From first to last all the various functions were attended by large and appreciative audiences, and a hearty enthusiasm on the part of all prevailed. The presence of Dr. Nathan E. Wood, of Boston, and his inspiring baccalaureate sermon added greatly to the interest and success of the occasion. The return of a goodly number of Alumni to participate in the exercises and thereby show their loyalty and enthusiasm for their Alma Mater, was particularly gratifying to all connected with the University. Many delegates to the Women's Convention came on an early train so as to be present on Wednesday afternoon and evening, and their presence was exceedingly welcome. If one may judge from what several of them said the majority of those present were highly delighted with the general character of the exercises and will return to their homes strongly impressed with the importance and success of the work of the University.

It was fitting that the Commencement Exercises should be such a success, for the year just come to a close has been eminently successful. The number of students has been larger than during any previous year, and the quality of work done has been excellent. Our graduates, too, have been winning honor for themselves and for their Alma Mater. The Chancellor was able to announce on Wednesday evening that out of ten fellowships granted to Canadian students at the University of Chicago, no less than *four* were granted to graduates of McMaster. Besides this, several other graduates have obtained good positions in Ontario and the United States. This evidence of the ability of McMaster's graduates to compete successfully with those of any other educational institution should strengthen the already large confidence Baptists have in their University and their educational system generally. The Chancellor and Faculty are to be congratulated upon the success that has crowned their labors during the past year, and may rest assured that their work is warmly appreciated by the denomination at large.

Alumni Association.—The first meeting of the series was the annual public meeting of the Alumni Association. This was held in the Chapel of the University, and was largely attended. An interesting feature of this meeting was the participation in the programme of representatives of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology. Hitherto only older graduates have taken part, but this year the Executive re-

solved to make an experiment, hoping thereby more actively to engage the interest of the students and graduating classes. The result proved very satisfactory, and in future the precedent established this year will doubtless become the regular practice. Professor Farmer, President of the Association, occupied the chair and made an excellent chairman. After Rev. W. H. Cline, of Paris, had read a portion of scripture and invoked the Divine blessing, Mr. A. W. Vining, B.A., representing the Graduating Class in Arts, and Rev. R. Routledge, B.A., B.Th., representing the Graduating Class in Theology, gave brief but interesting addresses. The former took a backward glance upon the years spent in McMaster, and what they had done for the students, and the latter looked into the future, forecasting what McMaster's graduates were to be and the spirit that would animate them in their daily lives.

Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., of Galt, followed with an address dealing with the relations in which the Alumni should stand to McMaster. They should believe in McMaster. Her principles are such as to deserve the fullest confidence of every alumnus. She represents a pursuit of knowledge not for pleasure and polish but for privilege and power; she offers a liberal culture, not professional preparation alone, but powerful personality; she is able to meet the needs of our denomination and is surely destined to play an important part in shaping the destiny of our beloved Canada. Further, the Alumni must sacrifice for McMaster. They might establish a lectureship or a travelling fellowship, but whether they do either of these they must do something that will bear directly on the work of their Alma Mater.

Rev. A. A. Cameron, D.D., of Ottawa, was the last speaker, and it is no reflection on the other speakers to say that his presence and his eloquent address formed the most interesting feature of the evening's programme. As a graduate of the old C. L I. at Wookstock, he represented the days of Fyfe, and Crawford, and Torrance, and served as a link between the past with its consecration and endeavor, and the present with its fruition from the past and, we hope, its equal readiness to serve and to sacrifice in the cause of Christian education. Not a few of those present had sat under Dr. Cameron as pastor at Ottawa and Winnipeg, and they and all others present were glad to welcome him back to Canada after his nine years' sojourn in the United States. In his address, which engaged the unflagging attention of every person present, Dr. Cameron strongly emphasized the importance of character. The great question is not what we have *done*, but what we have *become*. Carlyle said, "The man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but what he became." The spirit of our doing will determine our becoming. What we *do* should always be the unfurled banner of what we *are*. Our power of service is in our continuous becoming; it depends on the pressure of the Christ-life in our souls. There is no limit to soul-growth, but to reach power we must be patient and ready to endure. Men cannot dream themselves into character; they must hammer and forge themselves into it. God is to-day calling for men who are being moulded into the pattern of Christ and filled with the spirit of His doing and becoming.

During the evening an octette composed of Messrs. Gilbert, Haire, ————, Hounsom, Newcombe, Brownlee, Fletcher, and Cohoe, sang the "Pilgrim's Chorus," from Tannhauser, and Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and thereby added much to the pleasure of the evening. At the close of the programme a delightful hour was spent in renewing old acquaintances.

The annual business meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: Pres., Rev. H. P. Whidden, B.A., B.Th., Galt; 1st Vice-Pres., Rev. R. R. McKay, B.A., Woodstock; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Mary E. Burnette, B.A., Greenbank; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. Findlay, M.A, Toronto; 4th Vice-Pres., Miss A. Grace Iler, B.A., Ridgetown; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. W. McLay, B A., Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, A. W. Vining, B.A., Toronto. A committee composed of Revs. Cline and Whidden and Professor Willmott, was appointed to consider the possibility of the Alumni doing something to aid the work of the University.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.—The annual Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered on Tuesday evening by the Rev. Dr. Wood, of Boston. The stormy weather interfered somewhat with the attendance, but in spite of the rain there was a large audience. Rev. John Trotter, of St. Catharines, read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. A. P. McDiarmid offered prayer. Dr. Wood's sermon was an ideal one for the occasion. It was a scholarly and profound presentation of a great subject. Compactness of thought, extreme lucidity of style, and cumulativeness of force and interest were the distinguishing characteristics. It was a glorious inspiration to all who heard it. Dr. Wood took as his text Christ's words, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Men, he said, require a standard of truth that even the wayfaring may understand and apply, and this is found in these words of the Master. Applying this divine standard he showed that the fundamental doctrines of the evangelical faith are good and inferentially divine. In this connection he referred to Calvinism and its great and wholesome influence, though he confessed that, except among Calvinistic Baptists, it had issued in persecution. The fruits of Confucianism, Monammedanism, and other religions are not such as to satisfy the simple but searching test of the text. He showed that certain modern theories, for example those of the Tubingen School, led either to spiritual sterility or positive unbelief. Contrasted with these lax views the evangelical view of the atonement had borne gracious fruitage in the hearts and lives of men. Of men. Of all books the Bible was the only one that could prove its dinine inspiration by satisfying the sublime test proposed by Christ.

The choir of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, under the able leadership of Mr. A. S. Vogt, Musical director of Moulton College, led the service of song most acceptably. They rendered three selections, one of them being the famous "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Miss McMurtry sang the solo parts in this in a strikingly effective manner. The University is grateful to Mr. Vogt and his splendidly-trained choir for their generous service on this occasion.

The Collation.—The annual Collation was held on Wednesday

afternoon, and was, as usual, one of the most enjoyable and most successful functions of the series. Hon John Dryden again acted as chairman, the committee in charge and those present joining in saying that it is *not* "time for a change." After luncheon had been served a short toast list was presented. "Our Gracious Queen," was proposed in a patriotic speech by the Chairman, and was enthusiastically responded to by the singing of the National Anthem. Rev. James Grant, of Ingersoll, proposed the toast, "Our Guests," and Rev. Dr. Clark, of Trinity, responded on behalf of the guests. Rev. Dr. Cameron, of Ottawa, proposed the toast of "The University," and Mr. C. J. Holman responded on behalf of the Senate and Board of Governors, Principal McCrimmon for Woodstock College, Principal Dicklow for Moulton College, Professor Farmer for the Alumni, and Miss Ernestine R. Whiteside, B.A., for the Ladies of the University. The toast to the Graduating Classes was proposed by Mr. McLay and responded to by Mr. W. W. Charters, B.A., on behalf of the graduates in Arts, and Mr. D. Brown, on behalf of the graduates in Theology.

Our space does not permit more than a passing reference to these speeches, all of which were appropriate to the occasion and much appreciated by all present. Professor Farmer urged the Alumni to take the New Testament view of the world and of the Christ-life, and in hearty obedience to God and love to men, to keep ever before them the pressing duty of bringing men to the feet of Christ. Principal McCrimmon as usual made a strong and thoughtful address. He felt that every graduate of McMaster should earnestly support the interests of every department of our University, Woodstock and Moulton as well as the University proper. An educational system that looks forward to continual and perpetual influence must be based on principles that are true. McMaster should influence the minds and hearts of the masses, train people to think before they act, and thereby exercise a maturing and conservative influence on democracy. From its pronounced alliance with that which is moral and religious, McMaster should give to the developing life that factor which, after all, is the essential one—a factor which should dominate the life, mature the judgment, and focus aright the will and energies. The Canadian people are destined to become a noble, progressive, God-fearing nation. Baptists must go on advocating liberty of conscience and thought, frowning upon false utilitarianism, and bringing their attention to the formation of pure and perfect character.

Conferring of Degrees.—The exercises on Wednesday evening, when degrees were conferred and diplomas presented, were undoubtedly the most interesting of all. The church was filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience, all of whom seemed to enter sympathetically into the spirit of the occasion. The procession of students, graduates, Senate, Governors, visitors, and Faculty, was a very imposing affair, and served admirably as an evidence of the continued growth of the University. Chancellor Wallace presided, and beside him on the platform were His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, Dr. Wood, Professor Robinson, of Knox College, Hon. John Dryden, Principals Spotton and McMurchy, of the Harbord Street and Jarvis

Street Collegiate Institutes, respectively, and a large company of Professors, Senators, and Alumni.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the presentation of a portrait of Dr. Rand to the University. During the winter, the members of the University Faculty determined to express their affection for Dr. Rand, and their appreciation of his past and present services to McMaster by presenting to the University an oil painting of their beloved colleague. They were fortunate in being able to secure the services of Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the well-known artist, of Toronto. Mr. Forster, it may be said, worked *con amore*, and the result is not only an excellent portrait of Dr. Rand, but a striking work of art. Critics consider it one of Mr. Forster's happiest efforts, and one of the strongest specimens of portrait painting ever executed by a Canadian artist. Dr. Welton presented it to the University, on behalf of the Faculty, and Chancellor Wallace accepted it on behalf of the Board of Governors. Ringing cheers from all present, but particularly from the students, greeted the unveiling of the portrait, and the references to the esteem and affection in which Dr. Rand is held by both Faculty and students. At the close of the evening a large number came to the platform to get a near view of the picture. Everybody was delighted with it, and declared it to be a veritable speaking likeness of its subject.

The following degrees were conferred and diplomas presented, amid the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the students :

Honorary, D.D.—William K. Anderson.

Ad Endem, B.A.—William Henry Cline, Robert Garside, Samuel John Farmer, Eugene James Harris, Lyman Stanley Hughson, Bert Ward Merrill, Peter Arthur McEwen, David Reddick.

In Course, B.A.—Margaret Arabella Bailey, Toronto ; Wallace Werrett Charters, Hagersville ; Albert Bedell Cohoe, New Durham ; Walter Daniel, Fernhill ; Alfred Samuel Farmer, Arnprior ; John Alexander Ferguson, Hamilton ; Anna Grace Iler, Ridgetown ; John McIntosh, Cavalier, N. D. ; Malcolm McCallum McLean, Manilla ; William Peter Reekie, Margaret, Man. ; John Pettinger Schutt, Lacolle, Que. ; Samuel Robert Stephens, Dixie ; William Burnett Haliburton Teakles, Ottawa ; Arthur Wellesley Vining, Thorndale ; Ernestine Roberts Whiteside, Toronto.

M.A.—John Charles Sycamore, B.A., Brockville ; Llewellyn Brown, B.A., Belmont ; Wallace Patten Cohoe, B.A., New Durham ; James Stuart Copland, B.A., Brockville ; William Findlay, B A., Toronto ; Russell George, B.A , Stouffville ; Isaac George Matthews, B.A., Ashton ; Peter George Mode, B A., Vankleek Hill ; Arthur Milton Overholt, B.A., Fonthill ; Charles Hiram Schutt, B.A., Lacolle, Que. ; John Frederick Vichert, B.A , Princeton.

B. Th.—Llewellyn Brown, B.A., Belmont ; George John Menge, B.A., Toronto ; Robert Routledge, B.A., Dunkeld ; Charles Hiram Schutt, B.A., Lacolle, Que.

Diploma, Four Years' Course.—Archibald John Darroch, B.A., Arkwright.

Diploma, Three Years' Course.—Dougald Brown, Belmont; Andrew Robert Park, Sarnia.

When this interesting ceremony was finished, Dr. Ten Brooke, Professor of Philosophy in the University, gave the address to the Graduating Classes. He spoke concerning their mission as educated men and women. Every acquisition means proportionate increase the obligation. As educated men and women they should be men and women in whom reason rules, they should be reasonable in the best sense; they should be the friends of truth, and to be that is to be the friend of educational institutions and participate in their direction; they should have an enthusiasm for life; they should have an ideal to realize, which ideal may fittingly be "the perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Finally, they should work with the conviction that their work is the worship of God."

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, was introduced by Chancellor Wallace, and was received with loud and prolonged applause. He expressed his pleasure at being present, and congratulated the University upon the success it was achieving. He referred in happy terms to the intimate relationship that for many years had existed between himself and the honored founder of McMaster University, and paid a generous tribute to the latter's integrity in every relation of life. He urged the students to remember that the development of Christian character was, after all, the great end of life and education.

Dr. Wood gave the address of the evening. After some happy introductory remarks, he sought to impress upon the graduates the fact that with broadened culture came enlarged responsibility. They should first see to it that their training was thorough and genuine, and referred to Gladstone as the greatest exponent of manhood's possibilities which this generation has seen. Their culture should develop observation; they should, like Darwin, see what others failed to see; above all they should see God in all the marvels of the world about them, and track His thought. Moreover, culture should be altruistic—it should exist for others, not for itself; a selfish culture will not. It is kept pure and wholesome as it gives itself to others unstintingly. As great inventors, by the product of their brains, bless the race and lift it to higher possibilities, so should all powers be used for the uplifting of humanity. And culture should be individualistic, and feed itself by communing with the great spirits of all the ages. This it could do, not by the use of the newspapers, but by reading all the great books of the world. Especially must it be done by study and imitation of our perfect pattern, the Divine Man. He gloried in the fact that he was a Christian more than in anything else. In conclusion, he urged each to recognize his life-call, as Wendell Phillips did, and be true to that, though friends and loved ones stand aloof. The address was uplifting and inspiring, and was listened to with rapt attention.

Among the many pleasing events of commencement week, not the least enjoyable was the dinner given the Graduating Classes by the Juniors in Arts and Theology. This function has been rendered

doubly pleasant from year to year by the presence in our dining-room of the ladies of the University. After a pleasant time around the festive board the chair was taken by J. C. McFarlane, Vice-President of Class '99. The toast to the Queen having been duly honored, the chairman, in a few well-chosen words, proposed the toast of the Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology. This was responded to on behalf of the Theologs, by A. Durroch, B.A., whose well-known abilities as an after-dinner speaker, render comment on his speech unnecessary. Walter Daniel, '98, then responded for the Graduating Class in Arts; and though suffering from severe injuries received from a collision caused by a dog occupying the territory immediately in front of his bicycle, yet he was able to do justice to himself and honor to the class which he represented.

J. F. Vichert, B.A., in proposing the time-honored toast to the University, wandered somewhat from the path usually traversed, and in so doing added new interest to an already interesting subject. Chancellor Wallace replying, in his usual happy manner, pointed out the relationship which had existed between the University and the graduating classes, and which he hoped would continue to exist. His congratulations to the members of the graduating classes, though at that time rather dubious, were yet gratefully received by the somewhat expectant students. The toast to the ladies was proposed by the Rev. P. Charles Macgregor, late of Chilliwack, B. C., but now of Markham, Ont. This toast was responded to by Miss Iler, '98, in a speech that might well serve as a model to after-dinner speakers.

A very pleasing feature of the afternoon's proceedings was the presentation of a silver trophy, by H. K. McNaught, Esq., to the McMaster Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. McNaught, in a brief speech, expressed the pleasure he had in presenting this cup to the Association, and he hoped that it would serve as a stimulus to greater activity in the athletic field. The trophy, which was accepted by the President of the Association, C. H. Schutt, B.A., will be known as the McNaught Trophy, and will be contested for year by year in the University field sports. The pleasures of the afternoon were then brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE election for High-Kac-Ki-ac for the year '98-'99, was held on Monday afternoon, May 9th. The result was the unanimous choice of F. J. Scott, '99, for this responsible and honorable position. (Poor Scott).

MOULTON COLLEGE

Miss Thrall, Ethel Thompson, Marion Taylor, Editors.

On Tuesday evening, April 19th, we were pleased to have Chancellor Wallace lead our prayer-meeting. None could fail to receive benefit from his earnest words on that occasion. Our prayer-meeting of April 26th was led by Mr. Eaton, who gave us an interesting and helpful talk.

Most of the students of music attended the sacred concert given in Jarvis St. Church on Tuesday evening, April 26th. The programme was very much enjoyed by all.

The following well rendered and very enjoyable programme was given by the members of the senior division of the Heliconian at their last meeting:

Piano Solo		Miss Hume.
Essay	"Oliver Wendell Holmes,"	Miss MacLaurin.
Dialogue	"Cheerful and Musical,"	Misses Kerr and Brophey.
Piano Solo		Miss Gibson.
Reading	"Heliconian Paper,"	Miss Edwards.

During the month an invitation to take part in the musical programme of a social meeting of the Y.W.C.A. of the city was willingly accepted by the members of the Glee Club. The four selections given by them were very well received.

The regular meeting of the White Shield Society was held on Friday evening, April 29th.

"Croquet" is all the rage at Moulton. The croquet lawn has been the scene of much merriment and good-humored rivalry. The old proverb, "Work while you work and play while you play" may be most appropriately applied to our girls.

A manifestation of true College spirit, that did credit to the Juniors, was the party given by them in honor of the Seniors. No trouble was spared to make the evening a brilliant success. The decorations, consisting of the flowers and colors of both classes, were very effective. The entertainment consisted of music, recitations and games, after which refreshments were served. The Seniors, by a hearty vote of thanks, expressed their appreciation of this very delightful courtesy on the part of the Juniors.

The last meeting of the Heliconian for this year was held Friday evening, May 6th. The Junior Division of the Society gave the programme, which proved one well worthy to bring to a close meetings

that have been conducted with marked interest and enthusiasm. The division of the Society has proved an incentive, which has not been without most gratifying results.

THE delight of the Seniors knew no bounds when Miss Dicklow announced that during the remainder of the term they should be free from nearly all the restrictions that are such a necessary evil of a college girl's life. They have not been slow to avail themselves of this unlooked-for privilege.

AMONG our many privileges during the year has been the presence, at our chapel exercises, of many distinguished men and women. This always affords us great pleasure. Especially favored were we this month to have with us on three different occasions, Rev. Mr. McEwen, Home Mission Secretary, whose anticipated visit was much enjoyed, and may, we hope, be repeated in the future; Rev. Mr. Bishop, of Toronto, whose visits are always acceptable, and who has been especially kind to us this year; and Rev. Dr. Wood, of Boston, whose visit to Toronto added in no small degree to the delightful commencement exercises of McMaster University. In his inspiring words to the students of Moulton on the occasion of his visit to them, he emphasized the responsibility of the educated woman and the importance of realizing that responsibility.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—The past year at Moulton College has been one of marked success. The attendance has been larger than that of the preceding year; the majority of the students have been taking the work of the regular courses; the work has been carried on faithfully, vigorously, and without any interruption, and the spirit of the school has been excellent.

The closing exercises of the College began Saturday evening, June 4th, in the College chapel, when the graduates in music gave a "recital." The following programme was most creditably rendered: "Sonata for Violin and Piano," (Op. 8. first and second movements), Mrs. Adamson and Miss Eckhardt; "Stojowski," (Prelude in E flat Minor), Miss Brophey; "Beethoven," (Sonata Pathetique), Miss Nicholas; "Chopin," (Nocturne in G Major, Op. 37), Miss Eckhardt; "Godard," (4th Barcarolle), Miss Brophey; "Reinhold," (Impromptu in C Sharp Minor), Miss Nicholas; (a) "Rachmaninoff," (Prelude in C Sharp Minor), (b) "Leschetizky," (The Two Larks), Miss Eckhardt; "Schumann," (a) Why, (b) Whims, Miss Brophey; "Liszt," (Liebestraum No. 3), Miss Nicholas; "Liszt," (Cantique d'amour), Miss Eckhardt.

On Sunday, June 5th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church, Rev. W. W. Weeks preached the annual sermon to the graduating class. The church was well filled, and all present listened with interest to the able and appropriate discourse, upon the passage found in Phil. iii. 10-14.

On Monday evening, "The Recital and Calisthenic Drills," under the direction of Miss Lyon and Mrs. Ross, were held in the Guild Hall.

The following very delightful programme was successfully carried out: Chorus, "Night Sinks on the Wave," (Smart), College chorus; recitation, "By the Love," (a selection from Dr. Rand's volume of poems, "at Minas Basin"), Miss Kerr; Trio and Chorus, "Ye sons of Israel" (Mendelssohn), Misses Burke, Wrigley, Sheppard, and Chorus; Drill, "Moulton"; Vocal Duet, "Trip, Trip, Trip," (Marzials), Misses Wrigley and Sheppard; Bar Bell Drill; Piano Solo, "Venitienne 4th Barcarolle," (Godard), Miss Brophey; Naiad Drill; Recitation, "The Soul of the Violin," Miss Kerr; Vestal Virgin Drill; Chorus, "The Gipsies," (Schumann), College Chorus.

On Tuesday evening in Guild Hall, the Graduating exercises were held The Hall was tastefully decorated by the students of the Third year, with palms, flowers and the colors of the senior class. The yellow and green bunting and the motto of the class, "Vincemus," in green and yellow, were very effective. The prayer of Invocation was offered by Rev. C. A. Eaton, and the address of the evening was given by Rev. D. Hutchinson, of Brantford, upon the subject, "The Real Purpose of an Education." This address was a new feature of the exercises, it being substituted for the usual graduating essays. After a thoughtful and interesting development of his subject, Mr. Hutchinson addressed a few earnest and helpful words to the graduates.

The presentation of the College Diploma to the students who had completed one of the regular courses of the College, was an interesting feature of the proceedings. Diplomas were presented by Chancellor Wallace to Misses Margaret Wallace, Grace Wallace, Davis and Spencer, for having completed the work in the Matriculation Course; to Miss Kerr, in the Course of Elocution; and in the Music Course to Misses Eckhardt, Nicholas and Brophey.

Another very interesting feature of the evening was the awarding of prizes, the contest for some of them having been very close. The prize winners are to be congratulated upon the very high stand taken by them, as some who received "honorable mention" obtained more than seventy-five per cent. on their work during the year. The Alumnæ prize of books for the Third year was awarded to Miss Nora Shenstone; Honorable Mention in the same year, Misses Burford and Edwards. The Mrs. A R McMaster prize of $10, in the Second year, was carried off by Miss Emma Fox; Honorable Mention, Misses Weeks and Ryrie. The D. E. Thomson prize of books in the department of English, for the class of 1900, was awarded to Miss Annie Weeks; the First year prize of books, given by Mr. Britnell, was awarded to Miss Bertha Cassidy. The Senior Preparatory Prize was won by Miss Helen Burke; Honorable Mention, Miss Vivien Sundij; and the Junior Preparatory Prize by Miss Dora McKay.

The Gold Medal, established by Mr. James Ryrie, in memory of his daughter Jennie, in the Music class, was awarded to Miss Hattie Eckhardt, and the Silver Medal, given by Miss Hart, a former teacher, for the department of Elocution and Physical Culture, to Miss Kerr. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of roses to the Principal, Miss Dicklow, by the class of 1900, and the presentation of flowers to each of the graduates as she came

down from the platform after receiving her diploma. Music was provided very acceptably by Miss Adelaide Sheppard, Miss Nicholas and Miss Eckhardt, and the programme was brought to a close by the singing of the "College Song" and National Anthem.

A very delightful event in connection with the closing exercises took place at the College Tuesday morning, when the picture of Mrs. Senator McMaster was unveiled in the presence of the school and a few friends. Mrs. A. R. McMaster, in a very pleasing manner, gave a brief outline of Mrs. McMaster's life and work, while Miss Van Zile, a former student, gave an interesting account of the interest and love Mrs. McMaster had shown for the girls, how much her frequent visits had been to them, and how great their love and admiration were for her.

Wednesday was Alumnæ day, when a large number of former students assembled to do honor to their Alma Mater. In the morning an enthusiastic business meeting, in the afternoon a banquet, and in the evening a most enjoyable reception, completed a programme that evidenced the interest of Moulton graduates in their College, and which cannot fail to be a pleasant memory for all who were present.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS : S. R. TARR, M.A., . . WM. PARTRIDGE.

CLOSING EXERCISES.—On the evening of Wednesday, June 1st, in the First Church, Rev. Dr. Thomas preached the sermon to the graduating class of the College. His subject "Life the Supreme Attainment of Being," was treated with the earnest strength and eloquence so characteristic of his preaching. A more inspiring address could scarcely have been delivered upon the occasion.

Upon Thursday afternoon, the ideal June weather, which is usually associated with commencement exercises, added to the success of those in connection with Woodstock College. A large number of the friends of the pupils and the institution assembled in the College chapel, the room containing more than it could with comfort hold. The graduating class occupied the front seats. A considerable number of the former students of the school were present.

The proceedings opened with prayer by the Rev. A. F. McGregor. The college quartette sang "Sleep Kentucky Babe," and later in the afternoon gave, "The Old Kentucky Home." J. R. Coutts delivered the prize oration, taking as his subject, "The Man for the Times," and produced a decidedly good impression. His effort was evidently carefully prepared, showed much solid thought, and was delivered in good style. After a very good clarionet solo by Lester Riggs, Edmund Zavitz read the prize essay, "Glimpses of Nature by an Amateur Ornithologist." Mr. Zavitz showed himself a diligent student as well as a capable essayist.

The following prizes were then presented to their winners:

Fourth year—Governor General's medal, E. J. Tarr; Ryrie medal, D. D. Calvin; Hiram Calvin Scholarship, H. D. Riggs. Third year—S. J. Moore scholarship, W. C. Pearce; Dr. McLay prize, F. D. Hood; Wm. Davies' prize, M. Duncan. Second year—D. W. Karn scholarship, E. E. Davis; Wm. Davis' prize, F. McLay. First year—Rev. Dr. Thomas prize, Jno. McLaurin. Preparatory—A. N. Gray prize, Leo. Buchanan. Special prizes—Mrs. Joseph Codville prize in essay writing, E. Zavitz; Rev. R. R. McKay prize for historical essay, V. A. Ray; Miss Jeanie Hendrie prize in drawing, O. L. Pound; Rev. J. J. Ross prize in Bible study, A. E. Weatherbe; Alumni prize in public speaking, J. R. Coutts; Good Favor Prize, presented by Mrs. Bates, E. Zavitz; Dr. Bartlett gold medal in manual training, R. A. F. Mcdonald; Second year prize in manual training, H. Menzie; First year prize in manual training, H. Anderson.

A. J. Welch read the valedictory of the graduating class, which expressed admirably the feelings with which leave of the college and its associations was taken and the indebtedness felt to the institution and its staff.

The following graduates were presented with diplomas by Chancellor Wallace:

Bagshaw, David E., Vroomanton; Brown, Wm. J. H., Brownsville; Calvin, Dileno D., Kingston; Coutts, James R., Ailsa Craig; Harton, Lyster J., Toronto; Morrow, Harry, Paris; McDiarmid, Hugh, Turin; Partridge, Wm. S., London; Ray, Volney A, Galt; Richardson, Charles, Flesherton; Riggs, Herman D., Manitou, Man.; Riggs, Leo. B., Belleville; Scarlett, Emmet, Powassan; Tarr, Edgar J, Ottawa; Thomas, Garfield, Toronto; Welch, Arthur J., New Westminster, B.C.; Wilson, George, Woodstock; Wolverton, Alfred N., Marshall, Texas; Woolverton, Charles E., Grimsby.

In making the presentation Chancellor Wallace congratulated the college on the success that was attending its work. The graduates were entering various fields of promise and he was sure all would reflect the same credit on their school as those of previous years were now doing in various walks of life. In this year's class he noticed a remarkable number of sons of prominent Baptists. Among them was the son of a former principal. He was glad to see the interest taken in the college by the people of Woodstock and vicinity as manifested in the large attendance.

Principal McCrimmon then delivered an address to the graduating class of such a character that it is safe to say that it will be long before its impression leaves the minds of those to whom it was especially directed. What he wished most that they would show, when they left their college halls, was a deepened sense of moral responsibility. He wished them to be men of power. There was a duty incumbent on each to make the best use of the gifts with which he was endowed. There great object should be to preserve their self-respect, but to do this it was necessary to make themselves worthy and useful. Difficulties might come in their way, but these should be but a whetstone to progress. They should go on weaving the woof of a good character, should now in the first flush of manhood form stable habits which would remain theirs for life. If a boy did so some day the world would recognize that an influential man had come into its midst. To be great it was necessary to be determined. By our actions men judge us. It was one thing to be a man of ability and another of activity. Let a man be merely an idle dreamer and he risks losing interest in his fellow men. Without this genuine human interest Gladstone would have been nothing more than a subjective thinker. But because he was more than this his influence was one of the greatest of the century.

Those whom he addressed, Mr. McCrimmon continued, he wished to be men of principle. He did not want them to hold a certain view simply because somebody else did. They should look into the heart of things and then adhere to what they believed the truth. Their convictions once established should be firm. The man who veered to every passing breeze was worthy of no admiration. The college was glad that it had the lives of those who were now leaving it come within its reach and would ever look with interest on their future career. Short addresses were then delivered by A. Stevenson, B.A., of the

Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Toronto, Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., and Hiram Calvin, Ex-M. P., of Kingston.

This brought the afternoon proceedings to a close. An adjournment was made until the evening. In the interval a reception of an informal nature was held in the dining room.

THE COLLEGE ALUMNI.

In the evening at eight o'clock even a larger crowd assembled in the chapel than in the afternoon. The programme was in charge of the college alumni. Those of the latter body who were present, met shortly before the chair was taken and elected the following officers: Hon. pres, Chancellor Wallace; pres., Rev. W. J. McKay; vice-pres., Miss Jean Hendrie; 2nd vice-pres., J. R. Coutts; musical director, J. K. White; sec, N. S. McKechnie; treas., D. R. Clark. Chancellor Wallace was in the chair. Rev. Mr. Mihell opened the proceedings with prayer. The college quartette sang "The Gondolier."

W. S. W. McLay of McMaster University then gave a most interesting and instructive talk upon Browning. After stating that the poet used the dramatic monologue in most of his work, Mr. McLay proceeded to show the exact meaning of the phrase by a reference to one of the best known of his poems, "My Last Duchess." This had been printed along with Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" and distributed through the audience. By comparing the two he showed what were the distinctive qualities of Browing's verse. Though confining himself to the one poem, Mr. McLay by analyzing it gave his audience an insight into the general purpose of the poet's work.

Messrs. Bryant and Welsh sang "Excelsior" in a pleasing manner. Rev. W. H. Cline of Paris gave the second address of the evening, taking as his subject a princely hero of old, Nehemiah, the rebuilder of the walls of Jerusalem. To this great object he devoted himself with all the energy of his soul. He stirred the enthusiasm of his countrymen to the heartiest co-operation in the undertaking. His life was an inspiration to all men, but especially to the young. There were many nowadays who saw good work to be done but were content to have it done by others. Unlike Nehemiah, they did not believe in devoting their own lives to the performance of the duty. Incidentally Mr. Cline referred to the yellow journalism of the great cities of the States, and said that the course adopted by some of the great newspapers had been simply abominable in appealing to the lowest passions and prejudices. In everthing Nehemiah acted without fear or favor. The main element in courage was devotion to duty. It was not mere bull-headedness. He was not lacking in prudence of all things. He saw the hand of God in everything.

Miss Johnstone of London, a graduate of Moulton College, added to her already high reputation as a vocalist by her solo.

Mr. Piercy gave two of his inimitable recitations, Burdette's "Story of George Washington," and Conan Doyle's "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo," and put his hearers in the best of humors.

After Miss Timpany had sung in her usually delightful manner, Chancellor Wallace in a few words commented on the success of the day. The National Anthem brought to a close one of the most satisfactory commencement exercises in the history of the college.

Students and Fields, 1898.—Alexandria, E. W. Parsons; Alvinston and Napier, W. J. H. Brown; Aurora, A. Imrie; Avoca, W. B. Tighe; Belfountain, L. H. Thomas; Blue Mountain, G. F. Hurlburt; Brampton, G. T. Webb; Bronte, D. Catchpole; Brooklin, S. E. Grigg; Bulwer, A G. Baker; Caledonia, A. W. Torrie; Campbellford, C. Carew; Canaan, J. P. McLennan; Chester, John Cornwall; Collingwood, J. Chapman; Cedar Springs, J. R. Coutts; Canboro, Chas. Beck; Cumberland, C. H Emerson; Dresden, J. S. LaFlair; Dakota, M. C. McLean; Dakota, D. Nimmo; Ebenezer, S. R. Stephens; Eglinton, F. J. Scott; Essex, A. J. Saunders; Fitzroy, I. J. Wright; Flesherton, A. J. Darroch; Forest, A. R. Park; Gravenhurst, J. D. McLachlan; Grimsby, L. Brown; Howick, J. E. Pengelly; Kenilworth, D. Brown; Kincardine, W. R. Telford; Kinmount, J. T. Jones; Little Current, W. P. Reekie; Manitoba, J. F. Vichert; Manitoba, W. Daniel; British Columbia, I. G. Matthews; Maxville, H. B. Coumaur; Michipicoten, Ralph E. Smith; Minesing, T. Cowan; Montreal, J. R. Webb; Mulgrave, M. D. Coltman; Markham, P. C. McGregor; Niagara Falls South, J. C. McFarlane; North Star, J. H. Hannah; Oak Lake, Judson McIntosh; Orangeville, J. G. Brown; Oil Springs, A. A. Fanjoy; Oro, Jas. Curry; Oshawa, Geo. Menge; Parry Sound, H. G. Kennedy; Peterboro, O. C. Elliott; Peterboro, J. H Cornish; Picton, A. K. Scott; Port Perry, P. G. Mode; Palmyra, E. A. Brownlee; Providence Bay, J. F. Ingram; Peninsula (Wiarton), — Bagshaw; Riceville, N. A. Whitman; Stouffville, P. C. Cameron; Sundridge, A. W. Gazely; Springfield, J. A. Hilts; Templeton East, J A. Grant; Thamesville, H. J. Bryant; Tobermory, Alf. Cross; Temiscamingue, C. C. Anderson; Toronto. G. H. Simmons; Toronto, Chester, J. Cornwall; Toronto, East. J. Pollock; Toronto, Kenilworth Ave., J. H. King; Toronto, Royce Ave, G. V. Daniels; Toronto, Sheridan Ave, W. R. Burrill; Toronto Junction, W. J. Pady; Vankleek Hill, A. N. McDonald; Weston and Highfield, John McIntosh; Whitby, A. B. Cohoe; Wilkesport, C. E. Jeffrey; Zorra, J. E. Hawkings.

Here and There.

L. Brown, B.A., Editor.

"Sir Thomas Moore and Utopia," is the title of a very interesting and well written article in *The Athenæum* for May. There is always much to interest and amuse in this excellent exchange.

"Has your Shakespere Society started in yet, Miss Jones?" "Yes. We met at Mrs. Wiggle's yesterday. Miss Matilda Robinson read a most delightful paper on the 'Influence of Rosalind on Dress Reform.'"—*Ex.*

"Be not anxious about to-morrow. Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them."—*Kingsley.*

Said the minister to an old lady of an irreligious disposition: "Woman! d'ye mind there's a place where there's wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Ye'll no fright me wi' that," said the dame. "I've never ane left in my head to gnash wi'."—*Household Words.*

The Advance, of Atlanta Baptist College, for June announces a bequest to the College of $30,000 by Josiah W. Cook, of Cambridge, Mass. The Executive Committee of the Board passed a resolution for the establishment of a "Cook Memorial Chair," to perpetuate the name of their worthy donor.

Mr. W. C. McDonald, of Montreal, who has already given in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars to McGill University, has now given another $15,500 as an endowment fund to the department of architecture for the purchase of supplies and materials.—*Ex.*

Sir John Lubbock, in a paper read before a recent sociological congress held in Paris, stated that since the act of 1870 the number of children in English schools has increased from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000, and the number of persons in prison has fallen from 12,000 to 5,000.—*Ex.*

Apropos of the lady who tried to find a railway time-table in the catalogues of the British Museum, the story is told of a workingman and his wife inspecting the Elgin marbles in that institution. After a long silence he was heard to say to his partner, "Well, these ancient Greeks licks me; sometimes I thinks they *was* civilized, and sometimes I thinks they *wasn't*."—*Ex.*

The University of Freiburg announces that, in order to attract students, hereafter all students attending the lectures there will be insured against accidents within the precincts of the university, including gymnastics and duelling, or during excursions conducted by the professors. In case of death 15,000 marks (about $3,600) will be paid to their families.—*New York Post.*

Mary had a little bike,
The wheels went round and round,
And as she came along the walk,
You couldn't hear a sound.

She rode behind a Prof. one day,
And never stopped to speak,
But rung her bell, zipped quickly by,
And got a star in Greek.

Ex.

The Chinese as Mathematicians.—Cambridge University has just had a remarkable proof of the mathematical genius of the Chinese. Some time ago much surprise was caused among mathematicians generally by the discovery among the papers of the late Sir Thomas Wade, of Chinese fame, of evidence that in the time of Confucius the Chinese knew an equation which only became know in Europe during the last century, when it was discovered by Fermat, and has since been known as Fermat's equation. But the Chinese version recently discovered stated that the equation did not hold with regard to certain numbers. This puzzled the mathematicians, and all efforts to solve the point have hitherto failed. Now, however, a young undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, has demonstrated that the Chinese were right, and his solution is frankly admitted by the experts to be perfect. The correspondent understands the result is shortly to be published at Cambridge in an authoritative way. — *Manchester Guardian.*

Rev. Dr. Broadus recently related the following incident during a Sunday school talk in Detroit :

An old man used to sweep the street-crossings for gratuitous pennies near the House of Parliament for many years. One day he was absent. Upon enquiry, he was found by a missionary ill, in a little attic chamber, barely furnished with cot and stool.

"You are lonely here," the missionary said. "Has anyone called upon you?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "several persons have called—Mr. Gladstone for one. He called and read to me."

"Mr. Gladstone called? And what did he read?"

"He sat on the stool there and read the Bible to me."

What a beautiful position! The greatest statesman in the world sitting on a stool, in an attic, reading the Word of God to a street sweeper! Great men lose none of their greatness by kindness to God's poor.—*Our Church Homes.*

The field of knowledge lies before us, but it is as though covered with a heavy fog. The searcher after wisdom can not see far ahead nor on either side of him, but he can see a short distance, and as he moves forward his line of vision also advances. So that he may by persevering explore the entire field. He cannot stand at one side or at one corner of the field and see all over it. If he would know and find the treasures it contains, he must go over the field carefully step by step, not once but many times. It is a wide field filled with valuable treasures. No one may hope even in a life-time to explore all of it, nor to discover all the treasures that lie hidden in that part of the field in which he works. The same ground is worked over by many different persons, and each finds some gems of truth and nuggets of wisdom that others did not discover. But who ever searches in this field diligently and perseveringly shall be rewarded by discovering some of the bright gems of truth to be found in the great field of knowledge.

Oft, seeds of thought sown by mysterious hands
Within the garden of receptive minds
Take root and grow like plants in virgin soil
And bear the brightest flowers ever seen.
But if their seeds from wisdom's glorious realm,
Fall into minds all gross and dull
Where light of genius never shines,
Like grains that fall upon the rock,
Or by the wayside where the ground is hard,
Unnurtured they never germinate;
And the great possibilities they hold
Are never to the world made known.

The Athenæum.

Irish and Scotch Wit.

The story is told of Chief Baron O'Grady, who was trying a case in an assize town where the court-house abutted on to the fair green and a fair was in progress. Outside the court was tethered a number of asses. As counsel was addressing the court, one of these began to bray. Instantly the Chief Baron stopped the speaker. "Wait a moment, Mr. Bushe; I can't hear two at once." The court roared and the advocate grew red. But presently, when it came to the summing up, the Judge was in full swing, when another ass struck in—whether by the counsel's contrivance or not, who shall say? Anyhow, up jumped Mr. Bushe, with his hand to his ear. "Would your Lordship speak a little louder?—there's such an echo in the court.

At a Liberal meeting in North Britain, when the proceedings were being opened by prayer, a reverend gentleman prayed fervently that the Liberals might "hang a' thegither." He was interrupted with a loud and irreverent "Ahmen." "Not, O Lord," went on the speaker, "in the sense which that profane scoffer would have ye to understand it, but that they may hang thegither in accord and concord." "I dinna care so much what sort o' cord it is," struck in the voice, "sae long as it's a strong cord."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

REVIEWING the first volume of "Autobiography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," Rev. Lyman Abbott writes in the *The Outlook*:—

"But greater than his reverential piety, his common sense, his humor, his unhesitating belief in his Calvinistic creed, his homely imagination, and his homiletic architectural skill was his profound faith in the Gospel as *good news;* a faith which made him always, in spite of his Calvinism some will say, because of his Calvinism others will say —and both will say truly—always a preacher of faith and hope and love, a preacher who inspired men to better lives and made righteousness seem both more real and more practicable. I heard him once, and only once. In the morning I went to Westminster Abbey, where Dean Stanley preached on the text, "I beseech you by the mercies of God;" his theme, that the motive which the New Testament brings to bear on men is the mercy, not the authority, nor the justice, nor the wrath, of God. And yet in the sermon there was but the barest reference, if indeed there was any at all, to the mercy of God toward a sinful race, shown in the life and death of Jesus Christ. In the evening I heard Spurgeon in his own Tabernacle. The congregation was a depressing, not an inspiring, one. The music was heavy and uninteresting. The sermon was at no point what could be called eloquent. The text was an enigmatical passage from Isaiah. But the impression I shall carry with me to my dying day was that of a man who had found life made real, noble, joyous, by his living faith in a living Christ, and who longed to impart to others the life which Christ had imparted to him. If sermons are to be judged by their life-giving qualities, it was the greater sermon of the two. Without the historical scholarship of Robert Hall, the suggestiveness of F. D. Maurice or F. W. Robertson, the originality of Henry Ward Beecher, or the spiritual culture of Philips Brooks, Charles H. Spurgeon possessed in common with them all that vision of God which makes every man who possesses it brave yet humble, and, when coupled with power to impart it to others, endows him with a power of speech greater than eloquence.

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